

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S CARITÁ

(Original size 5 ft. 7 in. by 3 ft. 1 in.)

CHIPS

FROM A

GERMAN WORKSHOP

BY

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NEW EDITION

VOL. I

RECENT ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

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DEDICATED

TO HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY

WILHELM II

GERMAN EMPEROR AND KING OF PRUSSIA

THE WORTHY SUCCESSOR OF GLORIOUS ANCESTORS

AS A VERY SMALL TOKEN OF

DEEPFELT GRATITUDE AND SINCERE ADMIRATION

PREFACE.

AFTER reaching the age of threescore years and ten, a scholar may fairly claim the right to join the ranks of the spectators, and to leave the dusty arena to younger gladiators. Yet it is difficult to resist the temptation to descend once more on the scene of action, particularly if encouraged by the call of our friends. This is exactly what has happened to me. My 'Chips from a German Workshop,' published in four volumes in 1867 (second edition, 1868), have been out of print for many years. I am informed that it is difficult now to find a copy even at second hand. Some years ago, when asked to prepare a new edition of my collected Essays, I preferred to make a selection, which was published in two volumes under the title of 'Selected Essays,' 1881. This selection, however, has failed to please the public. I was told that an author was a very bad judge of his own work, and that my friends

missed in this collection the very papers which they liked best and wished most to possess.

What was I to do but to obey? Had I followed my own inclination only, I should certainly have preferred to see some of the essays written by me when I was a very young man, consigned to oblivion. But there they are, and whether I allowed them to be published once more or not, I knew I should have been held responsible just the same for what I had written in any one of them. I am still taken to task for my 'Letter on the Turanian Languages,' which I addressed to Bunsen in the year 1853, and which was published by him in his 'Christianity and Mankind' in 1854, though I never allowed it to be reprinted, and though I have taken every opportunity to declare that I have ceased to hold several of the opinions put forward in that letter, and that by Turanian I never meant a family of speech, in the same sense in which we speak of an Aryan and a Semitic family, but only a class of languages, held together by little more than the negative characteristic of being neither Aryan nor Semitic. Turanian seemed to me a better name than Allophylian. It has been used by many scholars in that sense, and in that sense I still continue to use it.

If then I allow my old 'Chips from a German

Workshop' to appear once more in a new and cheaper edition, I must ask my friends in reading them to remember the date of every one of them, and also to bear in mind that the studies in which I have taken an active part have been advancing very rapidly during the last fifty years. There is no one who has taken an active part in the cultivation of my three favourite studies, the Science of Language, the Science of Thought, and the Science of Religion, who has not had many things to learn and many things to unlearn during the half-century that lies behind us. Much of the work that had to be done by myself and my early fellow-workers—most of them long at rest from their labours—was of necessity tentative only. Much of what I have written ran counter to current opinions, and met, therefore, with strong opposition, while many things, which formerly required elaborate proof, are now accepted as matters of course. I have, during the whole of my life, tried to profit as much as I could by the excellent criticisms passed by competent critics on my numerous contributions. But though it was easy to remove mere mistakes, arising from ignorance or from *pudenda negligentia*, I found it difficult, nay impossible, to change the whole drift of an argument, to leave out what required no longer any proof, or to present the old

problems under an entirely new aspect. I must, therefore, throw myself on the indulgence of my friends who have expressed a wish to possess a complete collection of my essays, old and new, and I must ask them to accept them as what they are, chips from my workshop, mere contributions to the history of the studies to which my life has been devoted, and, in one sense, a sketch of my life, and perhaps the most appropriate sketch that the life of a scholar deserves.

But though I thought it right, in revising my essays, to correct any statements that seemed to require correction, I can honestly say that, with regard to the leading theories which I advanced in them and in my larger works, and with regard to the arguments by which I tried to support them, I have had little to alter. To mention only a few of the theories which I advanced, or the heresies, as others would like to call them, for which I still consider myself responsible, I hold as strongly as ever,

I. That language and thought are inseparable, are in fact two sides of the same psychological process, and that the Science of Language is therefore the only safe foundation for the Science of Thought[1]; or, to put it in other

[1] See 'The Science of Thought,' by F. M. M. 1887.

words, that a study of the origin and historical growth of our words forms the best preparation for a definition of our words, and that without such definitions all philosophy is and must be vain.

II. Another heresy of mine, which I have not yet abjured, is that language and race are incommensurable, and that languages must be classified independently of all physiological considerations. On this point I should now repeat every word which I wrote in the chapter 'Ethnology *versus* Phonology,' in the year 1853, in my Letter to Bunsen 'On the Turanian Languages,' second chapter, second section. Terms such as Aryan blood or Semitic skulls sound to me still as preposterous as dolichocephalic grammar.

III. I consider it as much as ever a real misfortune that the theory of evolution, so triumphantly applied by Darwin to the productions of nature, should ever have been transferred from the productions of nature to the works of man. Evolution may be, as Lord Salisbury remarked, a very comfortable term; it saves much trouble and can be made to account for everything. Everything, as Topsy said, may be 'spected to have grow'd. But the history of the human mind, whether studied in language, religion, politics or art, requires, if

I am not quite mistaken, a strictly historical or, as it used to be called, pragmatical treatment; requires, before all things, a knowledge of facts, in order to enable us to discover the faintest footsteps of that glorious but by no means continuous procession which has carried the savage from his cave and his forest to the height of the Parthenon, the summit of the Capitol, and to the majestic arches of Westminster Abbey. We want to know not how man *may* have become what he is, but how he advanced actually and step by step from the lowest depth to what we consider the highest height of civilised life reached in our own century. But this is history, not evolution.

IV. I still look upon the Science of Language as one of the Natural Sciences. But while in its material aspect, as sound, language, as I have tried to show, belongs to the realm of nature, it is in its spiritual aspect a work of the human will, though acting under external restraints.

V. Taking into account this double character of language, I have tried to make it clear that mythology has to be recognised as an early and inevitable stage in the growth of language and thought, nay, in one sense, as an affection, or, as I expressed it perhaps too drastically, as a disease of language. To this

heresy also, if heresy it can be called, I still cling as strongly as when I published my first essay on 'Comparative Mythology,' now forty years ago. There may be much difference of opinion as to the right application of this principle in analysing the mythologies of civilised and uncivilised races, but the principle itself can never be set aside again. Mythology has been recognised, once for all, as a remnant of ancient thought and language, reflecting the salient phenomena of nature. A large portion of it, but by no means the whole of it, is in consequence solar and lunar. Scholars may differ on certain etymologies, but the learned researches and brilliant discoveries of such men as Eug. Burnouf, Bopp, Grimm, Pott, Kuhn, Curtius, Benfey, Grassmann, Michel Bréal and Darmesteter, and more lately of Hillebrandt, Victor Henry and others, in the domain of mythological etymology, are not likely to be brushed away by mere ridicule. The Solar Myth has survived all *badinage*, even the most ponderous, and, if we make allowance for one or two startling or rather amusing exceptions, we may truly say that no serious scholar, acquainted with the principles of Comparative Philology, doubts any longer that the philological key is the only one that can disclose to us the origin and the true meaning of

mythological names, nay, even of totems and fetishes.

VI. Another heresy of mine, that religion can be traced back to the perception of the Infinite under its various manifestations and conceptions, is still a subject of fierce controversy. All depends here on the meaning which we assign to the Infinite. I readily admit that not everything that is postulated as lying behind the Finite is fit for religious ideas; all I maintain is that whatever religious ideas we meet with, have all their roots in the soil which underlies the surface of our finite perceptions. But whatever may be thought on this point, I may at all events claim this, that the facts on which the solution of the problem of the origin of religion depends, are much more freely accessible now than they were fifty years ago, and that here also mere theory has had to give way to history[1]. No doubt, that history begins late, and there are vast periods beyond the first utterances of religious thought which are altogether beyond our ken. The idea that the Veda or the Old Testament could reveal to us the very beginnings of religious thought was a fond hope which, if it ever was, is no longer cherished by

[1] 'Sacred Books of the East,' vols. I to XLIX, Oxford, 1879–1894.

anybody, and the contention that we may recognise in savages, now living or but lately extinct, the nearest approach to what man was in his primordial cradle, or when just shaking off the fetters of his purely animal existence, is now but timidly supported, after such immense vistas have been opened disclosing endless antecedents presupposed by the dialects, the customs and the complicated superstitions of these so-called primitive savages.

I hope I may not be called an unrepentant sinner for declining to surrender these my old articles of faith. I have lived to see many theories which were called heretical or unscientific gradually changed into orthodox tenets. No doubt I have also seen orthodox tenets cast aside, and so long as man values truth more than authority this process of natural selection, or what I prefer to call rational elimination, must always continue. What would have become of religion without heretics, and what would become of science without men being allowed to defend their own convictions, regardless of authorities and majorities?

For one thing only I have, in conclusion, to apologise. There is, no doubt, much repetition in this collection of Essays and Addresses. They were all written with a purpose and, in order to carry out my purpose, I had often to dwell

on the same facts and use the same arguments. It was quite impossible, when I had decided to publish these papers in a collected form, to leave out all paragraphs which had occurred before. They were links in an argument, and, *if cut out, would* have broken the chain and left a gap. I well remember how Mendelssohn disliked reminiscences in his compositions, and how he often spoiled some of his most beautiful songs by cutting out whole bars which he remembered having used before. I think that my readers will find it very easy to pass by a sentence or a whole page which they remember having read before, while they would have lost the thread of the argument, if these pages had been cut out. It is sometimes a help to look at the same things from different points of view, and though iteration is no argument, it often helps to drive home an argument. Anyhow, it is a sin for which I hope to be forgiven by my friends, nay, even by my enemies, if such there be, for as to my honest critics and opponents, I have always counted them as among my best friends.

F. M. M.

OXFORD, *September* 3, 1894.

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RECENT ESSAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

(WRITTEN 1867.)

MORE than twenty years have passed since my revered friend Bunsen called me one day into his library at Carlton House Terrace, and announced to me with beaming eyes that the publication of the Rig-veda was secure. He had spent many days in seeing the Directors of the East-India Company, and explaining to them the importance of this work, and the necessity of having it published in England. At last his efforts had been successful, the funds for printing my edition of the text and commentary of the Sacred Hymns of the Brâhmans had been granted, and Bunsen was the first to announce to me the happy result of his literary diplomacy. 'Now,' he said, 'you have got a work for life—a large block that will take years to plane and polish.' 'But mind,' he added, 'let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop.' [1]

[1] This edition of the text and native commentary of the Rig-veda has since been published in six volumes, 4to: vol. i., 1849; vol. ii., 1853; vol. iii., 1856; vol. iv., 1862; vol. v., 1872; vol. vi., 1874. New edition in four volumes, 1890–92.

I have tried to follow the advice of my departed friend, and I have published almost every year a few articles on such subjects as had engaged my attention, while prosecuting at the same time, as far as altered circumstances would allow, my edition of the Rig-veda, and of other Sanskrit works connected with it. These articles were chiefly published in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews, in the 'Oxford Essays,' and 'Macmillan's' and 'Fraser's' Magazines, in the 'Saturday Review,' and in the 'Times.' In writing them my principal endeavour has been to bring out even in the most abstruse subjects the points of real interest that ought to engage the attention of the public at large, and never to leave a dark nook or corner without attempting to sweep away the cobwebs of false learning, and let in the light of real knowledge. Here, too, I owe much to Bunsen's advice, and when last year I saw in Cornwall the large heaps of copper ore piled up around the mines, like so many heaps of rubbish, while the poor people were asking for coppers to buy bread, I frequently thought of Bunsen's words, 'Your work is not finished when you have brought the ore from the mine: it must be sifted, smelted, refined, and coined before it can be of real use, and contribute towards the intellectual food of mankind.' I can hardly hope that in this my endeavour to be clear and plain, to follow the threads of every thought to the very ends, and to place the web of every argument clearly and fully before my readers, I have always been successful. Several of the subjects treated in these essays are, no doubt, obscure and difficult: but there is no subject, I believe, in the whole realm of human knowledge, that cannot be

rendered clear and intelligible, if we ourselves have perfectly mastered it. And now while the two last volumes of my edition of the Rig-veda are passing through the press, I thought the time had come for gathering up a few armfuls of these chips and splinters, throwing away what seemed worthless, and putting the rest into some kind of shape, in order to clear my workshop for other work.

The volumes which I am now publishing contain a selection of essays on language, mythology, and religion, three subjects intimately connected with each other. There is to my mind no subject more absorbing than the tracing the origin and first growth of human thought;—not theoretically, or in accordance with the Hegelian laws of thought, or the Comtian epochs; but historically, and like an Indian trapper, spying for every footprint, every layer, every broken blade that might tell and testify of the former presence of man in his early wanderings and searchings after truth and light.

In the languages of mankind, in which everything new is old and everything old is new, an inexhaustible mine has been discovered for researches of this kind. Language still bears the impress of the earliest thoughts of man, obliterated, it may be, buried under new thoughts, yet here and there still recoverable in their sharp original outline. The growth of language is continuous, and by continuing our researches backward from the most modern to the most ancient strata, the very elements and roots of human speech have been reached, and with them the elements and roots of human thought. What lies beyond the beginnings of language, however interest-

ing it may be to the biologist, does not yet belong to the history of man, in the true and original sense of that word. Man means the thinker, and the first manifestation of thought is speech.

But more surprising than the continuity in the growth of language, is the continuity in the growth of religion. Of religion, too, as of language, it may be said that in it everything new is old and everything old is new, and that there has been no entirely new religion since the beginning of the world. The elements and roots of religion were there, as far back as we can trace the history of man; and the history of religion, like the history of language, shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependance, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life, these are some of the radical elements of all religions. Though sometimes hidden, they rise again and again to the surface. Though frequently distorted, they tend again and again to their perfect form. Unless they had formed part of the oldest dowry of the human soul, religion would have remained an impossibility, and the tongues of angels would have been to human ears but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If we once understand this clearly, the words of St. Augustine, which have seemed startling to many of his admirers, become perfectly clear and intelligible, when he says[1]:

[1] August. Retr. 1, 13. 'Res ipsa, quæ nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque Christus veniret in carnem, unde vera religio, quæ jam erat, cœpit appellari Christiana.'

'What is now called the Christian religion, has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh: from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian.' From this point of view the words of Christ, too, which startled the Jews, assume their true meaning, when He said to the centurion of Capernaum: 'Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.'

During the last fifty years the accumulation of new and authentic materials for the study of the religions of the world, has been most extraordinary; but such are the difficulties in mastering these materials that I doubt whether the time has yet come for attempting to trace, after the model of the Science of Language, the definite outlines of the Science of Religion. By a succession of the most fortunate circumstances, the canonical books of three of the principal religions of the ancient world have lately been recovered, the Veda, the Zend-Avesta, and the Tripiṭaka. But not only have we thus gained access to the most authentic documents from which to study the ancient religion of the Brâhmans, the Zoroastrians, and the Buddhists, but by discovering the real origin of Greek, Roman, and likewise of Teutonic, Sclavonic, and Celtic mythology, it has become possible to separate the truly religious elements in the sacred traditions of these nations from the mythological crust by which they are surrounded, and thus to gain a clearer insight into the real faith of the ancient Aryan world.

If we turn to the Semitic world, we find that although but few new materials have been discovered from which to study the ancient religion of the Jews, yet a new spirit of inquiry has brought new life into the study of the sacred records of Abraham, Moses, and the Prophets; and the recent researches of Biblical scholars, though starting from the most opposite points, have all helped to bring out the historical interest of the Old Testament, in a manner not dreamt of by former theologians. The same may be said of another Semitic religion, the religion of Mohammed, since the Koran and the literature connected with it were submitted to the searching criticism of real scholars and historians. Important materials for the study of the Semitic religions have come from the monuments of Babylon and Nineveh. The very images of Bel and Nisroch now stand before our eyes, and the inscriptions on the tablets may hereafter tell us even more than they do at present of the thoughts of those who bowed their knees before them. The religious worship of the Phenicians and Carthaginians has been illustrated by Movers from the ruins of their ancient temples, and from scattered notices in classical writers; nay, even the religious ideas of the Nomads of the Arabian peninsula, previous to the rise of Mohammedanism, have been brought to light by the patient researches of Oriental scholars.

There is no lack of idols among the ruined and buried temples of Egypt with which to reconstruct the pantheon of that primeval country: nor need we despair of recovering more and more of the thoughts which are buried under the hieroglyphics of the in-

scriptions, or preserved in hieratic and demotic MSS., if we watch the brilliant discoveries that have rewarded the patient researches of the disciples of Champollion.

Besides the Aryan and Semitic families of religion, we have in China three recognised forms of public worship, the religion of Confucius, that of Laotse, and that of Fo (Buddha); and here, too, recent publications have shed new light, and have rendered an access to the canonical works of these religions, and an understanding of their highest objects, more easy, even to those who have not mastered the intricacies of the Chinese language.

Among the Turanian nations, a few only, such as the Finns and the Mongolians, have preserved some remnants of their ancient worship and mythology, and these too have lately been more carefully collected and explained by D'Ohson, Castrèn, and others.

In America the religions of Mexico and Peru had long attracted the attention of theologians; and of late years the impulse imparted to ethnological research has induced travellers and missionaries to record any traces of religious life that could be discovered among the savage inhabitants of Africa, America, and the Polynesian islands.

It will be seen from these few indications, that there is no lack of materials for the student of religion; but we shall also perceive how difficult it is to master such vast materials. To gain a full knowledge of the Veda, or the Zend-Avesta, or the Tripiṭaka, of the Old Testament, the Koran, or the sacred books of China, is the work of a whole life.

How then is one man to survey the whole field of religious thought, to classify the religions of the world according to definite and permanent criteria, and to describe their characteristic features with a sure and discriminating hand?

Nothing is more difficult to seize than the salient features, the traits that constitute the permanent expression and real character of a religion. Religion seems to be the common property of a large community, and yet it not only varies in numerous sects, as language does in its dialects, but it escapes our firm grasp till we can trace it to its real habitat, the heart of each true believer. We speak glibly of Buddhism and Brahmanism, forgetting that we are generalising on the most intimate convictions of millions and millions of human souls, divided by half the world and by thousands of years.

It may be said that at all events where a religion possesses canonical books, or a definite number of articles, the task of the student of religion becomes easier, and this, no doubt, is true to a certain extent. But even then we know that the interpretation of these canonical books varies, so much so that sects appealing to the same revealed authorities, as, for instance, the founders of the Vedânta and the Sânkhya systems, accuse each other of error, if not of wilful error or heresy. Articles too, though drawn up with a view to define the principal doctrines of a religion, lose much of their historical value by the treatment they receive from subsequent schools; and they are frequently silent on the very points which make religion what it is.

A few instances may serve to show what diffi-

culties the student of religion has to contend with, before he can hope firmly to grasp the facts on which theories may safely be based.

Roman Catholic missionaries who had spent their lives in China, who had every opportunity, while staying at the court of Pekin, of studying in the original the canonical works of Confucius and their commentaries, who could consult the greatest theologians then living, and converse with the crowds that thronged the temples of the capital, differed diametrically in their opinions as to the most vital points in the state-religion of China. Lecomte, Fouquet, Prémare, and Bouvet thought it undeniable that Confucius, his predecessors and his disciples, had entertained the noblest ideas on the constitution of the universe, and had sacrificed to the true God in the most ancient temple of the earth. According to Maigrot, Navarette, on the contrary, and even according to the Jesuit Longobardi, the adoration of the Chinese was addressed to inanimate tablets, meaningless inscriptions, or, in the best case, to coarse ancestral spirits and beings without intelligence.[1] If we believe the former, the ancient deism of China approached the purity of the Christian religion; if we listen to the latter, the absurd fetishism of the multitude degenerated amongst the educated into systematic materialism and atheism. In answer to the peremptory texts quoted by one party, the other adduced the glosses of accredited interpreters, and the dispute of the missionaries who had lived in China and knew Chinese, had to be settled in the last instance by a decision of the see of Rome.

[1] Abel Rémusat, *Mélanges*, p. 162.

There is hardly any religion that has been studied in its sacred literature, and watched in its external worship with greater care than the modern religion of the Hindus, and yet it would be extremely hard to give a faithful and intelligible description of it. Most people who have lived in India would maintain that the Indian religion, as believed in and practised at present by the mass of the people, is idol-worship and nothing else. But let us hear one of the mass of the people, a Hindu of Benares, who in a lecture delivered before an English and native audience defends his faith and the faith of his forefathers against such sweeping accusations. 'If by idolatry,' he says, 'is meant a system of worship which confines our ideas of the Deity to a mere image of clay or stone, which prevents our hearts from being expanded and elevated with lofty notions of the attributes of God, if this is what is meant by idolatry, we disclaim idolatry, we abhor idolatry, and deplore the ignorance or uncharitableness of those that charge us with this grovelling system of worship . . . . . But if, firmly believing, as we do, in the omnipresence of God, we behold, by the aid of our imagination, in the form of an image any of His glorious manifestations, ought we to be charged with identifying them with the matter of the image, whilst during those moments of sincere and fervent devotion, we do not even think of matter? If at the sight of a portrait of a beloved and venerated friend no longer existing in this world, our heart is filled with sentiments of love and reverence; if we fancy him present in the picture, still looking upon us with his wonted tenderness and affection,

and then indulge our feelings of love and gratitude, should we be charged with offering the grossest insult to him—that of fancying him to be no other than a piece of painted paper? . . . . We really lament the ignorance or uncharitableness of those who confound our representative worship with the Phenician, Grecian, or Roman idolatry as represented by European writers, and then charge us with polytheism in the teeth of thousands of texts in the Purâṇas, declaring in clear and unmistakeable terms that there is but one God who manifests Himself as Brahma, Vishṇu, and Rudra (Siva) in his functions of creation, preservation, and destruction.'[1]

In support of these statements, this eloquent advocate quotes numerous passages from the sacred literature of the Brahmans, and he sums up his view of the three manifestations of the Deity in the words of their great poet Kalidâsa, as translated by Mr. Griffith:

> In those Three Persons the One God was shown,
> Each First in place, each Last—not one alone;
> Of Śiva, Vishṇu, Brahma, each may be
> First, second, third, among the Blessed Three.

If such contradictory views can be held and defended with regard to religious systems still prevalent amongst us, where we can cross-examine living witnesses, and appeal to chapter and verse in

[1] The modern pandit's reply to the missionary who accuses him of polytheism is: 'Oh, these are only various manifestations of the one God; the same as, though the sun be one in the heavens, yet he appears in multiform reflections upon the lake. The various sects are only different entrances to the one city.'—See W. W. Hunter, *Annals of Rural Bengal*, p. 116; and Medhurst on Shins in China, in his 'Inquiry on the Proper Mode of Translating *Ruach*.'

their sacred writings, what must the difficulty be when we have to deal with the religions of the past? I do not wish to disguise these difficulties, which are inherent in a comparative study of the religions of the world. I rather dwell on them strongly, in order to show how much care and caution is required in so difficult a subject, and how much indulgence should be shown in judging of the shortcomings and errors that are unavoidable in so comprehensive a study. It was supposed at one time that a comparative analysis of the languages of mankind must transcend the powers of man: and yet by the combined and well-directed efforts of many scholars, great results have here been obtained, and the principles that must guide the student of the Science of Language are now firmly established. It will be the same with the Science of Religion. By a proper division of labour, the materials that are still wanting will be collected and published and translated, and when that is done, surely man will never rest till he has discovered the purpose that runs through the religions of mankind, and till he has reconstructed the true Civitas Dei on foundations as wide as the ends of the world. The Science of Religion may be the last of the sciences which man is destined to elaborate; but when it is elaborated, it will change the aspect of the world, and give a new life to Christianity itself.

The Fathers of the Church, though living in much more dangerous proximity to the ancient religions of the Gentiles, admitted freely that a comparison of Christianity and other religions was useful. 'If there is any agreement,' Basilius remarked, 'between

their [the Greeks'] doctrines and our own, it may benefit us to know them: if not, then to compare them, and to learn how they differ, will help not a little towards confirming that which is the better of the two.'[1]

But this is not the only advantage of a comparative study of religions. The Science of Religion will for the first time assign to Christianity its right place among the religions of the world; it will show for the first time fully what was meant by the fulness of time; it will restore to the whole history of the world, in its unconscious progress towards Christianity, its true and sacred character.

Not many years ago great offence was given by an eminent writer who remarked that the time had come when the history of Christianity should be treated in a truly historical spirit, in the same spirit in which we treat the history of other religions, such as Brahmanism, Buddhism, or Mohammedanism. And yet what can be truer? He must be a man of little faith who would fear to subject his own religion to the same critical tests to which the historian subjects all other religions. We need not surely crave a tender or merciful treatment for that faith which we hold to be the only true one. We should rather challenge for it the severest tests and trials, as the sailor would for the good ship to which he entrusts his own life, and the lives of those who are most dear to him. In the Science of Religion,

[1] Basilius, 'De legendis Græc. libris,' c. v. *Εἰ μὲν οὖν ἐστί τις οἰκειότης πρὸς ἀλλήλους τοῖς λόγοις, προὔργου ἂν ἡμῖν αὐτῶν ἡ γνῶσις γένοιτο. εἰ δὲ μή, ἀλλὰ τό γε παράλληλα θέντας καταμαθεῖν τὸ διάφορον, οὐ μικρὸν εἰς βεβαίωσιν βελτίονος.*

we can decline no comparisons, nor claim any immunities for Christianity, as little as the missionary can, when wrestling with the subtle Brahman, or with the fanatical Mussulman, or the plain-speaking Zulu. And if we send out our missionaries to every part of the world to face every kind of religion, to shrink from no contest, to be appalled by no objections, we must not give way at home or within our own hearts to any misgivings, lest a comparative study of the religions of the world should shake the firm foundations on which we must stand or fall.

To the missionary more particularly a comparative study of the religions of mankind will be, I believe, of the greatest assistance. Missionaries are apt to look upon all other religions as something totally distinct from their own, as formerly they used to describe the languages of barbarous nations as something more like the twittering of birds than the articulate speech of men. The Science of Language has taught us that there is order and wisdom in all languages, and that even the most degraded jargons contain the ruins of former greatness and beauty. The Science of Religion, I hope, will produce a similar change in our views of barbarous forms of faith and worship; and missionaries, instead of looking only for points of difference, will look out more anxiously for any common ground, any spark of the true light that may still be revived, any altar that may be dedicated afresh to the true God. [1]

[1] Joguth Chundra Gangooly, a native convert, says: 'I know from personal experience that the Hindu Scriptures have a great deal of truth. . . . If you go to India, and examine the common

And even to us at home, a wider view of the religious life of the world may prove a very useful lesson. Immense as is the difference between our own and all other religions of the world—and few can know that difference who have not honestly examined the foundations of their own as well as of other religions—the position which believers and unbelievers occupy with regard to their various forms of faith is very much the same all over the world. The difficulties which trouble us have troubled the hearts and minds of men as far back as we can trace the beginnings of religious life. The great problems touching the relation of the Finite to the Infinite, of the human mind as the recipient, and of the Divine Spirit as the source of truth, are old problems indeed: and while watching their appearance in different countries, and their treatment under varying circumstances, we shall be able, I believe, to profit ourselves, both by the errors which others committed before us, and by the truth which they discovered. We shall know the rocks that threaten every religion in this changing and shifting world of ours, and having watched many a storm of religious controversy and many a shipwreck in distant

sayings of the people, you will be surprised to see what a splendid religion the Hindu religion must be. Even the most ignorant women have proverbs that are full of the purest religion. Now I am not going to India to injure their feelings by saying, "Your Scripture is all nonsense, is good for nothing; anything outside the Old and New Testament is a humbug." No; I tell you I will appeal to the Hindu philosophers, and moralists, and poets, at the same time bringing to them my light, and reasoning with them in the spirit of Christ. That will be my work.'—'A Brief Account of Joguth Chundra Gangooly, a Brahmin and a Convert to Christianity.' *Christian Reformer*, August, 1860.

seas, we shall face with greater calmness and prudence the troubled waters at home.

If there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable decay to which every religion is exposed. It may seem almost like a truism, that no religion can continue to be what it was during the lifetime of its founder and its first apostles. Yet it is but seldom borne in mind that without constant reformation, i.e. without a constant return to its fountain-head, every religion, even the most perfect—nay the most perfect, on account of its very perfection, more even than others—suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of being breathed.

Whenever we can trace back a religion to its first beginnings, we find it free from many of the blemishes that offend us in its later phases. The founders of the ancient religions of the world, as far as we can judge, were minds of a high stamp, full of noble aspirations, yearning for truth, devoted to the welfare of their neighbours, examples of purity and unselfishness. What they desired to found upon earth was but seldom realised, and their sayings, if preserved in their original form, often offer a strange contrast to the practice of those who profess to be their disciples. As soon as a religion is established, and more particularly when it has become the religion of a powerful state, the foreign and worldly elements encroach more and more on the original foundation, and human interests mar the simplicity and purity of the plan which the founder had conceived in his own heart, and matured in his com-

munings with his God. Even those who lived with Buddha misunderstood his words, and at the Great Council which had to settle the Buddhist canon, Asoka, the Indian Constantine had to remind the assembled priests that 'what had been said by Buddha, that alone was well said.'[1] With every century, Buddhism, when it was accepted by nations differing so widely as Mongols and Hindus, when its sacred writings were translated into languages as far apart as Sanskrit and Chinese, assumed widely different aspects, till at last the Buddhism of the Shamans in the steppes of Tartary became as different from the teaching of the original Samana, as the Christianity of the leader of the Chinese rebels is from the teaching of Christ. If missionaries could show to the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the Zoroastrians, nay, even to the Mohammedans, how much their present faith differs from the faith of their forefathers and founders, if they could place in their hands and read with them in a kindly spirit the original documents on which these various religions profess to be founded, and enable them to distinguish between the doctrines of their own sacred books and the additions of later ages, an important advantage would be gained, and the choice between Christ and other Masters would be rendered far more easy to many a truth-seeking soul. But for that purpose it is necessary that we too should see the beam in our own eyes, and learn to distinguish between the Christianity of

[1] Second Bairat Inscription, in Cunningham, *Corpus Inscriptionum Indicarum*, p. 97: 'Bhagavatâ Budhena bhâsite save se subhâsite vâ.' Kern, *Indian Antiquary*, vol. v., p. 257. Oldenberg, Vinaya, introduction, p. xl. Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, Appendice, No. X., § 4.

the nineteenth century and the religion of Christ. If we find that the Christianity of the nineteenth century does not win as many hearts in India and China as it ought, let us remember that it was the Christianity of the first century in all its dogmatic simplicity, but with its overpowering love of God and man, that conquered the world and superseded religions and philosophies, more difficult to conquer than the religious and philosophical systems of Hindus and Buddhists. If we can teach something to the Brâhmans in reading with them their sacred hymns, they too can teach us something when reading with us the Gospel of Christ. Never shall I forget the deep despondency of a Hindu convert, a real martyr to his faith, who had pictured to himself from the pages of the New Testament what a Christian country must be, and who when he came to Europe found everything so different from what he had imagined in his lonely meditations at Benares! It was the Bible only that saved him from returning to his old religion, and helped him to discern beneath theological futilities, accumulated during nearly two thousand years, beneath pharisaical hypocrisy, infidelity, and want of charity, the buried, but still living seed, committed to the earth by Christ and His Apostles. How can a missionary in such circumstances meet the surprise and questionings of his pupils, unless he may point to that seed, and tell them what Christianity was meant to be; unless he may show that, like all other religions, Christianity, too, has had its history; that the Christianity of the nineteenth century is not the Christianity of the Middle Ages, that the Chris-

tianity of the Middle Ages was not that of the early Councils, that the Christianity of the early Councils was not that of the Apostles, and 'that what has been said by Christ, that alone was well said'?

The advantages, however, which missionaries and other defenders of the faith will gain from a comparative study of religions, though important hereafter, are not at present the chief object of these researches. In order to maintain their scientific character, they must be independent of all extraneous considerations: they must aim at truth, trusting that even unpalatable truths, like unpalatable medicine, will reinvigorate the system into which they enter. To those, no doubt, who value the tenets of their religion as the miser values his pearls and precious stones, thinking their value lessened if pearls and stones of the same kind are found in other parts of the world, the Science of Religion will bring many a rude shock; but to the true believer, truth wherever it appears is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious because it was seen, not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Laotse. It should never be forgotten that while a comparison of ancient religions will certainly show that some of the most vital articles of faith are the common property of the whole of mankind, at least of all who seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, the same comparison alone can possibly teach us what is peculiar to Christianity, and what has secured to it that pre-eminent position which now it holds in spite of all obloquy. The gain will be greater than the

loss, if loss there be, which I, at least, can never admit.

There is a strong feeling, I know, in the minds of all people against any attempt to treat their own religion as a member of a class, and in one sense that feeling is perfectly justified. To each individual, his own religion, if he really believes in it, is something quite inseparable from himself, something unique, that cannot be compared to anything else, or replaced by anything else. Our own religion is, in that respect, something like our own language. In its form it may be like other languages; in its essence and its relation to ourselves, it stands alone and admits of no peer or rival.

But in the history of the world, our religion, like our own language, is but one out of many; and in order to understand fully the position of Christianity in the history of the world, and its true place among the religions of mankind, we must compare it, not with Judaism only, but with the religious aspirations of the whole world, with all, in fact, that Christianity came either to destroy or to fulfil. From this point of view Christianity forms part, no doubt, of what people call profane history, but by that very fact, profane history ceases to be profane, and regains throughout that sacred character of which it had been deprived by a false distinction. The ancient Fathers of the Church spoke on these subjects with far greater freedom than we venture to use in these days. Justin Martyr, in his 'Apology' (A.D. 139), has this memorable passage (Apol. i. 46): 'One article of our faith then is, that Christ is the first-begotten of God, and we have already proved Him to be the very Logos (or universal Reason), of which man-

kind are all partakers; and therefore those who live according to the Logos are Christians, notwithstanding they may pass with you for Atheists; such among the Greeks were Sokrates and Herakleitos, and the like; and such among the Barbarians were Abraham, and Ananias, and Azarias, and Misael, and Elias, and many others, whose actions, nay whose very names, I know would be tedious to relate, and therefore shall pass them over. So, on the other side, those who have lived in former times in defiance of the Logos or Reason, were evil, and enemies to Christ and murderers of such as lived according to the Logos; but *they who have made or make the Logos or Reason the rule of their actions are Christians*, and men without fear and trembling.'[1]

'God,' says Clement (200 A.D.), 'is the cause of all that is good: only of some good gifts He is the primary cause, as of the Old and New Testaments, of others the secondary, as of (Greek) philosophy. But even philosophy may have been given primarily by Him to the Greeks, before the Lord had called the Greeks also. For that philosophy, like a schoolmaster, has guided the Greeks also, as the Law did Israel, towards Christ. Philosophy, therefore, prepares and opens the way to those who are made perfect by Christ.'[2]

[1] *Τὸν Χριστὸν πρωτότοκον τοῦ Θεοῦ εἶναι ἐδιδάχθημεν, καὶ προεμηνύσαμεν Λόγον ὄντα, οὗ πᾶν γένος ἀνθρώπων μετέσχε· καὶ οἱ μετὰ Λόγου βιώσαντες Χριστιανοί εἰσι, κἂν ἄθεοι ἐνομίσθησαν, οἷον ἐν Ἕλλησι μὲν Σωκράτης καὶ Ἡράκλειτος καὶ οἱ ὁμοῖοι αὐτοῖς, ἐν βαρβάροις δὲ Ἀβραὰμ καὶ Ἀνανίας καὶ Ἀζαρίας καὶ Μισαὴλ καὶ Ἠλίας καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοί, ὧν τὰς πράξεις ἢ τὰ ὀνόματα καταλέγειν μακρὸν εἶναι ἐπιστάμενοι, ταυτὶ παραιτούμεθα. ὥστε καὶ οἱ προγενόμενοι ἄνευ Λόγου βιώσαντες, ἄχρηστοι καὶ ἐχθροὶ τῷ Χριστῷ ἦσαν, καὶ φονεῖς τῶν μετὰ Λόγου βιούντων· οἱ δὲ μετὰ Λόγου βιώσαντες καὶ βιοῦντες Χριστιανοί καὶ ἄφοβοι καὶ ἀτάραχοι ὑπάρχουσιν.*

[2] Clem. Alex. Strom. lib. I. cap. v. § 28. *Πάντων μὲν γὰρ αἴτιος*

And again: 'It is clear that the same God to whom we owe the Old and New Testaments, gave also to the Greeks their Greek philosophy by which the Almighty is glorified among the Greeks.'[1]

And Clement was by no means the only one who spoke thus freely and fearlessly, though, no doubt, his knowledge of Greek philosophy qualified him better than many of his contemporaries to speak with authority on such subjects.

St. Augustine writes: 'If the Gentiles also had possibly something divine and true in their doctrines, our Saints did not find fault with it, although for their superstition, idolatry, and pride, and other evil habits, they had to be detested, and, unless they improved, to be punished by divine judgment. For the apostle Paul, when he said something about God among the Athenians, quoted the testimony of some of the Greeks who had said something of the same kind: and this, if they came to Christ, would be acknowledged in them, and not blamed. Saint Cyprian, too, uses such witnesses against the Gentiles. For when he speaks of the Magians, he says that the chief among them, Hostanes, maintains that the true God is invisible, and that true angels sit at His throne; and that Plato agrees with this, and

τῶν καλῶν ὁ Θεὸς, ἀλλὰ τῶν μὲν κατὰ προηγούμενον, ὡς τῆς τε διαθήκης τῆς παλαιᾶς καὶ τῆς νέας, τῶν δὲ κατ' ἐπακολούθημα, ὡς τῆς φιλοσοφίας· τάχα δὲ καὶ προηγουμένως τοῖς Ἕλλησιν ἐδόθη τότε πρὶν ἢ τὸν κύριον καλέσαι καὶ τοὺς Ἕλληνας. Ἐπαιδαγώγει γὰρ καὶ αὐτὴ τὸ Ἑλληνικὸν ὡς ὁ νόμος τοὺς Ἑβραίους εἰς Χριστόν. προπαρασκευάζει τοίνυν ἡ φιλοσοφία προοδοποιοῦσα τὸν ὑπὸ Χριστοῦ τελειούμενον.

[1] Strom. lib. VI. cap. v. § 42. *Πρὸς δὲ καὶ ὅτι ὁ αὐτὸς Θεὸς ἀμφοῖν ταῖν διαθήκαιν χορηγὸς, ὁ καὶ τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς φιλοσοφίας δοτὴρ τοῖς Ἕλλησιν, δι' ἧς ὁ παντοκράτωρ παρ' Ἕλλησι δοξάζεται, παρέστησεν, δῆλον δὲ κἀνθένδε.*

believes in one God, considering the others to be angels or demons; and that Hermes Trismegistus also speaks of one God, and confesses that He is incomprehensible.' (Augustinus, 'De Baptismo contra Donatistas,' lib. VI. cap. xliv.)

Every religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true, though unknown, God. Whether we see the Papua squatting in dumb meditation before his fetish, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming: 'Of the world the height and the depth art thou;—I know not what thou art; whatever is, art thou' (see Ouseley, 'Persian Poets,' p. 90)—we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. There are philosophers, no doubt, to whom both Christianity and all other religions are exploded errors, things belonging to the past, and to be replaced by more positive knowledge. To them the study of the religions of the world could only have a pathological interest, and their hearts could never warm at the sparks of truth that light up, like stars, the dark yet glorious night of the ancient world. They tell us that the world has passed through the phases of religious and metaphysical errors, in order to arrive at the safe haven of positive knowledge of facts. But if they would but study positive facts, if they would but read, patiently and thoughtfully, the history of the world, as it is, not as it might have been: they would see that, as in geology, so in the history of human thought, theoretic uniformity does not exist, and that the past is never altogether lost.

The oldest formations of thought crop out everywhere, and if we dig but deep enough, we shall find that even the sandy desert in which we are asked to live rests everywhere on the firm foundation of that primeval, yet indestructible, granite of the human soul—religious faith.

There are other philosophers, again, who would fain narrow the limits of the Divine government of the world to the history of the Jewish and of the Christian nations, who would grudge the very name of religion to the ancient creeds of the world: nay, to whom the name of natural religion has almost become a term of reproach. To them, too, I should like to say that if they would but study positive facts, if they would but read their own Bible, they would find that the greatness of Divine Love cannot be measured by human standards, and that God has never forsaken a single human soul that has not first forsaken Him. 'He hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.' If they would but dig deep enough, they, too, would find that what they contemptuously call natural religion is in reality the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man, and that without it revealed religion itself would have no firm foundation, no living roots in the heart of man.

If by the essays here collected I should succeed in attracting more general attention towards an

independent, yet reverent, study of the ancient religions of the world, and in dispelling some of the prejudices with which so many have regarded the yearnings after truth embodied in the sacred writings of the Brâhmans, the Zoroastrians, and the Buddhists, in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, nay, even in the wild traditions and degraded customs of Polynesian savages, I shall consider myself amply rewarded for the labour which they have cost me. That they are not free from errors, in spite of a careful revision to which they have been submitted before I published them in this collection, I am fully aware, and I shall be grateful to anyone who will point them out, little concerned whether it is done in a seemly or unseemly manner, as long as some new truth is elicited, or some old error effectually exploded. Though I have thought it right in preparing these essays for publication, to alter what I could no longer defend as true, and also, though rarely, to add some new facts that seemed essential for the purpose of establishing what I wished to prove, yet in the main they have been left as they were originally published. I regret that, in consequence, certain statements of facts and opinions are repeated in different articles in almost the same words; but it will easily be seen that this could not have been avoided without either breaking the continuity of an argument, or rewriting large portions of certain essays. If what is contained in these repetitions is true and right, I may appeal to a high authority 'that in this country true things and right things require to be repeated a great many times.' If otherwise, the very repetition will provoke cri-

ticism and ensure refutation. I have added to all the articles the dates when they were written, these dates ranging over the last fifteen years, and I must beg my readers to bear these dates in mind when judging both of the form and the matter of these contributions towards a better knowledge of the creeds and prayers, the legends and customs, the languages and dialects of the ancient world.

Oxford, 1867.

THE NINTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS, 1892.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

IT is generally at the end, not at the beginning, of scientific meetings that votes of thanks are proposed. But in our case, when we owe our very existence to the valuable help received from so many quarters, it seems but right that we should express our gratitude at the very outset.

Our first thanks are due to H.R.H. the Duke of York, for having granted us that sympathy and gracious support without which, I am afraid, our Congress would never have drawn its first breath, and our labours might indeed have been in vain.

We could not venture to disturb a father's grief and ask H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to grant us his royal protection. But His Royal Highness has testified the warm interest which he feels for our Congress, as for everything that is likely to draw the bonds of friendship between England and her great Indian Empire more closely together, by authorising H.R.H. the Duke of York to act at the present Congress as the worthy successor of H.M. the King of Sweden, the Royal

Patron of our last Congress. In granting us his royal protection the Duke of York has but proved himself the true son of the Prince of Wales, the worthy grandson of the Queen, and has shown once more to the world, that nothing which concerns the highest interests of India can ever fail to evoke the warmest sympathies on the part of those to whom a Divine Providence has entrusted the Crown and the care of that glorious Empire. We regret the unavoidable absence of H.R.H. the Duke of York to-day; but we all rejoice that his place has been filled by one of the wisest and most beloved Viceroys of India, the President of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Earl of Northbrook.

We have next to express our thanks to the Secretary of State for India and to the illustrious Members of his Council, for having given us every encouragement in their power for successfully carrying out an undertaking which has excited a widespread interest in India, and has received powerful approval and support from some of the most respected leaders of public opinion in that country.

It has been said indeed that, in a free country like England, a Scientific Congress should not look for royal favour and protection, or for help from Government. But it seems to me, on the contrary, that in a country like England, which is called a free country, because its Government is truly representative of the will of the people, and because the Crown is so completely identified with all that is good and noble in the aspirations of science and art, the absence of royal patronage and governmental support would have conveyed a very false impression.

What would the people of India have thought if

this meeting of scholars from all parts of Europe, who have devoted their lives to the improvement and enlargement of our knowledge of the East, after having been recognised and patronised by the Sovereigns and their Ministers in every country of Europe in which they met before, had been ignored or slighted in England? And what would those scholars themselves have said who remember the kindness with which they were received in France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Austria, Russia, and last, not least, in Sweden, if in this, the greatest Oriental Empire which the world has ever known, the Government, and more particularly the Indian Government, had declined to give the same hospitable welcome to the Delegates of other countries, which the Delegates of the Indian Government have accepted year after year from foreign Governments?

By accepting the Honorary Presidency of our Congress, H.R.H. the Duke of York seems to me to have testified his conviction, and the conviction of the nation at large, that the East can never be foreign to the sympathy of the people of England, and that they consider a scholarlike study of the literature and the antiquities of their great Eastern Empire as deserving of every encouragement, and worthy of the most generous support. Need I add that the presence of the Queen's grandson is but another proof, if any proof were wanted, that Her Majesty the Queen, the first Empress of India, who has so often shown her warm and tender feelings for her Indian subjects, is with us in spirit, and wishes success to our labours.

We have next to express our gratitude to the

Chancellor and Senate of the University of London, to the President and Council of the Royal Society, to the Society of Antiquaries, to the Astronomical and Geographical Societies, for having placed some of their rooms at the disposal of our Congress. The authorities of the British Museum have granted us facilities which will be highly appreciated by the members of our Congress. The valuable Library and collections at the India Office have been thrown open to all our guests. They will find there in Sir George Birdwood a most valuable guide, as well as in Dr. Rost, whose services, I am glad to say, have been retained for another year for the Library of the India Office.

Nor would it be right for me to open this Congress without giving expression to the warmest feelings of gratitude and admiration, which all who had the good fortune of being present at our last Congress in Sweden must ever entertain for our Royal Patron, His Majesty King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. He too is the ruler of a free country, and in him too we could recognise the true representative of the will and wish of his people. The brilliant success of our Congress at Stockholm and Christiania was due no doubt to the popular sympathy by which we were greeted everywhere, and the truly Scandinavian hospitality with which we were received in every town and village through which we passed, whether in Sweden or in Norway, and likewise to the active participation of the best intellects of the country in our labours. Yet it was an exceptional good fortune that His Majesty King Oscar should personally have felt so enthusiastic an interest and so warm a love

for all that is beautiful in the East. Not only did he show himself the most gracious host and most generous patron, but he made time to sit patiently through our lengthy and often tedious meetings. Who can ever forget his noble presence when he stepped in among us, every inch a king, a head and shoulders taller than all the rest; and who was not surprised on hearing him not only conversing in all the languages of his guests, but delivering eloquent addresses in Swedish, in English, in German, in French, and in Italian, nay, bidding us all farewell in a Latin speech full of vigour and kindliness? I doubt whether at any former Congress so much solid work was done as at Stockholm and Christiania. There are idlers and mere camp-followers at every Congress; but, as President of the Aryan section, I can bear true testimony to the indefatigable industry of our members, who never allowed the festivities of the evening to interfere with the duties of the next morning. Our minutes and transactions are there to speak for themselves. We learn from a report published by an Indian scholar, Mr. Dhruva, that there were in all 106 papers read by 86 members, 48 being in French, 37 in German, 18 in English, 2 in Italian, and several by Orientals in their own languages. This proves once more, if any proof were wanted, how popular Oriental studies are and always have been in France, how carefully they have been fostered by the French Government, and how much the progress of true scholarship owes to the brilliant genius, and even more, to the indefatigable industry of the Oriental scholars of France.

His Majesty has lately given us a new proof of

his continued interest in the principal object of our Congresses, the advancement of sound Oriental scholarship. His Majesty has deputed his personal friend, Count Landberg, to present to us a lasting memorial of his Royal favour, a Swedish drinking-horn, to be handed down from President to President, and he has offered a gold medal for an essay on some subject connected with Aryan philology. Like many of our most distinguished guests, Count Landberg, I regret to say, has been prevented by quarantine regulations from attending the Congress in person.

We are also deeply indebted to a former Patron, H.I.H. the Archduke Rainer, who has never ceased to take an active and powerful interest in the success of our meetings. You know what we owe to him and to his princely liberality in securing the unique treasures of Egyptian papyri which, in the hands of Professor Karabaček and his learned colleagues, have become a monumental landmark in the history of Oriental literature. Another of our Patrons, H.R.H. Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, might claim his place among us, not simply as a Royal Prince, but as a learned numismatist and a persevering and judicious collector of Eastern coins.

You will probably expect me to say a few words about some misunderstandings and personal jealousies which broke out after our last Congress. I should much prefer to say nothing about these truly childish squabbles, but I hope I shall be able to explain and justify our position without giving offence to anybody. At the end of our former Congresses there was generally an official invitation from some Government or University, asking us to hold our next Congress

in one or other of the great capitals of Europe. None had been received when we dispersed after our Scandinavian Congress, though several places had been privately suggested. As we had no permanent Committee, a resolution was passed by the Congress, according to the official minutes, unanimously; or, according to the statements of certain members, with one or two dissentient voices, that our former Presidents should be requested *pro hac vice* to form such a Committee for the sole purpose of receiving, and either accepting or rejecting, such invitations as might be sent to them. Nothing could have been more natural, more correct, more business-like in every respect. But a French savant, M. de Rosny, and some of his friends, professing to represent the founders of our Congresses, and to speak in the name of the Oriental scholars of France—though many of these French scholars have declined to accept M. de Rosny as their spokesman—suddenly protested against this resolution as *ultra vires*. They appealed to a body of Statutes which had been drawn up in 1873 by M. de Rosny himself and those who called themselves the founders of these Oriental Congresses. These Statutes, it is now admitted, had never been discussed *in pleno*, and never been formally ratified by any subsequent Congress. And how can unratified Statutes claim any legal or binding character? But even supposing that these Statutes, unknown to most of the members of our Congress, and never appealed to before when they were broken year after year by their very authors, could claim any legal force, it can hardly be disputed that every corporate body which has the right of

drawing up Statutes has also the right of suspending or over-riding them by a majority of votes. Without such a right no Society could possibly exist and cope successfully with the sudden emergencies that are sure to arise. However, though the members of the Oriental Congress could not recognise the exclusive proprietorship in these international Congresses which M. de Rosny and his confederates claimed for themselves, they had no objection whatever to a friendly separation of elements which had often proved discordant at former Congresses. It seemed to many of us simply a case of what is called development by differentiation or growth by fission. There were at former Congresses a number of visitors, most welcome in many respects, but whose tastes and interests differed widely from those of the majority; and though we should never have parted with them of our own free will, many of us feel that we shall be better able to maintain the character of our Congresses, if each party follows its own way. There will be in future the so-called Statutory Congresses of M. de Rosny and his associates, while we shall try to preserve the old character and the continuity of the International Congress of Orientalists, and shall gladly welcome some of the old members who for a time have deserted our Congress.

What we chiefly want are *Oriental scholars*, that is to say, men who have proved themselves able to handle their own spade, and who have worked in the sweat of their brow in disinterring the treasures of Oriental literature. We do not wish to exclude mere lovers of Eastern literature, nor travellers, or dragomans, or even intelligent couriers; they are all

welcome; but when we speak of Oriental scholars, we mean men who have shown that they are able at least to publish texts that have never been published before, and to translate texts which have never been translated before. Of such I am glad to say we have lost hardly any.

You will be glad to hear that we have received an invitation to hold our next, the tenth Congress, in Switzerland. The names of the members of the Swiss Committee are the best guarantee that our meeting there will keep up the standard of our former meetings, and will hand down our tradition to those who will continue our work when we are gone. We have also received a most tempting invitation from His Majesty the King of Roumania, to hold our eleventh meeting at Bucharest. The present Congress will have to decide on both these proposals. We wish to part with our former colleagues without any reproach or recriminations. We say indeed with Abraham, 'Let there be no strife; separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, I will go to the right; and if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'

Having now disposed of these preliminary matters, I shall try to discharge the duty that falls to the President, in opening this International Congress of Orientalists. No one can feel more deeply than myself how totally unequal I am to the task imposed upon me, how unworthy of the honourable post which you wished me to occupy. I know but too well that there are many Oriental scholars who would have filled the office of President of this International Congress of Orientalists far more worthily

than I can hope to do. If after long hesitation, as you know, I accepted at last your repeated invitation, it was because I saw in it but another proof of that exceeding kindness which I have experienced again and again during my long life in England, and which seems to me to spring chiefly from a wish to make me feel that you do no longer consider me as a stranger, but have accepted me as one of yourselves, as a comrade who has fought now for nearly fifty years in the ranks of the brave army of Oriental scholars in England. Never indeed could a general boast of a more brilliant staff; and if we value those honours most which are bestowed upon us by our peers, believe me that I value the honour which you have conferred on me in electing me your President, as the highest bestowed upon me during the whole of my long life in England, because it has been bestowed on me not only by my peers, but by my betters, not only by my best friends, but by my best judges.

But though the Presidential chair is this year so inadequately filled, never, I believe, has our Congress been able to boast of so illustrious an array of Patrons, Vice-Presidents, and Presidents of Sections as on this occasion. We count among our Presidents of Sections one who, by common consent, may be called the most celebrated man of our country, Mr. Gladstone, celebrated alike as a statesman and as a scholar. We are proud of the presence of another statesman, Sir Mount-Stuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff, who, as Governor of Madras, has rendered an illustrious name still more illustrious, and whose knowledge often surprises us by its accuracy even more than by its

extent and variety. Nor would it be easy to find stronger representatives in their special departments of Oriental scholarship in this country than our Presidents, Sir Thomas Wade, Sir Raymond West, Professor Cowell, Professor Sayce, Professor Le Page Renouf, Professor Robertson Smith, Sir Arthur Gordon, Sir Frederick Goldsmid, and Dr. Tylor.

To each and all of them and to their distinguished Secretaries I now express, in the name of the Congress our most respectful and cordial thanks.

I have thus far explained to you our right to exist; I shall now try to explain the reason of our existence, or the objects which we have in view in holding from time to time these Oriental Congresses in the principal towns of Europe.

When we wish to express something removed from us as far as it can be, we use the expression, 'So far as the East is from the West.' Now what we who are assembled here are aiming at, what may be called our real *raison d'être*, is to bring the East, which seems so far from us, so distant from us, nay, often so strange and indifferent to many of us, as near as possible—near to our thoughts, near to our hearts. It seems strange indeed that there should ever have been a frontier line to separate the East from the West, nor is it easy to see at what time that line was first drawn, or whether there were any physical conditions which necessitated such a line of demarcation. The sun moves in unbroken continuity from East to West, there is no break in his triumphant progress. Why should there ever have been a break in the triumphant progress of the human race from East to West, and how could that break have been brought about?

It is quite true that as long as we know anything that deserves the name of history, that break exists. The Mediterranean with the Black Sea, the Caspian with the Ural Mountains, may be looked upon as the physical boundary that separates the East from the West. The whole history of the West seems so strongly determined by the Mediterranean, that Ewald was inclined to include all Aryan nations under the name of *Mediterranean*. But the Mediterranean ought to have formed not only the barrier, but likewise the connecting-link between Asia and Europe. Without the high-road leading to all the emporia of the world, without the pure and refreshing breezes, without the infinite laughter of the Mediterranean, there would never have been an Athens, a Rome, there would never have been that spirited and never-resting Europe, so different from the solid and slowly-changing Asiatic continent. Northern Africa, however, Egypt, Palestine, Phenicia, and Arabia, though in close proximity to the Mediterranean, belong in their history to the East, quite as much as Babylon, Assyria, Media, Persia, and India. Even Asia Minor formed only a temporary bridge between East and West, which was drawn up again when it had served its purpose. We ourselves have grown up so entirely in the atmosphere of Greek thought, that we hardly feel surprised when we see nations, such as the Phenicians and Persians, looked upon by the Greeks as strangers and barbarians, though in ancient times the former were far more advanced in civilisation than the Greeks, and though the latter spoke a language closely allied to the language of Homer, and possessed a religion far

more pure and elevated than that of the Homeric Greeks. The Romans were the heirs of the Greeks, and the whole of Europe succeeded afterwards to the intellectual inheritance of Rome and Greece. Nor can we disguise the fact that we ourselves have inherited from them something of that feeling of strangeness between the West and the East, between the white and the dark man, between the Aryan and the Semite, which ought never to have arisen, and which is a disgrace to everybody who harbours it. No one would in these Darwinian days venture to doubt the homogeneousness of the human species, the brotherhood of the whole human race; but there remains the fact that, as in ancient so in modern times, members of that one human species brothers of that one human family, look upon each other, not as brothers, but as strangers, if not as enemies divided not only by language and religion, but also by what people call blood, whatever they may mean by that term.

I wish to point out that it constitutes one of the greatest achievements of Oriental scholarship to have proved by irrefragable evidence that the complete break between East and West did not exist from the beginning; that in prehistoric times language formed really a bond of union between the ancestors of many of the Eastern and Western nations, while more recent discoveries have proved that in historic times also language, which seemed to separate the great nations of antiquity, never separated the most important among them so completely as to make all intellectual commerce and exchange between them impossible. These two discoveries seem to me to form the highest

glory of Oriental scholarship during the present century. Some of our greatest scholars—some of them here present—have contributed to these discoveries; and I thought, therefore, that they formed the most worthy subject to occupy our thoughts at the beginning of our International Congress of Orientalists. The Presidents of our Sections will probably dwell on the results obtained during the last years in their own more special departments. I was anxious to show that Oriental scholarship has also made some substantial contributions to the general stock of human knowledge, that it has added, in fact, a completely new chapter to the history of the world, and has changed another chapter, formerly the oldest, but also the most barren, into a living picture, full of human thought, of human fears, of human hopes.

I begin with the prehistoric world, which has actually been brought to light for the first time by Oriental scholarship.

I confess I do not like the expression *prehistoric*. It is a vague term and almost withdraws itself from definition. If real history begins only with the events of which we possess contemporaneous witnesses, then, no doubt, the whole period of which we are now speaking, and many later periods also, would have to be called prehistoric. But if history means, as it did originally, research, and knowledge of real events based on such research, then the events of which we are going to speak are as real and as truly historical as the battle of Waterloo. It is often supposed that students of Oriental languages and of the Science of Language deal with words only. We have learnt by this time that there is no such thing as 'words only,'

that every new word represented a new thought, that is a most momentous event in the development of our race. What people call 'mere words,' are in truth the monuments of the fiercest intellectual battles, triumphal arches of the grandest victories won by the intellect of man. When man had formed names for body and soul, for father and mother, and not till then, did the first act of human history begin. Not till there were names for right and wrong, for God and man, could there be anything worthy of the name of human society. Every new word was a discovery, and these early discoveries, if but properly understood, are more important to us than the greatest conquests of the kings of Egypt and Babylon. Not one of our greatest explorers has unearthed with his spade or pickaxe more splendid palaces and temples, whether in Egypt or in Babylon, than the etymologist. Every word is the palace of a human thought; and in scientific etymology we possess the charm with which to call these ancient thoughts back to life. It is the study of words, it is the Science of Language, that has withdrawn the curtain which formerly concealed these ancient times and their intellectual struggles from the sight of historians. Even now, when scholars speak of languages, and families of languages, they often forget that families mean speakers of languages, and families of speech presuppose real families, or classes, or powerful confederacies, which have struggled for their existence and held their ground against all enemies. Languages, as we read in the Book of Daniel, are the same as nations that dwell on all the earth. If, therefore, Greeks and Romans, Celts, Germans, Slavs, Persians, and Indians, speaking different

languages, and each forming a separate nationality. constitute, as long as we know them, a real historical fact, there is another fact equally real and historical, though we may refer it to a prehistoric period, namely, that there was a time when the ancestors of all these nations and languages formed one compact body, speaking one and the same language, a language so real, so truly historical, that without it there would never have been a real Greek, a real Latin language, never a Greek Republic, never a Roman Empire; there would have been no Sanskrit, no Vedas, no Avesta, no Plato, no Greek New Testament. We know with the same certainty that other nations and languages also, which in historical times stand before us so isolated as Phenician, Hebrew, Babylonian, and Arabic, presuppose a prehistoric that is, an antecedent powerful Semitic confederacy, held together by the bonds of a common language, possibly by the same laws, and by a belief in the same gods. Unless the ancestors of these nations and languages had once lived and worked together, there would have been no common arsenal from which the leading nations of Semitic history could have taken their armour and their swords, the armour and swords which they wielded in their intellectual struggles, and many of which we are still wielding ourselves in our wars of liberation from error, and in our conquests of truth. These are stern, immoveable facts, just as Mont Blanc is a stern, irremoveable fact, though from a distance we must often be satisfied with seeing its gigantic outline only, not all its glaciers and all its crevasses. What I mean is that we must not attempt to discover too much of what happened thousands of years ago,

or strain our sight to see what, from this distance in time, we cannot see.

When we are asked, for instance, in what exact part of the world these ancient consolidations took place, every true scholar and every honest historian knows that such a question is almost idle, because it does not admit of a definite or positive answer. It is easy to fix on this or that indication in order to assign with the greatest confidence the original home of the Âryas to this or that place in Asia or Europe. The very North Pole has been pointed out by a learned and ingenious American scholar as the most probable home of the whole of mankind. All true scholars, I believe, admit that we must be satisfied with the general statement that the consolidation of the Aryan speakers took place 'somewhere in Asia,' for they know that this 'somewhere in Asia' is not quite so vast and vague as it sounds, there being a number of countries which no scholar would ever dream of as possible homes of the Âryas at that early time, such as Siberia in the North, China in the East, India in the South, Arabia and Asia Minor in the West of the Asiatic continent.

Nothing has shaken the belief, for I do not call it more, that the oldest home of the Âryas was in the East. All theories in favour of other localities, of which we have heard so much of late, whether in favour of Scandinavia, Russia, or Germany, rest on evidence far more precarious than that which was collected by the founders of Comparative Philology. Only we must remember, what is so often forgotten, that when we say Âryas, we predicate nothing—we can predicate nothing—but language. We know, of

course, that languages presuppose speakers; but when we say Âryas, we say *nothing* about skulls, or hair, or eyes, or skin, as little as when we say Christians or Mohammedans, English or Americans. All that has been said and written about the golden hair, the blue eyes, and the noble profile of the Âryas, is pure invention, unless we are prepared to say that Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks, was not an Ârya, but a Mongolian. We ought, in fact, when we speak of Âryas, to shut our eyes most carefully against skulls, whether dolichocephalic or brachycephalic, or mesocephalic, whether orthognathic, prognathic, or mesognathic. We are completely agnostic as to all that, and we gladly leave it to others to discover, if they can, whether the ancestors of the Aryan speakers rejoiced in a Neanderthal or any other kind of skull that has been discovered in Europe or Asia. Till people will learn this simple lesson, which has been inculcated for years by such high authorities as Horatio Hale, Powell, and Brinton, all discussions on the original home of the Âryas are so much waste of time and temper.

There is the same difference of opinion as to the original home of the Semites, but all Semitic scholars agree that it was 'somewhere in Asia.' The idea that the Semites proceeded from Armenia has hardly any defenders left, though it is founded on an ancient tradition preserved in Genesis. An eminent scholar, who at the last moment was prevented by domestic affliction from attending our Congress, Professor Guidi[1], holds that the Semites came probably from

[1] Della sede primitiva dei Popoli Semitici, 'Proceedings of the Accademia dei Lincei,' 1878-79.

the Lower Euphrates. Other scholars, particularly Dr. Sprenger, place the Semitic cradle in Arabia. Professor Nöldeke takes much the same view with regard to the home of the Semites, which I take with regard to the home of the Âryas. We cannot with certainty fix on any particular spot, but that it was 'somewhere in Asia,' no scholar would ever doubt.

It is well known also that some high authorities, Dr. Hommel, for instance, and Professor Schmidt, hold that the ancestors of the Semites and Âryas must for a time have lived in close proximity, which would be a new confirmation of the Asiatic origin of the Âryas. But we hardly want that additional support. Benfey's arguments in favour of a European origin of the Âryas were, no doubt, very ingenious. But, as his objections have now been answered one by one[1], the old arguments for an Asiatic home seem to me to have considerably gained in strength. I, at all events, can no longer join in the jubilant chorus that, like all good things, our noble ancestors, the Âryas, came from Germany. Dr. Schrader, who is often quoted as a decided supporter of a German or European origin of the Âryas, is far too conscientious a scholar to say more than that all he has written on the subject should be considered 'as purely tentative' (Preface, p. vi).

With regard to time, our difficulties are greater still, and to attempt to solve difficulties which cannot be solved, seems to me no better than the old attempt to square the circle. If people are satisfied with approximate estimates, such as we are accustomed to

[1] 'Three Lectures on the Science of Language,' pp. 60 seq.

in geology, they may say that some of the Aryan languages, such as Sanskrit in India, Zend in Media, must have been finished and used in metrical form about 2000 B. C. Greek followed soon after. And when it is said that these languages were finished 2000 B. C., that means simply that they had become independent varieties of that typical Aryan language which had itself reached a highly finished state long before it was broken up into these dialects. This typical language has been called the *Proto-Aryan* language. We are often asked why it should be impossible to calculate how many centuries it must have taken before that Proto-Aryan language could have become so differentiated and so widely divergent as Sanskrit is from Greek, or Latin from Gothic. If we argued geologically, we might say, no doubt, that it took a thousand years to produce so small a divergence as that between Italian and French, and that therefore many thousands of years would not suffice to account for such a divergence as that between Sanskrit and Greek. We might therefore boldly place the first divergence of the Aryan languages at 5000 B. C., and refer the united Aryan period to the time before 5000 B. C. That period again would require many thousands of years, if we are to account for all that had already become dead and purely formal in the Proto-Aryan language, before it began to break up into its six ethnic varieties, that is, into *Celtic*, *Teutonic*, *Slavonic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Indo-Eranic*. The whole grammatical framework of that Proto-Aryan language must have been finished before that time, so that but little had to be added afterwards. Not only was there a common stock of roots, but all

thematic suffixes for the formation of nouns, adjectives, and derivative words had been settled, the terminations of declension and conjugation had become fixed, the formation of feminines was recognised as well as the degrees of comparison, and there was a whole treasury of words, many of them already with secondary and tertiary meanings. All this must have been finished before there was a Sanskrit language different from Greek, or a Greek language different from Latin. These common Aryan words have often been used as reflecting the state of thought and civilisation previous to what I call the Aryan Separation, previous to 5000 B.C., nowhere more completely than in Schrader's useful work, 'Prehistoric Antiquities.' The original elaboration of that wonderful work of art which we call language must have required even more time than its later differentiation. When I say that the elaboration of a whole system of grammatical forms must have taken more time than its later differentiation, what I mean is that many of the features which distinguish Sanskrit from Greek, and Greek from Latin, need not be considered at all as new creations, but should rather be looked upon as remnants of a great mass of dialectic variety which existed in the common Aryan speech, and were retained some by Sanskrit, others by Greek. It has been clearly established, for instance, through the labours of Brugmann, Osthoff, Collitz, Fick, and others, that the Proto-Aryan language possessed three varieties of the short vowel *a*, which had been differentiated before the Aryan separation took place into *a*, *e* *o*. In Sanskrit we have no short *e* and *o*, at least not in classical Sanskrit. But it must be remembered that

in Sanskrit the short vowel *a* is never written after consonants, and that we know nothing whatever of its peculiar pronunciation at different times, except, as Pâṇini says, that it differed from that of all the other vowels. That at one time it was in Sanskrit also pronounced like *e*, we know by the effect which that palatal vowel has produced on a preceding *k*, by imparting to it the palatal character of *ch*. The fact that in Sanskrit the copula which corresponds to Latin *que* and Greek τε is *cha*, and not *ka*, shows that the vowel must at one time in Sanskrit also have been pronounced *e*, and not *a* or *o*, as it was in the interrogative pronoun *ka*.

If we find the verbal augment in Sanskrit and Zend and then again in Armenian and Greek, we may be quite certain that these four languages did not invent it independently, but that it existed as an optional element in Proto-Aryan times.

Even the Greek passive Aorist in θην, which has often been pointed out as a piece of purely Greek workmanship, has many analogies in other Aryan languages, as Curtius has shown in his excellent work on the Greek Verb.

If then we *must* follow the example of geology and fix chronological limits for the growth of the Proto-Aryan language, previous to the consolidation of the six national languages 10,000 B.C. would by no means be too distant, as the probable limit of what I should call our knowledge of the existence of Aryan speakers 'somewhere in Asia.'

And what applies to those Aryan speakers applies with even greater force to the Semitic speakers, because the earliest monuments of Semitic speech,

differentiated as Babylonian, Phenician, Hebrew, and Arabic, go back, as we are told, far beyond the earliest documents of Sanskrit or Greek. Here also we must admit a long period previous to the formation of the great national languages, because thus only can the fact be accounted for that on many points so modern a language as Arabic is more primitive than Hebrew, while in other grammatical formations Hebrew is more primitive than Arabic[1].

Whether it is possible that these two linguistic consolidations, the Aryan and Semitic, came originally from a common source, is a question which scholars do not like to ask, because they know that it does not admit of a scholarlike answer. No scholar would deny the possibility of an original community between the two, during their radical period, and previous to the development of any grammatical forms. But the handling of this kind of linguistic protoplasm is not congenial to the student of language and must be left to other hands. Still, such attempts should not be discouraged altogether, and if they are carried out in the same spirit in which in the last number of the 'Journal of the German Oriental Society,' Professor Erman has tried to prove a close relationship between Semitic and Egyptian, they deserve the highest credit. Another question also which carries us back still further into unknown antiquity, viz. whether it is possible to account for the origin of languages or rather of human speech in general, is one which scholars eschew, because it is one to be handled by philosophers rather than by students of language.

[1] See Driver, 'Hebrew Tenses,' p. 132.

I must confess, the deeper we delve, the farther the solution of this problem seems to recede from our grasp; and we may here too learn the old lesson that our mind was not made to grasp beginnings. We know the beginnings of nothing in this world, and the problem of the beginning of language, which is but another name for the beginning of thought, evades our comprehension quite as much as the problem of the origin of our planet and of the life upon it, or the origin of space and time, whether without or within us. History can dig very deep, but, like the shafts of our mines, it is always arrested before it has reached the very lowest stratum. Students of language, and particularly, students of Oriental languages, have solved the problem of the origin of species in language, and they had done so long before the days of Darwin; but, like Darwin, they have to accept certain original germs as given, and they do not venture to pierce into the deepest mysteries of actual creation or cosmic beginnings.

And yet, though accepting this limitation of their labours as the common fate of all human knowledge, Oriental scholars have not altogether laboured in vain. No history of the world can in future be written without its introductory chapter on the great consolidations of the ancient Aryan and Semitic speakers. That chapter may be called prehistoric, but the facts with which it deals are thoroughly historical, and I say once more, in the eyes of the student of language they are as real as the battle of Waterloo. They form the solid foundation of all later history. They determine the course of the principal nations of ancient history as the mountains

determine the course of rivers. Try only to realise what is meant by the fact that there was a time, and there was a place, where the ancestors of the poets of the Veda and of the prophets of the Zend Avesta shook hands and conversed freely with the ancestors of Homer, nay, with our own linguistic ancestors, and you will see what a shifting of scenery, what a real transformation-scene Oriental students have produced on the historical stage of the world. They have brought together the most valuable, and yet the least expensive museum of antiquities, namely, the words which date from the time of an undivided Aryan and an undivided Semitic brotherhood; relics older than all Babylonian tablets or Egyptian papyri; relics of their common thoughts, their common religion, their common mythology, their common folk-lore, nay, as has lately been shown by Leist, Köhler, and others, relics of their common jurisprudence also.

Here too there has been much useless controversy. It is as clear as daylight that when we find a number of words which all Aryan languages share in common, these words and the ideas which they express must have been known before the Proto-Aryan language was differentiated as Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, and all the rest. It has been possible to put together these fragmentary words into a kind of mosaic picture, giving us an idea of the degree of civilisation reached before the Aryan separation. To some students this picture or this idyll (εἰδύλλιον), seemed to disclose a much higher advance of civilisation than they expected in such early times. They therefore wrote rapturously of those early Âryas, who called themselves *âryâ*, or noble, though originally this self-

glorious name need not have meant more than tillers of the soil. Others, on the contrary, still under the influence of Rousseau's school, claimed these Âryas as true representatives of the Noble Savage, with all the vices as well as the virtues of the Child of Nature. Such a controversy is simply barren. What the true scholar values are the linguistic materials, brought together and critically sifted by the industry and ingenuity of men such as Bopp, Kuhn, Benfey, and last not least, Dr. Schrader, who have drawn this picture of ancient Aryan civilisation with almost Pre-Raphaelite minuteness. Till some one has given us a definition of what is meant by Savage, it does not matter whether we call these undivided Âryas savages or sages. The only important point in the eyes of a scholar is that we should know the words, and therefore the thoughts, which the Âryas shared in common before they broke up from their old common Aryan home.

At the present moment, when the whole world is preparing for the celebration of the discovery of America, or what is called the New World, let us not forget that the discoverers of that Old, that Prehistoric World of which I have been speaking, deserve our gratitude, as much as Columbus and his companions. The discoveries of Sir William Jones, Schlegel, Humboldt, and of my own masters and fellow-workers, Bopp, Pott, Burnouf, Benfey, Kuhn, and Curtius, will for ever remain a landmark in the studies devoted to the history, that is, the knowledge of our race, and, in the end, the knowledge of ourselves. If others have followed in their footsteps, and have proved that these bold discoverers

have sometimes been on a wrong track, let them have full credit for what they have added, for what they have corrected, and what they have rejected—but a Moses who fights his way through the wilderness, though he dies before he enters on the full possession of the promised land, is greater than all the Joshuas that cross the Jordan and divide the land. Many travellers now find their way easily to Africa and back; but the first who toiled alone to discover the sources of the Nile, men such as Burton, Speke, and Livingstone, required often greater faith and greater pluck than those who actually discovered them. As long as I live, I shall protest against all attempts to belittle the true founders of the Science of Language. Their very mistakes often display more genius than all the corrections of their Epigoni.

It may be said that this great discovery of a whole act in the drama of the world, the very existence of which was unknown to our forefathers, was due to the study of the Science of Language rather than to Oriental Scholarship. But where would the Science of Language have been without the students of Sanskrit and Zend, of Hebrew and Arabic? At a Congress of Orientalists we have a right to claim what is due to us, and I doubt whether anybody here present would deny that it is due in the first place to Oriental scholars, such as Sir W. Jones, Colebrooke, Schlegel, Bopp, Burnouf, Lassen, and Kuhn, if we now have a whole period added to the history of the world, if we now can prove that long before we know anything of Homeric Greece, of Vedic India, of Persia, Greece, Italy, and all the rest of Europe,

there was a real historical community formed by the speakers of Aryan tongues, and that they were closely held together by the bonds of a common speech and common thoughts. It is equally due to the industry and genius of Oriental scholars such as De Sacy, Gesenius, Ewald, and my friend the late Professor Wright, if it can no longer be doubted that the ancestors of the speakers of Babylonian and Assyrian, Syriac, Hebrew, Phenician, Ethiopic, and Arabic formed once one consolidated brotherhood of Semitic speech, and that, however different they are, when they appear for the first time in their national costumes on the stage of history, they could once understand their common words and common thoughts, like members of one and the same family. Surely this is an achievement on which Oriental scholarship has a right to take pride, when it is challenged to produce its titles to the gratitude of the world at large.

If we now turn our attention to another field of Oriental scholarship which has been fruitful of results of the greatest importance to the student of history, and to the world at large, we shall be able to show, not indeed that Oriental scholars have created a whole period of history, as in the case of the Âryas and Semites, before their respective separation, but that they have inspired the oldest period in the history of the world with a new life and meaning. Instead of learning by heart the unmeaning names of kings and the dates of their battles, whether in Egypt, or Babylon, in Syria and Palestine, we have been enabled, chiefly through the marvellous discoveries of Oriental scholars, to watch their most secret thoughts,

to comprehend their motives, to listen to their prayers, to read even their private and confidential letters. Think only what ancient Egypt was to us a hundred years ago! A Sphinx buried in a desert, with hardly any human features left. And now—not only do we read the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, and demotic inscriptions, not only do we know the right names of kings and queens 4000 or 5000 years B.C., but we know their gods, their worship; we know their laws and their poetry; we know their folk-lore and even their novels. Their prayers are full of those touches which make the whole world feel akin. Here is the true Isis, here is Human Nature, unveiled. The prayers of Babylon are more formal; still, how much more living is the picture they give us of the humanity of Babylon and Nineveh, than all the palaces, temples, and halls? And as to India, think what India was to the scholars of the last century? A name and not much more. And now! Not only have the ancient inhabitants ceased to be mere idolaters or niggers, they have been recognised as our brothers in language and thought. The Veda has revealed to us the earliest phases in the history of natural religion, and has placed in our hands the only safe key to the secrets of Aryan mythology. Nay, I do not hesitate to say that there are rays of light in the Upanishads and in the ancient philosophy of the Vedânta which will throw new light even to-day on some of the problems nearest to our own hearts And not only has each one of the ancient Oriental Kingdoms been reanimated and made to speak to us, like the grey, crumbling statue of Memnon, when touched by the rays of the dawn, but we have also gained a new insight into the

mutual relations of the principal nations of antiquity. Formerly, when we had to read the history of the ancient world, every one of the great Kingdoms of the East seemed to stand by itself, isolated from all the rest, having its own past, unconnected with the past history of other countries.

China, for instance, was a world by itself. It had always been inhabited by a peculiar people, different in thought, in language, and in writing even from its nearest neighbours.

Egypt, in the grey morning of antiquity, seemed to stand alone, like a pyramid in a desert, self-contained, proud, and without any interest in the outside world, entirely original in its language, its alphabet, its literature, its art, and its religion.

India, again, has always been a world by itself, either entirely unknown to the Northern nations, or surrounded in their eyes by a golden mist of fable and mystery.

The same applies more or less to the great Mesopotamian Kingdoms, to *Babylon* and *Nineveh*. They too have their own language, their own alphabet, their own religion, their own art. They seem to owe nothing to anybody else.

It is somewhat different with *Media* and *Persia*, but this is chiefly due to our knowing hardly anything of these countries before they appear on the ancient battlefields of history in conflict with their neighbours, either as conquerors or as conquered.

In fact if we look at the old maps of the ancient world, we see them coloured with different and strongly contrasting colours, which admit of no shading, of no transition from one to the other. Every country

seemed a world by itself, and, so far as we can judge from the earliest traditions which have reached us, each nation claimed even its own independent creation, whether from their own gods, or from their own native soil. China knows nothing of what is going on in Babylon and Egypt, Egypt hardly knows the name of India, India looks upon all that is beyond the Himalayan snows as fabulous, while the Jews more than all the rest felt themselves a peculiar people, the chosen people of God.

Until lately, if it was asked whether there was any communication at all between the leading historical nations of the East, the answer was that no communication, no interchange of thought, no mutual influence was possible; because language placed a barrier between them which made communication, and more particularly free intellectual intercourse, entirely impossible.

If, therefore, it seemed that some of these ancient nations shared certain ideas, beliefs or customs in common, the answer always was that they could not have borrowed one from the other, because there was really no channel through which they could have communicated, or borrowed from each other by means of a rational and continuous converse. Thanks to the more recent researches of Oriental scholars, this is no longer so. One of the first and one of the strongest proofs that there was, in very ancient times, a very active intellectual intercourse between Aryan and Semitic nations is the Greek Alphabet. The Greeks never made any secret of their having borrowed their letters from Phenician schoolmasters. They called their letters Phenician, as we call our numerical figures

Arabic, while the Arabs called them Indian. The very name of *Alphabet* in Greek is the best proof that at the time when the Greeks were the pupils of Phenician writing-masters, the secondary names of the Semitic letters, Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth, had already been accepted. Originally the Aleph was the picture not of a bull, but of an eagle; Beth not of a house, but of another bird; Gimel not of a camel, but of a vessel with a handle; Daleth of a stretched-out hand. This intercourse between Phenicians and Greeks must have taken place previous to the beginning of any written literature in Greece, previous therefore to the seventh century at least. When we speak of Greeks and Phenicians in general, we must guard against thinking of whole nations, or of large numbers. The work of humanity in the past, more even than in the present, was carried on by the few, not by the many, by what Disraeli called 'the men of light and leading,' the so-called Path-makers of the ancient world. They represent unknown millions, standing behind them, as a Commander-in-chief represents a whole army that follows him. The important point is that in the alphabet we have before us a tangible document, attesting a real communication between these leaders of progress and civilisation in the East and in the West, a bridge between Phenicia and Greece, between Semitic and Aryan people. The name of the letter *alpha* in the Greek alphabet is a more irresistible proof of Phenician influence than all the legends about Kadmos and Thebes, about a Phenician Herakles or a Phenician Aphrodite. It is strange that not one of the classical scholars who have written on the traces of Phenician influence in the religion

and mythology of Greece should have availed himself of the Greek alphabet as the most palpable proof of a real and most intimate intercourse between the Phenicians and the early inhabitants of Greece.

But later discoveries have opened even wider vistas. It was one of the most brilliant achievements, due to the genius of the Vicomte de Rougé, to have shown that, though they discovered many things, the Phenicians did not discover the letters of the alphabet. Broken arches of the same bridge that led from Phenicia to Greece, have been laid bare, and they lead clearly from Phenicia back to Egypt. It is well known that even the ancients hardly ever doubted that the alphabet was originally discovered in Egypt, and carried from thence by the Phenicians to Greece and Italy. Plato, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, and Gellius, all speak of Egypt as the cradle of the alphabet, and Tacitus (Annals, xi. 14), who seems to have taken a special interest in this subject, is most explicit on that point. It was supposed for a time that the Egyptians simply took certain hieroglyphic signs, and made them stand for their initial letters. This was called the akrological theory, but it is no longer tenable. The alphabet was never a discovery, in the usual sense of the word; it was like all the greatest discoveries, a natural growth. It arose, without any intentional effort, from the employment of what are called complementary hieroglyphics [1]. Thus in hieroglyphic writing the wall with battlements expresses the syllable *Men*; but with the waved line written under it. This waved line is called the

[1] Hincks, 'Egyptian Alphabet,' p. 7.

comp'ement of the battlements, and is always to be understood after it, even if it is not written. In like manner, the *crux ansata* has for its complements the waved line and the sieve, and if they are not there, they have to be supplied. This *crux ansata* means life, and is pronounced *anch*. It was therefore an almost irresistible conclusion that led the ancient Egyptians to suppose that the battlement, when followed by the waved line, stood, not for *Men*, but only for *m*, while the waved line stood for *n*; or that the *crux ansata* seemed to represent the initial *A* only, while the *nch* were figured by the waved line and the sieve. In the end the result is the same; certain hieroglyphics were accepted as standing for their initial letters, but the process, as I have tried to explain it, is far more natural, and therefore, from an historical point of view, more true.

What the Vicomte de Rougé did was to select the most ancient forms of the Phenician alphabet, as they are found on the sarcophagus of Eshmunezar (or better still, on the Stone of Mesha, which was not known in his time), and to show how near they came, not indeed to the most ancient hieroglyphics, but to certain hieratic cursive signs which have the same phonetic values as their corresponding Phenician letters. This was a most brilliant discovery, and I still possess a very scarce paper which he sent me in 1859. He never published a full account of his discovery himself, but after his death his notes were published by his son in 1874.

I know quite well that some scholars have remained sceptical as to the Egyptian origin of the Phenician letters, and I have had to fight Rougé's battle for

many years almost single-handed. My friend Lepsius was never quite convinced. Attempts have been made to derive the Phenician letters from a cuneiform source or from the Cypriote letters, but the result has hitherto been far from satisfactory. The Phenician letters must have had ideographic antecedents. Where are we to look for them, if not in Egypt? What has always made me feel convinced that Rougé was right, is the fact that we have to deal with a series, and that fifteen out of the twenty-three letters of this series are almost identical in Phenician and in Egyptian. We are perfectly justified, therefore, in making a certain allowance for some modifications in the rest[1]. These modifications are certainly not greater than the modifications which the Phenician letters themselves underwent later in their travels over the whole civilised world. But there is another argument in Rougé's favour which has often been ignored, namely, the fact that the Egyptians, whenever they had to transcribe foreign words, have fixed in many cases on the identical letters which served as the prototypes of the Phenician alphabet. This fact, first pointed out by Dr. Hincks, is one of the many valuable services which that ingenious scholar has rendered to hieroglyphic studies; and

[1] It was the Vicomte de Rougé ('Mémoire,' p. 93) who pointed out that as the Egyptians had no sound corresponding to the Semitic ע, 'Ain, the Phenicians could not have borrowed that letter from the hieroglyphic or hieratic alphabet. Professor Brugsch, however ('Über Bildung der Schrift,' p. 22), seems to think that the hieratic sign  may have been the abbreviated form of the hieroglyphic group  which represents the 'Ain in hieroglyphic transcripts of Semitic names, and that this hieratic sign was rounded off to O in the Phenician alphabet. See 'Physical Religion,' p. 217 (no. 16).

the Vicomte de Rougé has been the first to acknowledge how much his own discovery owes to the labours of Dr. Hincks, particularly to his paper on the Egyptian alphabet published in the 'Transactions of the Irish Academy' in 1847. All the facts concerning the history of the alphabet have been carefully put together in Lenormant's great work: *Essai sur la Propagation de l'Alphabet Phénicien*. Here, then, we have a clear line of communication between Egypt, Phenicia, and Greece, which Oriental scholarship has laid bare before our eyes. To judge from the character of the hieratic letters as copied by the Phenicians, the copying must have taken place about the nineteenth century B. C.[1]; according to others, even at an earlier date. The interval between this and the date of the oldest inscription in a Semitic alphabet, that of King Mesha, the contemporary of Ahab (918–897), is no doubt very large, but the attempts to bridge it over by the Minaean inscriptions discovered by Dr. Glaser in Arabia, are, to say the least, premature, until there is something like agreement among competent scholars on the date of these Arabian inscriptions. Nor do I see how, without a great stretch of imagination, the forms of these Minaean letters can account for the late names of the Semitic letters, such as *Aleph*, *Beth*, *Gimel*, &c., which were probably invented *ex post* for the sake of teaching, like the names of the Runes[2]. It is well known that hieroglyphic writing for monumental purposes goes back in Egypt to the Fourth, or

[1] J. de Rougé, 'Mémoire sur l'Origine Egyptienne de l'Alphabet Phénicien,' 1874, p. 108.

[2] See, however, Prof. Sayce in 'Higher Criticism,' p. 44.

even the Second Dynasty[1], and on these earliest inscriptions we not only find the hieroglyphic system of writing fully developed, but we actually see hieroglyphic pictures of papyrus[2] and rolls, of inkstands and pens. But here, again, the beginnings escape us, and the origin of writing, though we know the conditions under which it took place, withdraws itself from our sight, almost as much as the origin of language itself. The question has been asked whether, as the oldest cuneiform writing clearly betrays an ideographic origin, its first germs could be traced back to the ideographic alphabet of Egypt. This would make Egypt the schoolmaster, or at least the older schoolfellow of the Mesopotamian kingdoms. But whatever the future may disclose, at present Oriental scholarship has no evidence with which to confirm such a hypothesis.

The same applies to another hypothesis which has been advocated with great perseverance by one of the members of our Congress, M. Terrien de Lacouperie. He thinks it possible to show that the oldest Chinese letters which, as is generally admitted, had an ideographic beginning, like that of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, owed their first origin to Babylon. It is generally supposed that the cuneiform alphabet used by the Semitic inhabitants of Babylonia and Assyria was invented by a non-Semitic race, called Sumerians and Accadians. Whether the Chinese borrowed from these races or from the Babylonians is difficult to decide. It must likewise remain for the present an

[1] In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is a monument ascribed to the Second Dynasty.

[2] Rougé, l. c., p. 103.

open question whether these Sumerians and Accadians can be identified with a race dwelling originally in the North and East of Asia. There are scholars who place the original home of the Accadians on the Persian Gulf, though the evidence for this view also is very weak. We must not forget that ideographs, such as pictures of sun and moon, or of the superincumbent sky, of mountains and plants, of the mouth and nose, of eyes and ears, must of necessity share certain features in common, in whatever country they are used for hieroglyphic purposes. The scholar has the same feeling with regard to these very general ideographic pictures which he has with regard to the very indefinite roots of language, which are supposed to be shared in common by the Semitic and Aryan families of speech. Both are too protoplastic, too jellylike, too indefinite for scientific handling[1]. Still no researches, if only carried on methodically, should be discouraged *a priori*, and we must always be willing to learn new lessons, however much they may shock our inherited opinions. It is not so very long ago that the best Semitic scholars stood aghast at the idea that the cuneiform letters were borrowed from a non-Semitic race, and that some of the cuneiform inscriptions should contain specimens of a non-Semitic or Accadian language. We have got over this surprise, and though there are still some formidable sceptics, the fact seems now generally recognised that

[1] Professor Hommel, in his excellent paper submitted to our Congress, has pointed out striking similarities between Egyptian hieroglyphics and corresponding Babylonian ideographs. Who was the inventor and who the borrower, *adhuc sub judice lis est*, but such a *lis* ought not to be allowed to continue long.

there was in very ancient times an intercourse between the Semitic and non-Semitic races of Asia, as there was between the Egyptians and the Phenicians, and between the Phenicians and Greeks, that is between the greatest people of antiquity, and that these non-Semitic people or Accadians were really the schoolmasters of the founders of the great Mesopotamian kingdoms. But though we must for the present consider any connexion between Chinese and Babylonian writing as not yet proven, there can be no doubt as to the rapid advance of the cuneiform system of writing itself, from East to West. This wonderful invention, more mysterious even than the hieroglyphic alphabet, soon overflowed the frontiers of the Mesopotamian kingdoms, and found its way into Persia and Armenia, where it was used, though for the purpose of inscriptions only, by people speaking both Aryan and non-Aryan languages. Here, then, we see again an ancient intercourse between people who were formerly considered by all historians as entirely separate, and we are chiefly indebted to English scholars, such as Rawlinson, Norris, Sayce, Pinches, and others, for having brought to light some of the ruins of that long-buried bridge on which the thoughts of the distant East may have wandered towards the West.

Few generations have witnessed so many discoveries in Oriental scholarship, and have lived through so many surprises as our own. If any two countries seemed to have been totally separated in ancient times by the barriers both of language and writing, they were Egypt with its hieroglyphic and Babylon with its arrow-headed literature. We only knew of

one communication between Egypt and its powerful neighbours and enemies, carried on through the inarticulate and murderous language of war, of spears and arrows, but not of arrow-headed writings. Who could have supposed that the rows of wedges covering the cylinders of Babylonian libraries, which have taxed the ingenuity of our cleverest decipherers, were read without any apparent difficulty by scribes and scholars in Egypt about 1500 B.C.? Yet we possess now in the tablets found at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt, a kind of diplomatic correspondence, carried on at that early time, more than a thousand years before the invasion of Greece by Persia, between the kings of Egypt and their friends and vassals in Babylon, Syria, and Palestine. These letters were docketed in Egypt in hieratic writing, like the despatches in our Foreign Office. They throw much light on the political relations then existing between the kings of Egypt and the rulers of Western Asia, their political and matrimonial alliances, and likewise on the trade carried on between different countries. They confirm statements known to us from hieroglyphic inscriptions in Egypt, more particularly those in the temple of Karnak. The spelling is chiefly syllabic, the language an Assyrian dialect. Doubtful Accadian words are often followed and explained by glosses in what may be called a Canaanite dialect, which comes very near to Hebrew. But how did the kings of Egypt understand these cuneiform despatches? It is true we meet sometimes with the express statement that those to whom these missives were addressed *had* understood them[1], as if this could not always be taken for granted.

[1] See tablets xxvi, lx, lxix, lxxxiv.

It is true also that these letters were mostly brought by messengers who might have helped in interpreting them, provided they had learnt to speak and read Egyptian. But what is more extraordinary still, the king of Egypt himself, Amenophis III, when writing to a king whose daughter he wishes to marry, writes a despatch in cuneiform letters, and in a language not his own, unless we suppose that the tablet which we possess was simply a translation sent to the king Kallimma Sin, and as such kept in the archives of the Egyptian Foreign Office.

It is curious to observe that the king of Egypt, though quite willing to marry the daughters of smaller potentates, is not at all disposed to send Egyptian princesses to them. For he writes in one of his letters (p. 29), 'A daughter of the king of the land of Egypt has never been given to a "Nobody."' Whatever else we may learn from these letters, they are not patterns of diplomatic language, if indeed the translation is in this case quite faithful[1]. In these despatches, dating from 1400 B.C., a number of towns are mentioned, many of which have the same names as those known to us from hieroglyphic inscriptions. Some of these names have even survived to our own time, such as Misirîm for Egypt, Damascus, Megiddo, Tyre (Ṣurrii), Sidon (Sîdûna), Byblos (Guble), Beyrut (Bîrûta), Joppa (Yâpû), and others. Even the name of Jerusalem has been discovered by Sayce in these tablets, as *Uru'salim*, meaning in Assyrian the town of peace, a name which must have existed before the

[1] My scepticism on this point has been confirmed, for I see in an article in the last number of the *Academy* that this translation was not quite correct.

Jews took possession of Canaan. Some of these tablets (eighty-two) may be seen at the British Museum, others (160) at Berlin, most of the rest are in the Museum at Gizeh. We are indebted to Mr. Budge for having secured these treasures for the British Museum, and to Dr. Bezold and Mr. Budge for having translated and published them.

To us this correspondence is of the greatest importance, as showing once more the existence of a literary and intellectual intercourse between Western Asia and Egypt, of which historians had formerly no suspicion. If we can once point to such an open channel as that through which cuneiform tablets travelled from Babylonia and Syria to Egypt, we shall be better prepared to understand the presence in Egypt of products of artistic workmanship also, from Western Asia, nay, from Cyprus, and even from Mycenae. I possessed potsherds sent to me by Schliemann from Mycenae, which might have been broken off from the same vessels of which fragments have been found at Ialysos, and lately in Egypt by Mr. Flinders Petrie. I have sent these potsherds to the British Museum to be placed by the side of the pottery from Ialysos, and to our University Museum at Oxford. Mr. Flinders Petrie in the *Academy*, June 25, 1892, writes: 'Mykenaean vase-types are found in Egypt with scarabs, &c., of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and conversely objects of the Eighteenth Dynasty, including a royal scarab, are found at Mykenae. And again, hundreds of pieces of pottery, purely Mykenaean in style, have been found in various dateable discoveries in Egypt, and without exception every datum for such lies between 1500 and 1100 B.C.,

and earlier rather than later in that range.' I do not mean to say that this fixes the date of the Mykenaean pottery, nor do I wish to rely on evidence which is contested by some of the best Egyptian scholars; otherwise I should gladly have appealed to the names of the Mysians, Lycians, Carians, Ionians, and Dardanians, discovered in the Epic of Pantaur about 1400 B.C., in the reign of Rameses II; and to the name of Achaeans read by certain Egyptian scholars in an inscription at Karnak, ascribed to the time of Meneptah, the son of Rameses II. What we shall have to learn more and more is that the people of antiquity, even though they spoke different languages and used different alphabets, knew far more of each other, even at the time of Amenophis III, or 1400 B.C., than was supposed by even the best historians. The ancient world was not so large and wide as it seemed, and the number of representative men was evidently very small. The influence of Babylon extended far and wide. We know that several of the strange gods worshipped by the Jews, such as Rimmon, Nebo, and Sin, came from Babylon. The authority of Egypt also was felt in Palestine, in Syria, and likewise in Babylon. The authenticity of the cuneiform despatches found at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt has lately received an unexpected confirmation from tablets found at Tel-el-Hesy, probably the ancient Lachish. Here a letter has been found addressed to Zimrida, who in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets was mentioned as governor of Lachish, where he was murdered by his people[1]. In the same place cylinders were found of

[1] *Academy*, July 9 1892.

Babylonian manufacture, between 2000 and 1500 B.C., and copies, evidently made of them in the West. Similar cylinders occur in the tombs of Cyprus and Syria, helping us to fix their dates, and showing once more the intercourse between East and West, and the ancient migration of Eastern thought towards Europe.

Nor should we, when looking for channels of communication between the ancient kingdoms of Asia, forget the Jews, who were more or less at home in every part of the world. We must remember that they came originally from Ur of the Chaldees, then migrated to Canaan, and afterwards sojourned in Egypt, before they settled in Palestine. After that we know how they were led into captivity and lived in close proximity and daily intercourse with Medians, Persians, Babylonians, and Assyrians. They spoke of Cyrus, a believer in Ormazd, as the anointed and the shepherd of Jehovah, because he allowed them to return from Babylon to Jerusalem. Darius, likewise a follower of Zoroaster, was looked on by them as their patron, because he favoured the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem. When we consider these intimate relations between the Jews and their neighbours and conquerors, we can easily imagine what useful intermediaries they must always have been in the intellectual exchange of the ancient world.

There are two countries only which really remained absolutely isolated in the past, China and India. It is true that attempts have been made to show that the Chinese influenced the inhabitants of India in very ancient times by imparting to them their earliest astronomy. But Biot's arguments have hardly convinced anybody. And as to Chinese porcelain being

found in ancient Egyptian tombs, this too has long been surrendered for lack of trustworthy evidence.

Nor have the attempts been more successful which were intended to show that the ancient astronomy of India was borrowed from Babylon. It is well known that the Babylonians excelled in astronomy, and that in later times they became the teachers of the Greeks, and indirectly of the Indians. But the twenty-seven Vedic Nakshatras or Lunar Stations are perfectly intelligible as produced on Indian soil, and require no foreign influences for their explanation. If the Indians had in Vedic times been the pupils of the Babylonians, other traces of that intercourse could hardly be absent. It was, indeed, thought for a time that one word at least of Babylonian origin had been discovered in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, the Babylonian *manâ*, a certain weight of gold. This word has certainly travelled far and wide. We find it in the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna, in Hebrew, in Arabic, in Greek, and in Latin [1], *mina*, a mine. But the verse in the Rig-Veda in which this *manâ* was supposed to occur, requires a different interpretation, nor would one word be sufficient to indicate a real intellectual intercourse between Babylonians and Vedic Indians. On the same ground we can hardly use the word *sindhu* in the Babylonian inscriptions, as proving a commercial intercourse between India and Babylon. *Sindhu*, as my learned friend, Professor Sayce, informed me, occurs in cuneiform texts as far back as 3000 B.C. as the name of some textile fabric. In Sanskrit *saindhava* would mean what grows on the

[1] Possibly in Egyptian: 'Zeitschrift der D. Morgenl. Gesells.,' vol. xlvi. p. 111.

Sindhu or the Indus [1], and would therefore be a very good name for cotton or linen. But so long as this word stands alone, it would not be safe to build any conclusions on it as to an ancient trade between India and Babylon.

For the present, therefore, we must continue to look upon China and India as perfectly isolated countries during the period of which we are here speaking. But though in the eyes of the historian the ancient literature of these two countries loses in consequence much of its interest, it acquires a new and peculiar interest of its own in the eyes of the philosopher. It is entirely home-grown and home-spun, and thus forms an independent parallel to all the other literatures of the world. It has been truly said that the religion and the philosophy of India come upon us like meteors from a distant planet, perfectly independent in their origin and in their character. Hence, when they do agree with other religions and philosophies of the ancient world, they naturally inspire us with the same confidence as when two mathematicians, working quite independently, arrive in the end at the same results [2].

It is true that in these days of unexpected discoveries we are never entirely safe from surprises. But as far as our evidence goes at present—and we can never say more—the idea once generally entertained, and lately revived by Professor Gruppe, that there was some connexion between the ancient religion of India and those of Egypt and Babylon, is, from a scholar's point of view, simply impossible.

[1] M. M., 'Physical Religion,' p. 87.

[2] Deussen, 'Die Sûtras des Vedânta,' p. vi.

Before the time of Alexander the Great, it would be very difficult to point out any foreign intellectual importation into the land of the Indus or the Seven Rivers. The knowledge of the alphabet may have reached India a little before Alexander's invasion. We know that Darius sent Skylax on a scientific expedition down to the mouth of the Indus. This expedition, like other scientific expeditions, was the forerunner of Persian conquests along the Indus. The people called in the cuneiform inscriptions *Gadâra* and *Hidhu*, that is in Sanskrit, *Gandhâra* and *Sindhu*, occur among the conquests of Darius, though in his later inscriptions only. It is quite possible, therefore, that even at that early time a knowledge of reading and writing may have been communicated to India. Travellers from India were seen by Ktesias in Persia at the beginning of the fifth century B.C., and he describes some whom he had seen himself, as being as fair, or actually as white, as any in the world. Others he describes as black, not by exposure to the sun, but by nature. This was probably written at the same time when Buddha, in a sermon which he delivered (the Assalayana Sutta), said: 'The Brahmans are the white caste, the other castes are black.' This refers to their colour (varṇa), not, as has been supposed, to their character. But in India we have as yet no real evidence of writing, not even of inscriptions, before the time of Asoka, in the third century B.C. The Indian alphabets certainly came from a Semitic alphabet, which was adapted systematically to the requirements of an Aryan language. We can see it still in a state of fermentation in the local varieties that have lately

been pointed out by my friend, Professor Bühler, the highest authority on this subject. As to the religion of Buddha being influenced by foreign thought, no true scholar now dreams of that. The religion of Buddha is the daughter of the old Brahmanic religion, and a daughter in many respects more beautiful than the mother. On the contrary, it was through Buddhism that India for the first time stepped forth from its isolated position, and became an actor in the historical drama of the world. A completely new idea in the history of the world was started at the great Buddhist Council in the third century B.C., under king Asoka, the idea of conquering other nations, not by force of arms, but by the power of truth. A resolution was proposed and carried at that Council to send missionaries to all neighbouring nations to preach the new gospel of Buddha. Such a resolution would never have entered into the minds of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, not even of the Brâhmans. It presupposed quite a new conception of the world. It announced for the first time a belief that the different nations of the world, however separated from each other by language, religion, colour, and customs, formed nevertheless one united family; that each of its members was responsible for the rest, in fact, that humanity was not an empty word.

It is a curious coincidence, if no more, that the name of the missionary who, according to the chronicle of Ceylon, was sent to the North, to the Himalayan border-lands, namely, *Madhyama*, should have been found in a Stûpa near Sanchi, as well as that of his fellow-worker, Kâsyapa. We read in an inscription :

'These are (the relics) of the good man of the family of Kâsapa, the teacher of the whole Haimavata,' that is, the Himalayan border-land[1]. We seldom find such monumental confirmations in Indian history. This important discovery, like so many others, was due to General Cunningham, in one of his earlier works ('The Bhilsa Topes,' pp. 119, 187, 317).

China, the other isolated country of antiquity, was soon touched by the rising stream of Buddhism, and thus brought for the first time into contact with India and the rest of the world. The first waves of Buddhism seem to have reached the frontiers of China as early as the third century (217 B.C.), and so rapid and constant was its progress, that in 61 B.C. Buddhism was accepted by the emperor Mingti as one of the three state-religions of China. We soon hear of Buddhists in other countries also, and if we consider that we have now arrived at a third period in the history of antiquity, which may truly be called the Alexandrian or Alexandrinian period, we need not wonder that the military roads which had been opened from the Indus to the Euphrates and to the Mediterranean, were soon trodden by peaceful travellers also, carrying both industrial and intellectual merchandise from East to West. From Kashmir, Buddhist missionaries seem to have penetrated into Hellenised Bactria. Alexander Polyhistor, who wrote between 80 and 60 B.C., attests[2] their presence there under the name of *Samanaioi*, which stands for the

[1] Lassen, 'Indische Alterthumskunde, vol. ii. p. 234, and p. xxxix.

[2] See Cyrillus, 'Contra Julian.,' lib. iv. 133: *ἱστορεῖ γοῦν Ἀλέξανδρος ὁ ἐπίκλην Πολυίστωρ—ἐφιλοσόφησαν δὲ—καὶ ἐκ Βάκτρων τῶν Περσικῶν Σαμαναῖοι καὶ παρὰ Πέρσαις οἱ Μάγοι καὶ παρ' Ἰνδοῖς οἱ Γυμνοσοφισταί.* Lassen, l. c., ii. p. 1073.

Pâli name *Samana*, a Buddhist friar. Their presence in Bactria is attested somewhat later, at the beginning of the third century A.D., by Clement of Alexandria[1], who speaks of the Samanaioi as powerful philosophers among the Bactrians, and again by Eusebius[2] at the beginning of the fourth century, who writes that among the Indians and Bactrians there are many thousands of Brâhmans. With regard to Bactria this can refer to Buddhists only, for the old orthodox Brâhmans did not leave their country, and Brâhmana has always been retained by the Buddhists as a title of honour for themselves. Early traces of the Buddhist religion have been discovered likewise in the countries north of Bactria, in Tukhâra, and in the towns of Khoten, Yarkand, and Kashyar. M. Darmesteter has shown that in the second century B.C. Buddhist missionaries were hard at work in the western part of Persia, and it is a significant fact that the name of *Gautama*, the founder of Buddhism, occurs in the Avesta, in the Fravardin Yasht[3]. This shows how closely the most distant parts of the world had been brought together by the genius of Alexander the Great, and by the genius of that still greater conqueror, Gautama Śâkyamuni. Here, again, it is mainly due to the labours of Oriental scholars that so many traces of the work done by Alexander and his successors have been rediscovered. With Alexander we have entered on a new period in the history of

[1] 'Strom.,' i. p. 359 : Φιλοσοφία τοίνυν—πάλαι μὲν ἤκμασε παρὰ βαρβαροῖς—προέστησαν—καὶ Σαμαναῖοι Βάκτρων—Ἰνδῶν τε οἱ Γυμνοσοφισταί. Lassen, l. c., ii. p. 1075 ; Schwanbeck, 'Megasthenis Indica,' p. 139.

[2] Praep. Ev. vii. 10 : Παρ' Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Βάκτροις εἰσὶ χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμίνων. Lassen, l. c., ii. p. 1075.

[3] 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. xxiii. p. 184.

the world, a period marked by the first strong reaction of the West against the East, inaugurated in the fifth century B.C. by the victories of Marathon, Thermopylae, and Salamis, which were almost contemporary with the first victories of Buddha. But while the victories of Miltiades, Leonidas, and Alexander the Great belong to history only, Buddha, the Gina or Victor, as he is called, is still the ruler of the majority of mankind.

If now, after having reached a period which is illuminated by the bright daylight of well-authenticated history, we turn our eyes back once more to the two preceding periods, we may assert without fear of contradiction that our knowledge of the very existence of the first period is entirely due to Oriental scholarship, while it is equally due to the discoveries of Oriental scholars that the second period has been invested for the first time with a truly human interest. The ancient history of the world may be said to have assumed, under the hands of Oriental scholars, the character of a magnificent dramatic trilogy. The first drama tells us of the fates of the Aryan and the Semitic race, each a compact confederacy before the separation into various languages and historical nationalities. The second drama is formed by the wars and conquests of the great Eastern Empires in Egypt, Babylon, and Syria, but it shows us that, besides these wars and conquests, there was a constant progress of Eastern culture towards the West, towards the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, and lastly towards Greece.

The third drama represents the triumphant progress of Alexander, the Greek far more than the Macedonian,

scholarship has done for us in helping us to a right appreciation of the historical development of the human race, beginning on the Asiatic continent and reaching its highest consummation on this small Asiatic peninsula of ours, which we call Europe, nay on this very spot where we are now assembled, which has truly been called the centre of the whole world. It is due to Oriental scholarship that the grey twilight of ancient history has been illuminated as if by the rays of an unsuspected sunrise. We see continuity and unity of purpose from beginning to end, when before we saw nothing but an undecipherable chaos. With every new discovery that is made, whether in the royal libraries of Babylonia, or in the royal tombs of Egypt, or in the sacred books of Persia and India, the rays of that sunrise are spreading wider and wider, and under its light the ancient history of our race seems to crystallise, and to disclose in the very forms of its crystallisation, laws or purposes running through the most distant ages of the world, of which our forefathers had no suspicion. Here it is where Oriental studies appeal not to specialists only, but to all who see in the history of the human race the supreme problem of all philosophy, a problem which in the future will have to be studied, not as heretofore, by *a priori* reasoning, but chiefly by the light of historical evidence. The Science of Language, the Science of Mythology, the Science of Religion, aye, the Science of Thought, all have assumed a new aspect, chiefly through the discoveries of Oriental scholars, who have placed facts in the place of theories, and displayed before us the historical development of the human race, as a worthy rival of the development of nature,

displayed before our eyes by the genius and patient labours of Darwin.

It seemed to me the most obvious duty of the President in opening an International Congress of Orientalists, to show to the world at large how much Oriental scholarship has contributed to the common stock of human knowledge. In England more particularly, Oriental studies are too often looked upon as interesting to specialists only, and as far removed from the general interests of our age. I thought it right therefore to show once for all that this is wrong, and that Oriental studies are well deserving of general sympathy and support. I hope I have shown that these studies are forming now, and will always form, the only safe foundation for a study of the history of mankind, and, more particularly, for a clear appreciation of that intellectual atmosphere in which even we, in the far West, still live and move and have our being. Another prejudice against Oriental studies has found frequent expression of late. It is charged against us that the results of our labours are constantly shifting and changing, and that the brilliant discoveries of this year become invariably the exploded errors of the next. This is greatly exaggerated. True. Oriental scholarship has advanced very rapidly during this century; true, it has had to suffer much from dabblers, babblers, and half-scholars; but I hope I have shown that the permanent gains of Oriental research are both massive and safe, and that the contributions of Oriental scholars to the capitalised wealth of human knowledge need not fear comparison with those of any other scholars.

It might no doubt have seemed more attractive if

in this inaugural address I had dwelt on the latest discoveries of Oriental scholarship only. But it would have ill become me as the President of this Congress, and in the presence of the very authors of some of these discoveries, if I had tried to act as their interpreter or ventured to criticise their results. We shall have plenty of this work in our special sections, but in this General Meeting of the Members of all the Sections, I felt convinced that I should best carry out your wishes by trying to sum up, in the presence of the most critical judges, what I consider the safe conquests of that glorious campaign which was opened by Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, Sylvestre de Sacy, Champollion, Ewald, Burnouf, Bopp, and Lassen, was carried on by some of the veterans present here to-day, and will, I feel sure, lead on to even more important conquests under the guidance of those young and bold generals, many of whom we greet here for the first time.

But before I conclude, may I be allowed to tax your patience a few minutes longer, and to ask one more question, though I know that many here present are far more competent to return an authoritative answer to it than your President. Is the benefit to be derived from Oriental studies confined to a better understanding of the past, to a truer insight into that marvellous drama the history of the human race in the East and in the West, whether in historic or prehistoric times? May not our Oriental studies call for general sympathy and support, as helping us to a better understanding of the present, nay, of the future also, with regard to the ever-increasing intercourse between the East and the West? Why should so many

practical men, so many statesmen, and rulers, and administrators of Eastern countries, have joined our Congress, if they did not expect some important practical advantages from the study of Eastern languages and Eastern literature?

If the old pernicious prejudice of the white man against the black, of the Aryan against the Semitic race, of the Greek against the Barbarian, has been inherited by ourselves, and there are few who can say that they are entirely free from that *damnosa hereditas*, nothing, I believe, has so powerfully helped to remove, or at least to soften it, as a more widely-spread study of Oriental languages and literature.

England is at present the greatest Oriental Empire which the world has ever known. England has proved that she knows not only how to conquer, but how to rule. It is simply dazzling to think of the few thousands of Englishmen ruling the millions of human beings in India, in Africa, in America, and in Australasia. England has realised, and more than realised, the dream of Alexander, the marriage of the East and the West, and has drawn the principal nations of the world together more closely than they have ever been before. But to conquer and rule Eastern nations is one thing, to understand them is quite another. In order to understand Eastern nations, we must know not only their languages, but their literature also; we must in a certain sense become Orientalised, students of the East, lovers of the East. In this respect much remains to be done. I believe that the small kingdom of Saxony, counting fewer inhabitants than the city of London, does more for encouraging the study of Eastern languages and

literature than England. It is quite true that when new and really important discoveries had to be made, English scholars, men of true genius, have always been in the van of the victorious progress of Oriental scholarship. Their work has always been what in German is called *Bahnbrechend*, breaking the first road through a dark and impervious forest. But it has long been felt that we are deficient in providing instruction in Eastern languages, such as is offered to young men in Russia, France, Italy, and Germany, at the expense of the State. We have lately made one step in the right direction. Under the personal patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a School of Modern Oriental Studies has at last been established at the Imperial Institute[1]. This is the realisation of a plan for which I pleaded forty years ago, and which was warmly advocated at the time by that most far-seeing statesman, the late Prince Consort. But we want help, we want much larger funds, if this excellent scheme is to grow and bear fruit. If the public at large could only be made to see the practical advantages that would accrue to English commerce from a sufficient supply of young men qualified to travel in the East and to carry on a correspondence in Eastern dialects, we should probably get from our rich merchants that pecuniary support which we want, and which in other countries is supplied from the general taxation of the country. But far higher interests than the commercial supremacy of England are at stake. The young rulers and administrators who are sent every year to the East, ought to be able to keep up much more intimate relations with the

[1] See p. 97.

people whom they are meant to rule and to guide, than exist at present. It is well known that one of our Royal Dukes, during his stay in India, acquired a knowledge of Hindustani in order to be able to converse freely with his soldiers. It is no secret that even our Queen, the first Empress of India, has devoted some of her very precious leisure to a study of the language and literature of India. Here are bright examples to follow. Without an intimate knowledge and an easy conventional command of a common language, a real intimacy between rulers and ruled is impossible. It has been truly said by the *Times* (July 9, 1892), that if the Transatlantic Cable had been available in 1858, there would have been no Trent Affair. One may say with the same truth, that if there had been a more free and friendly intercourse between the rulers and the ruled, between officers and soldiers in India, an intercourse such as can only be kept up by the electric current of a common language, there would have been no Indian Mutiny.

When I accepted the honourable post of President of this Congress, it was chiefly because I hoped that this Congress would help to kindle more enthusiasm for Oriental Scholarship in England. But that enthusiasm must not be allowed to pass away with our meeting. It should assume a solid and lasting form in the shape of a permanent and powerful association for the advancement of Oriental learning, having its proper home in the Imperial Institute. If the members of this Congress and their friends will help to carry out this plan, then our Congress might hereafter mark an important epoch in the history of

this the greatest Eastern Empire, and I should feel that, in spite of all my shortcomings, I had proved not quite unworthy of the confidence which my friends and fellow-labourers have reposed in me.

PROPOSAL OF A VOTE OF THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT.

[By HOFRATH G. BÜHLER, C.I.E., Professor in the Imperial and Royal University of Vienna, Austrian Delegate.]

THE admirable sketch of the achievements of Oriental scholarship during the last fifty years, and of its consequent rise in dignity and importance, which Professor Max Müller has just given us, must indeed fill the hearts of Orientalists with just pride. And it naturally affords particular gratification to those among us who are able to remember the not very remote times when matters stood very differently. Even so late as thirty-five years ago, war was still being waged, especially in Germany, between the Classicists and the Sanskritists. The simplest and most indisputable results of comparative philology were by no means received with general respect, and in the Universities the study of Sanskrit was by no means viewed favourably. *Latine loqui malumus quam balbutire Sanskrite*, said one of the most distinguished philologists of the time, to a presumptuous adherent of the new school who dared to express a doubt regarding the all-sufficiency of the two classical languages. His dictum was not rarely repeated with complacency, and among others by one of my own teachers, who wished to warn me against my dangerous proclivities towards the sacred language

of the Brâhmans. The study of Arâbic and other literary Semitic languages was regarded with more favour, but by many only under the proviso that it laid no claim to any higher position than to that of a humble handmaiden of the study of Divinity. Egyptology and Assyriology, especially the latter, were still looked upon with distrust, and very commonly declared to be pursuits unworthy of the attention of serious scholars. In short, though there were no doubt most honourable exceptions, the classical philologists and the historians, as well as the educated public, whom they influenced, mostly regarded special Oriental research with no friendly sentiments; the Orientalist was often made to feel that he was surrounded by an atmosphere if not of actual hostility, yet of scarcely disguised contempt.

If in the present day a great revulsion of feeling has taken place, and the work of the Orientalist is now everywhere regarded with sympathy and followed with intelligent interest, the change is owing partly, as we have been told, to the growth of the quantity and quality of its results, but to a great extent also—and this has not been mentioned—to the indefatigable industry and the consummate skill, displayed by some of the master workmen in setting forth their own and their fellow-labourers' discoveries.

Among these men who have conquered the indifference of the public, and who have brought home the value of Oriental research even to those reluctant to acknowledge it, hardly one has done so much and occupies so prominent a position as our illustrious President, Professor Max Müller. He has laboured for nearly fifty years, and laboured to the very best

purpose both for the specialists and, what in my opinion and according to my experience is even more difficult, for the general public. To the specialists he has given such works as his 'History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature,' which after the lapse of a generation is still a standard book, and his splendid editions of the Rig-Veda, the greatest and most extensive among which has just now appeared in a second edition. The large collection of translations, unique of its kind, which appears under his guidance, renders the greatest services both to the specialists and to all interested in the history of religion. Neither the specialist nor the student of general history can afford to pass by the Sacred Books of the East. The works, which our President has addressed chiefly, though never exclusively, to beginners and to the general public, refer to an exceedingly great variety of subjects, extending from the highest problems of the science of religion to the history of the alphabets, and even to the art of spelling. Their number makes an attempt at enumeration impossible, and, as they are all admirably adapted for their several purposes, even a selection of titles would be invidious. It must suffice, and, I believe, it will suffice, if I here call attention to the well-known fact that these works have made Professor Max Müller's name a household word in every country where the English language is spoken or understood, and not less in all lands where his native tongue prevails. These long-continued and eminent services to the common cause will, I am sure, make all Orientalists here present agree with me, that it would have been difficult to find anybody better qualified than Professor Max Müller to fill the

most honourable post of President of this our Ninth International Oriental Congress, and to give us in an Inaugural Address a general outline of the results of Oriental research.

Turning to the other causes of the elevation of Oriental research, I can only agree with Professor Max Müller, that one of the chief points which has contributed to raise it in dignity and importance is the discovery of connecting-links between its various branches. Much has indeed been done to convert the outcome of the several sections of Oriental studies into connected chapters of the history of the human race. Much also remains to be accomplished, and there is every hope that, if the search for ancient literary documents and the excavation of the old sites, once the homes of civilisation, are carried on with the same vigour and skill as during late years, much more will be effected.

Thus there is a gap in the history of the relations of India to its neighbours, the complete filling up of which may be expected with full confidence, nay, which indeed now already may be said to be half filled. This gap is found in the history of the spread of the Indian civilisation towards the southern portion of the Far East. It has been long known that there are more or less distinct traces of Indian immigrations, and of Indian influence in certain islands of the Indian Archipelago, such as Java, Sumatra, Bali, Borneo, and even in the distant Philippines, as well as in some districts of Further India, such as Siam, Kamboja, and Champa. But it is only since Professor Kern began, and Messieurs Barth, Bergaigne, and Senart carried on with signal success the examination

of the epigraphic documents collected by M. Aymonier and others; that we have obtained an insight into the true character of the relations of the Hindus with these regions. It now appears that this portion of the Far East did not receive its share of the Indian civilisation, like China and Japan, through the bare-footed friars of the Buddhist persuasion, but after being conquered with the sword by the Brahminical warriors of Eastern India.

Not much later than the time when Rome began to extend its sway beyond the frontiers of Italy, the Indian princes and nobles entered on a career of conquest which probably began with the subjection of portions of Sumatra and Java, and certainly extended as far as Kamboja and Champa, to the south of Cochin China. They carried with them their civilisation and their religion, following, it would seem, the advice addressed by *Manu* to the successful conquerors, whom he exhorts to settle in newly-acquired kingdoms, learned Brahmans, artists, and artisans skilled in various handicrafts. The inscriptions from Kamboja and Champa, the oldest known among which belongs to the second century of our era, proves that Sanskrit was the official language, and that these countries boasted of poets, able to turn out very respectable Sanskrit verses. We also learn from them that the Sâmans were sung, the *Ri*ks, the Mahâbhârata, the Râmâya*n*a, and the Purâ*n*a were recited in the Far East just as in *Âryâvarta*, the true abode of the Âryas; that *S*iva and Vish*n*u were worshipped in the new country just as in the old home; and that temples were dedicated to them, built in the Indian style of architecture, the ruins of which even now

strike the beholder with admiration. Much remains still to be done in order to bring out the details of the conquest and of the civilisation of the Far East by the Indian Âryas. But the outlines of the interesting story are clearly discernible, and even at present it would be possible to enrich the history of Asia by a chapter which would prove equally attractive to European readers and to the modern Hindus, the descendants of the conquerors of the Far East.

Professor Max Müller's practical suggestion for the advancement of Oriental learning has, of course, my warmest sympathies, and I wish it all possible success. As a Sanskritist, I have good reasons for regarding England as the fountain-head of the studies to which I have devoted myself, and, naturally, I can only rejoice at every undertaking calculated to raise the standard of Oriental scholarship in England, and to make England more and more the headquarters of Oriental learning.

I now fulfil the pleasant and honourable task, imposed upon me by the Managing Committee, of moving a hearty vote of thanks to our President for the eloquent and impressive address to which we have just listened.

VOTE OF THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT.

[Seconded by COUNT ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS, Professor in the Royal University of Rome, Italian Delegate.]

Dopo la parola autorevolissima dal professor Giorgio Bühler, in risposta al vostro alto discorso, o glorioso Max Müller, potrebbe apparirvi superflua ogni altra

parola; ed, in ogni modo, più efficace della mia e più lusinghiera al vostro orecchio, avvezzo alle carezze ed agli incensi dell' Olimpo, dove il vostro genio luminoso ha sempre spaziato, giungerebbe l' assenso di uno de' sommi maestri della linguistica contemporanea, del mio illustre collega e concittadino, il senatore Graziadio Ascoli, il quale, in una memorabile monografia, intitolata *Lingue e Nazioni*, ormai antica, precorse di alcuni anni, già secondato da un nucleo di valentuomini che sta per divenire falange, il moto felice presente, per mettere in accordo le indagini e divinazioni del linguista comparatore con quelle dell' etnologo e preparar conclusioni più comprensive, le quali permetteranno finalmente di rendere una maggior giustizia alla parte che ciascun popolo, anche umile, ha preso inconsciamente alla formazione progressiva de' linguaggi e ad ogni palese documento dell' umana civiltà.

Ma è sembrato forse al Comitato, che, nella mia privata qualità d' indianista, mitologo e folk-lorista, seguace lontano delle vostre prime orme luminose, o geniale maestro, e di cooperatore assiduo all' opera benefica de' Congressi degli Orientalisti, io potessi portar qui una voce non dissonante e forse simpatica, nel concerto di lodi che saluta, ad un tempo, l' opera vostra lunga e magnanima a pro' degli studii, specialmente ariani, e il lavoro solerte e meritorio, invano contrastato, de' savii ordinatori di questo nono Congresso, continuatore legittimo dello splendido ottavo Congresso che ci riunì, sotto la presidenza augusta del Re di Svezia e di Norvegia, a Stoccolma ed a Christiania.

Nè, dopo ch' io consentii al troppo cortese invito,

io mi scuserò più d' adoperare, in questa occasione solenne, la mia dolce favella nativa, posto che non posso nè pure aver dimenticato come Giuseppe Baretti, Ugo Foscolo, Giuseppe Pecchio, Gabriele Rossetti, Giuseppe Mazzini, Giovanni Ruffini, Gerolamo Pichioni, Antonio Panizzi, Aurelio Saffi ed altri illustri profughi italiani, lungamente beneficati in questo suolo ospitale, hanno insegnato la lingua di Dante alla parte più eletta del popolo inglese, non ignaro poi che lo stesso *grand old Englishman*, il quale regge ora le sorti politiche del Regno Unito e che dovea presiedere una sezione del nostro Congresso. così bene architettato, studiò già, con lo stesso amore e con uguale profondità, la lingua di Dante e quella d' Omero.

L' opera de' Congressi Internazionali degli Orientalisti mi appare, del resto, o Signori, per due grandi aspetti, importante. Oltre al porre nuovi capisaldi ed alti segnali visibili a tutti, nella via laboriosa, ma un po' disseminata, degli studii orientali, pel concorso ch' essi promuovono, d' ogni maniera di studiosi da ogni contrada più remota e dispersa, arrecanti come ad un' ara sacrificale, l' ultimo ed il miglior frutto delle loro pazienti indagini, accrescono pure visibilmente, nel paese stesso dove ogni Congresso felicemente s' aduna, la gara operosa degli studiosi nazionali. e la mettono in più nobile evidenza, somministrando ad ogni nuova riunione internazionale un contributo di studii locali di un valore non dispregevole.

Ora a me, particolarmente studioso di cose indiane, questo Congresso promosso dalla nobile e forte Inghilterra, la quale non solo possiede e governa, ma studia, educa e incivilisce tutto il magnifico e portentoso

universo dell' India, dovea destare non solo un particolare interesse, ma un senso di viva e singolare riconoscenza. Posseduta invano e disputata col ferro e col fuoco, per quasi tre secoli, da tre altre valorose nazioni europee, l' India sapiente, se proprio non ci fu rivelata, è stata di certo aperta e comunicata, per la prima volta, all' Europa, dalla sola Inghilterra, sul fine del secolo passato. L' Inghilterra trovò poi, in altre nazioni europee, e specialmente nella Francia e nella Germania, le sue cooperatrici più valide; e voi, illustre Max Müller, con la genialità dell' opera vostra, avete certamente, nella vostra sola persona, rappresentata l' anima congrediente di più civiltà, inteso del pari a diffondere sopra di noi la luce dell' India. La somma dell' opera vostra, illuminata de' più centri di vita intellettuale poderosa, è perciò stata fruttifera; e di ottimo augurio ai lavori di questo Congresso Internazionale, ma particolarmente Anglo-Indiano, di Orientalisti, sarà l' inspirazione che gli verrà dalla parola luminosa, con la quale oggi li avete iniziati. Onde, fiducioso d' interpretare, alla mia volta, il sentimento della maggioranza degli studiosi di ogni disciplina che si riferisce all' Oriente, riuniti in questo Congresso, mi associo, di gran cuore, alla proposta del chiarissimo professor Bühler, perchè l' Assemblea, dopo il plauso che già gli concesse spontanea, risponda con un singolar voto di ringraziamento all' alto e sereno discorso inspiratore del professore Max Müller.

Ed ora, passando ad altro, ad un innamorato dell' India, che ha pure la rara ventura di esser nato nella patria di Marco Polo e di Filippo Sassetti, sia lecito di profittare di questa occasione propizia, per una presentazione che spera poter tornare bene accetta.

In questi primi giorni di settembre, si compiono quattrocento anni per l' appunto che, solo co' suoi alti propositi, sopra una modesta nave spagnuola, dal nome mistico di Santa Maria, quasi ugualmente lontano dalle due rive del mondo, un nuovo argonauta italiano, con la mente rivolta all' India, sostenuto da una forte conscienza, portato dal suo sogno luminoso, impavido, solcava, per la prima volta, l' Oceano. Al termine della sua navigazione affannosa, una metà del mondo, popolata di gente che gli apparve e forse, in origine, era stata indiana, o prossima all' India, balzò per lui fuori dalle acque, lucente; e di quella luce conquistatrice fu irradiata, di quella conquista fu beneficata l' umanità intiera. Sognatore dell' Oriente al pari di noi era il grande ammiraglio Genovese, e però il suo nome non ci è estraneo, come l' opera di lui non ci rimane indifferente. Se egli non fu il vero ritrovatore dell' India asiatica, discoprendo, per sublime errore, un' India nuova più grande, diede pure maggior animo e nuova luce alla conquista portoghese di Vasco de Gama. E però Cristiano Lassen, uno de' più grandi maestri nell' Indianismo, col nome glorificato del genovese Cristoforo Colombo, apriva degnamente il classico suo libro sopra le *Antichità dell' India*.

Non rechi dunque meraviglia che uno studioso italiano delle cose d' oriente, messosi d' accordo con un coraggioso editore milanese, abbia promosso un Albo di onoranze internazionali a Cristoforo Colombo e ch' egli abbia trovata molta e cortese adesione non pure tra gli Orientalisti europei, ma fra gli stessi Orientali, e, in particolar modo, fra gli Indiani, i quali andarono a gara per rendere omaggio alla memoria

del grande navigatore, con ogni maniera di laudi, in ogni lor lingua, fino a quella più universale della musica, come si rileverà dal saggio d' inno vedico in onore di Colombo, scritto dal Ragia Surindro Mohun Tagor di Calcutta.

L' Albo verrà soltanto pubblicato il 12 ottobre prossimo pel giorno anniversario del primo memorabile approdo del Genovese all' Isola del Salvatore. Ma i fogli staccati in varie lingue orientali che qui già depongo riverente, in omaggio al Nono Congresso degli Orientalisti, attestano una specie di misterioso congresso spirituale d' ogni popolo e d' ogni linguaggio, intorno ad un centro di alta luce ideale diffusa sulla terra dal nome di Colombo. La concordia di pensieri e di sentimenti umani innanzi ad uno stesso faro di luce, rende l' opera conciliatrice e pacifica di questa specie di Congressi intieramente salutare; la sola arma de' Congressi essendo poi la parola luminosa, la parola che ci viene dal religioso Oriente ha più d' ogni altra l' obbligo di esser buona, come la luce che investe d' una sola armonia il Creatore ed il Creato.

A SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

YOUR Royal Highness, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—For more than thirty years, I may honestly say, I have been looking forward to what at last I see realised to-night.

If you could look back to the old numbers of the *Times*, you would find there, just thirty-two years ago, my last urgent appeal for the establishment of a School of Oriental Languages in London. It bears the date of the 10th of January, and was published on the 13th of January, 1857.

And I may say now, what was not generally known at the time, that he who took the warmest interest in this plan, who saw not only its great literary, but its supreme national importance, and who never gave up his hope that sooner or later that plan would be realised, was, Sir, your Royal Father. You know, Sir, how nothing that concerned the greatness and honour of England was foreign to his noble heart, and how the duties, however distasteful and unpopular at times, which that greatness imposes on all of us, found in him always the most faithful and determined champion. The Prince Consort could not bear to see other countries outstripping England in a work which was peculiarly her own. England may have her rivals

and competitors in the West; in the East she stands supreme, unrivalled, unapproached. England rules over nearly 300 millions of people who speak Oriental languages; she probably supplies the markets of 1,000 millions of the people of the East, and yet, for cultivating a practical or scholarlike knowledge of these languages, for educating a sufficient number of young men qualified to serve her interests and to maintain her power in the East, England has hitherto been doing less than either Russia, France, or Germany.

When I say England, I mean the Government. For during the many years which have elapsed since the Crimean War, and since the Indian Mutiny, the different Universities and Colleges of the country have indeed bestirred themselves and made the greatest efforts to supply Oriental teaching according to their means, nay, even beyond their means. The expense incurred by some of them in providing a staff of competent professors and teachers of the ancient, and, more particularly, of the modern languages of the East, has been very serious. It is quite right that the ancient and classical languages of the East should be represented in every University by the very best scholars, far more even than they are at present. But it cannot be expected that Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Dublin, King's College, and University College should each provide a staff of teachers for Hindi, Hindustani, Bengali, Marathi, Guzarathi, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Burmese, to say nothing of such vernaculars as Tashon, Baungshe, Chinbok, Chinmé, and others for the study of which, as I see from the *Times* of January 1st, the Indian Government has just offered very tempting

rewards. Nothing can be more creditable than what has been achieved by the two Colleges who have now united their forces under the auspices of the Imperial Institute. Were I free to speak of my own University, I could easily show that the generosity of Oxford in supplying the necessary funds for Oriental teaching need fear no comparison. The same applies, I know, to Cambridge.

But when Imperial interests are at stake, the country has a right to expect Imperial, that is, concentrated action. Otherwise, what is the good of having an Empire? We might as well go back to the Heptarchy.

The Russian Empire has long been the most liberal patron of Oriental studies. In the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg there has always been a chair for almost every branch of Oriental learning, and the principal spoken languages of the East continue to be taught there by professors, both European and Oriental.

In France the Government has long ago founded a school *pour les langues orientales vivantes*, where Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, and Tibetan are taught by eminent scholars, while the French Institute has always counted among its members the chief representatives of every department of Oriental research.

At Vienna there is an Oriental Seminary, and the Imperial Press has acquired one of the richest collections of Oriental types. When other Universities and Academies to which I had applied for assistance hesitated about publishing a translation of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' the Austrian Government in the

most liberal spirit came forward, ready to bear the expense of an undertaking that was intended to remove the religious prejudices which separate the East from the West.

At Berlin a Seminary of Oriental languages has lately been inaugurated which, under the direction of my learned friend, Professor Sachau, bids fair to surpass all the others. As this is the youngest of these institutions, allow me to tell you what excellent work is being done there at present.

According to an official report just received, this Oriental Seminary at Berlin has now the following staff of professors and teachers:

One Professor of Chinese; two Teachers of Chinese, both natives—one for teaching Northern-Chinese, the other Southern-Chinese.

One Professor of Japanese, assisted by a native teacher.

One Professor of Arabic, assisted by two native teachers—one for Arabic as spoken in Egypt, the other for Arabic as spoken in Syria.

One native teacher of Hindustani and Persian.

One native teacher of Turkish.

One teacher of Swaheli, an important language spoken on the East coast of Africa, assisted by a native.

Besides these special lectures, those given by the most eminent Professors of Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, and Chinese in the Universities of Berlin are open to the students of the Oriental Seminary.

The number of students amounts at present to 115. Of these, fifty-six are said to belong to the Faculty of Law, which must be taken to include all who aspire

to any employment in the consular and colonial services. Fifteen belong to the Faculties of Philosophy, Medicine, and Physical Science; four to the Faculty of Theology, who are probably intended for Missionary work. Twenty-three are mentioned as engaged in mercantile pursuits, three are technical students, five officers in the army, and nine are returned as studying Modern Greek and Spanish, languages not generally counted as Oriental, though, no doubt, of great usefulness in the East and in America.

Suppose that out of this number, fifty only are turned out every year, well grounded in one of the Eastern languages—think what a leaven that will be in different parts of the East. Think also of what a power they will constitute, I do not say hostile to England, but at all events in competition and rivalry with her, whenever her diplomatic and her commercial interests are at stake!

Of course, diplomatists of the old school will tell you that interpreters are quite sufficient for transacting any official business in the East, and that having to wait for an answer while the dragoman is translating, allows time useful for reflection. Our young diplomatists know better. They know that a friendly *tête-à-tête* is impossible in the presence of a third person, however neutral and machine-like. Dragomans are often irritating, sometimes misleading, sometimes actually dishonest.

If a new commercial treaty has to be negotiated in Japan, if a concession has to be secured in China, if rights of suzerainty have to be acquired in Africa, who is likely to be successful? The envoy who

arrives in full state with a posse of secretaries and dragomans, or the diplomatic agent who can converse freely with natives of all ranks, who can make allowance for the prejudices, the temper, the susceptibilities of Eastern potentates, and who in the end may become their best friend and adviser?

No country has appreciated the importance of Oriental studies more highly than Russia, none has been better served by her polyglot diplomatists. Let me give you one instance only. More than fifty years ago there was at the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg a Professor of Pushtu, then the only one in Europe. People, ignorant of the East, asked what that language might be. We know now, but too well, that it is the language of the Afghans. In 1840, Professor Dorn published at St. Petersburg his *Grammaire Afghane*. We are speaking of ancient history, for at that time Dost Mohammed was still the ruler of Afghanistan, Burnes and Macnaghten had not yet been murdered, and the awful tragedy of the Khyber Pass had not yet been enacted. Yet Russia was all that time quietly encouraging the study of Pushtu, of which there is even now, I believe, no teacher in England. Call this what you like, enlightened patronage of Oriental scholarship, or keen political foresight—in either case Russia deserves full credit, and she has had her reward.

But it is not only for the purposes of statecraft and diplomacy that England should follow the example of Russia, and secure a constant supply of well-qualified Oriental scholars. The chief object of diplomacy is to prevent war. But if diplomacy fails, and war breaks out, what is an army to do, how is it to live in Eastern

countries without officers who can freely communicate with the people, whether friendly or hostile? The German army has always been very proud because it possessed in its ranks one officer who could write a report of the battle of Wörth in Sanskrit. This might possibly prove an *embarras de richesse*, and I am not going to recommend Sanskrit as a panacea for all evils. But at the present moment, whether in the Soudan or in Burmah, we are told that the Commissariat is sadly in want of officers who can freely converse with the natives, who can write letters in Arabic or Burmese, and are able to explain to the people whether they want an ox or a cow, a sheep or a goat. The Commissariat always claims, perhaps rightly, that no victory has ever been gained on an empty stomach. Much can, no doubt, be requisitioned by sign language, to say nothing of the language of blows and revolvers. But a good understanding between an army and the people of the country is impossible without officers understanding and speaking the language. Many surprises, painful surprises, might have been spared to the English army, if what is called the 'Intelligence Department' had been better cared for in times past. I remember during the Crimean War, a letter from Shamyl arriving in England, and no one being able to read it. It could not well be sent to St. Petersburg for translation. About the same time the Russian Governor of the Caucasus was said to have received the first information of a carefully-planned conspiracy in Georgia from Georgian scholars at St. Petersburg. I see that at present German officers are studying Chinese, Turkish, and Swaheli in the Oriental Seminary at

Berlin. Why should we not produce the same article in the School of Oriental Languages which is inaugurated to-night under such brilliant auspices?

And when, after war, peace has been restored once more, when commercial intercourse on a large scale has to be established, so as to knit the bonds of peace with the strongest chains, is not a knowledge of the languages more essential to the English than to any other merchants? You would hardly believe the number of letters I receive from time to time from manufacturers, requesting me to translate advertisements, inquiring whether advertisements inserted in Oriental newspapers really mean what they are intended to mean, or asking for translation of notices in Oriental journals. I am not responsible for the reputation of *Mezzofantiasis*, a kind of linguistic Elephantiasis, which I seem to enjoy in certain quarters. I have protested against it again and again. Still people will write to me and address me as 'the Professor of *the* Oriental Language at Oxford,' evidently imagining that one unknown language—some Oriental *Volapük*—is spoken all over the East. No one who knows what it is to know a language would ever imagine that it is possible for any human being to know more than two, or at the utmost, three languages thoroughly. He may be acquainted with many more, he may even handle some of them dexterously enough in conversation, but to know a language is the work of a life. To learn a new language means to become a new man. I hope, therefore, that in future I shall be relieved of the title of Professor of *the* Oriental Language, and that the Imperial Institute, and more particularly

the New School of Oriental Languages, will supply to every merchant in England, Scotland and Ireland such information as I in my ignorance was often unable to give. Every pound laid out on the proper endowment of this school will bear interest a hundred and a thousandfold, by opening new and splendid channels to British commercial enterprise. England cannot live an isolated life. She must be able to breathe, to grow, to expand, if she is to live at all. Her productive power is far too much for herself, too much even for Europe. She must have a wider field for her unceasing activity, and that field is the East, with its many races, its many markets, its many languages. To allow herself to be forestalled, or to be ousted by more eloquent and persuasive competitors from those vast fields of commerce would be simple suicide. Our school in claiming national support, appeals first of all to the instinct of self-preservation. It says to every manufacturing town in England, Help us! and, in doing so, help thyself! Whenever the safety and honour of England are at stake we know what enormous sums Parliament is willing to vote for army and navy, for fortresses and harbours—sums larger than any other Parliament would venture to name. We want very little for our School of Oriental Languages, but we want at least as much as other countries devote to the same object. We want it for the very existence of England; for the vital condition of her existence is her commerce, and the best markets for that commerce lie in the East. Let the world call England a nation of shopkeepers—*omen accipio*—but let England show that she means to keep her shops against the world.

The nobler feeling of patriotism may lie dormant for a time, but if once roused, it awakes with irresistible force and fury, and knows how to defend

> 'This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> Against the envy of less happier lands.'

Perhaps I have now said enough, and ought to detain you no longer. But, if you could spare me some moments more, there is one subject, very near to my heart, on which I should be glad if you allowed me to say a few words. Need I say that it is *India*.

For ruling India in harmony with the wishes and the highest interests of its inhabitants, and at the same time with a due regard for the tremendous responsibility incurred by England in becoming the guardian of that enormous Empire, we want young men who are able to do more than merely chatter Hindustani or Tamil. If we look once more to the Lectures provided in the Oriental Seminary at Berlin, we shall find that they are not confined to teaching Oriental languages, or how to write a commercial letter, how to draw up an official document, and how to draft a political treaty. In every department the professors have to lecture on the history, the geography, the literature, the manners, customs, laws, and religions of the principal nations of the East. This is the kind of knowledge which is absolutely necessary for those who are destined to rule over a population nearly ten times as large as the population of England, a population not only speaking different languages, but thinking different thoughts, believing in different religions, nourished by different historical traditions, and divided by different aspirations for the future.

It is sometimes supposed to be not altogether easy to govern England, Scotland, and Ireland, because on certain points their interests seem divergent. It is said that English statesmen do not understand Ireland, Irish statesmen do not understand England, and Scotch statesmen do not understand either. And yet these three countries speak a common language, have a common religion, and, in spite of occasional jars and bickerings, would resist with a common indignation any insult offered to their common honour, any invasion of their commonwealth. Think, then, what a task is imposed on that handful of young Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who are sent out every year to govern India, and how much depends on their being well equipped for that task.

The history of England's taking possession of India is more marvellous than any story of the Arabian Nights, and what is the most marvellous in it is the apparent absence of any plan or plot from beginning to end. No English statesman was ever so harebrained as to conceive the plan of sending out an expedition for the conquest of India. But though there was neither plan nor plot, nowhere in the whole history of the world is there a higher purpose more visible than in the advance of England towards the East. It was the innate vigour of the Saxon race, its strong political instincts, its thirst for work, its love of enterprise, its craving for progress, that drove its sons across the sea, and made them the founders of new Empires in India and the Colonies. There was no plan, no plot; but read the history of the English Empire in India, and you will find that the readiness, the presence of mind, the self-reliance, the endurance,

the heroic bravery in moments of supreme anguish of English men and English women, and, taking it all in all, the political wisdom and moderation of the best of India's rulers and statesmen, would supply materials for a perfect epic, more wonderful than the Iliad and Odyssey. And as in the Iliad and the Odyssey the old poet shows us behind the human heroes the Greek gods fighting their battle, though unseen by mortal eye, the true historian also must try to discover, behind the conflicts of races and rulers in India, the working out of higher purposes, though at the time beyond the ken of the human mind.

The great historical drama, of which we are witnessing the last act in India, began thousands of years ago, when the Aryan family separated, one branch moving towards the North-West, the other towards the South-East. Let us not waste our time on questions which admit of no scientific solution as to the exact spot of the original Aryan home. Nothing new or true has yet been advanced against it having been 'somewhere in Asia.' For us, however, it is enough to know that our ancestors and the ancestors of the Hindus had once a common home, that they lived in the same pastures, spoke the same language, and worshipped the same gods. Their blood may have been mixed, and by mixture may, we hope, have been improved. But stronger than the affinity of mere blood is the affinity of language and thought, which makes Englishmen and Hindus brothers indeed.

The ring that was broken thousands of years ago is now being welded together once more. The world is becoming Indo-European. The young men whom

England sends to India can greet the Aryan inhabitants, not as conquerors meet the conquered, but as brothers meet brothers, as friends meet friends.

It is generally said that India has been conquered by England. But the true conquest of India, it seems to me, is still to come. The true conquerors of India, of the heart of India, will be those very men whom our new School of Oriental Languages means to fit for their arduous work. No doubt they have to acquire the spoken vernaculars, but in order to understand the people, in order to take a deep human interest in their own work, in order to sympathise with, nay, to love the people, with whom they are brought into daily contact, they must do more. There ought to be a real plan and plot in this new conquest. There ought to be a will, for we know that where there is a will there is a way. Our new conquerors will have to study the ancient literature of India, which is still the leaven of Indian thought. They must gain an insight into the ancient religion, which is still the best key to the religious convictions and superstitions of the present day. They must enter into the spirit of the ancient law of the country before attempting to reconcile native customs with the principles of modern legislation. They must learn to appreciate the beauty of Indian literature before measuring it with the standard of our own poetry, or condemning it unheard. If our young statesmen go out to India, half acclimatised already to the intellectual atmosphere in which they are to spend the best part of their lives, they will not look upon the country as an exile, and on its inhabitants as mere strangers. They are not strangers, they are

brothers. They are made of the same stuff as we ourselves.

I have never been in India, but I have known many Indians, both men and women, and I do not exaggerate when I tell you that some of them need fear no comparison with the best men and women whom it has been my good fortune to know in England, France, or Germany. Whether for unselfishness, or devotion to high ideals, truthfulness, purity, and real, living religion, I know no hero greater than Keshub Chunder Sen, no heroine greater than Ramabai, and I am proud to have been allowed to count both among my personal friends. You may say that these are exceptions. No doubt they are, and they would be exceptions in Europe as much as in India. Mount Everest is an exception; Mont Blanc is an exception; but if we reckon the height of mountain ranges by their highest peaks, we have a right to measure the sublimity of a whole nation by its best men and its best women.

Look for these men and women, and you will find them, if not in the great towns, yet in the countless villages of India. The great towns in India, more than in Europe, contain the very dregs of Indian society, and it is from them that our opinion of the character of the Hindus has been too often formed. And yet what does Elphinstone say, who knew India, if anybody ever knew it: 'No set of people among the Hindus,' he says, 'are so depraved as the dregs of our own great towns. The villagers are everywhere amiable, affectionate to their families, kind to their neighbours, and, towards all but the Government, honest and sincere.'

What does Bishop Heber say:—'The Hindus are brave, courteous, intelligent, most eager for knowledge and improvement, sober, industrious, dutiful to parents, affectionate to their children, uniformly gentle and patient, and more easily affected by kindness and attention to their wants and feelings than any people I ever met with.'

Sir Thomas Munro bears even stronger testimony. He writes: 'If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to either convenience or luxury, schools established in every village for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity amongst each other, and, above all, a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect, and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilised people, then the Hindus are not inferior to the nations of Europe, and if civilisation is to become an article of trade between England and India, I am convinced that England will gain by the import cargo.'

These are the unprejudiced opinions of men who knew the Hindus, their language, literature, and religion thoroughly, who had spent their lives in the Civil Service, and had risen in it to the highest rank —'Old Indians,' as they are sometimes contemptuously called. Who after that will dare to say that the Hindus are a nation of liars and hypocrites, and that no English gentleman could ever be on terms of intimacy and friendship with such niggers!

I have hitherto spoken chiefly of Hindus, of those who are still under the sway of their ancient native literature and religion, and who speak languages derived from, or strongly impregnated with, Sanskrit.

But what I have said applies with equal truth to the Mohammedan inhabitants of India. No one can understand them, can sympathise with them, can influence them, who does not know their religion, who cannot read the Korán and the classical works of Arabic literature. We have no idea how often their feelings are hurt by the free and easy way, by the ignorant manner, in which we speak of what is sacred to them. No Hindu likes to hear his religion called idolatry, no Parsi can bear to be called a fire-worshipper. In the same way a Mohammedan does not like to hear his religion curtly called Mohammedanism, still less to hear Mohammed spoken of as an arch-impostor. Mohammed was no more an impostor than any of the founders of the great religions of the world. And nothing marks the progress of an enlightened study of religion, of the Science of Religion, better than the bright picture which an eloquent and large-hearted Bishop of the Church of England has lately given of Mohammed in his Bampton Lectures. Still, with all their veneration for Mohammed, those who follow him do not quite like to hear their religion called Mohammedanism, though it seems to us a most inoffensive name. Their religion was not made by Mohammed, they say, it was revealed to him, and its true name is *Islâm*, surrender. I doubt whether a better name has ever been invented for any religion, than surrender, *Islâm*.

It is a knowledge, a thorough knowledge, not only of the languages of India, but of its classical literature, its religion, its laws and customs, its superstitions and prejudices, its whole social life, that will form the best preparation for those who, after passing

through this School of Oriental Languages, are to become both the servants and the rulers of India.

When I look at the list of those who have already been enrolled on the staff of professors and teachers, I see names that offer the best security for the success of this institution.

And when I see the name of its Royal Patron, I know for certain that whenever this institution requires help and support it will be granted readily and generously.

To carry on the work which our fathers had to leave unfinished is the best tribute we can pay to their memory. We could not wish for better auguries than when we see, as we see to-night, the cherished idea of a noble father called back to life by a loyal and devoted son.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I think I may speak in your name, and on behalf of all present, when I say how deeply indebted we are to Professor Max Müller for the interesting and eloquent lecture which you have just heard from him. To me, especially, it has been a great gratification to preside on this occasion, and to hear such words spoken by one whom, ever since my undergraduate days at the University of Oxford, upwards of thirty years ago, I have had the great advantage and privilege of knowing. I can also say that the Governing Body of the Imperial Institute are especially beholden to him for having so kindly and readily acceded to my request that he

would lend his aid—and no one could render more valuable assistance—in the inauguration of the School of Modern Oriental Studies which, with the most cordial and important co-operation of the Councils of University and King's Colleges, has recently been organised by the Institute. The sphere of future usefulness of this new school which Professor Max Müller has foreshadowed is indeed a comprehensive one, and cannot but greatly encourage the Special Committee of Management of the School to increased zeal in the pursuit of the work which they have so kindly undertaken at the request of the Institute. The Professor has directed our serious attention to the important practical results attained by Government schools for Oriental languages in Russia, France, and Austria, and especially by the recently established school in Berlin, and to the great influence which such results (to the attainment of which our new school aspires) must exercise upon the commercial interests of a country. I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you will agree with me that the Professor's illustrations of the invaluable nature of the assistance which the school is calculated to render to those who are, by their future services, to contribute to a wise and prosperous government of the Indian Empire, were most interesting. That the new School of Modern Oriental Studies is a worthy object of material support by this country none can doubt who have listened to the important observations and the eloquent appeal of Professor Max Müller this evening; but the best aid and support which it can receive will be derived from the extension of an active encouragement, by Public Bodies and by Government Departments, to all those

whose future duties will involve an intimate acquaintance with the languages of Oriental countries, to avail themselves freely of the resources for study and practice which the school will place at their disposal. In conveying to you, Professor Max Müller, my personal thanks, as well as those of all present, for the intellectual treat you have afforded us this evening, let me add that I listened with special gratification to your reference to the very warm interest my lamented father evinced in the strenuous efforts made by you so many years ago, in the interests of this country, to bring into existence such an Institution as that which we inaugurate this evening, and the success of which has my warmest wishes, both for its own sake and because I regard it as an earnest of the useful work which the Imperial Institute is destined to accomplish.

FREDERICK III.[1]

EVERY one who last June witnessed the glorious procession of the Queen to and from Westminster Abbey, will for ever remember one royal figure towering above all the rest, the Crown Prince of Germany, as he was then, resplendent in his silver helmet and the white tunic of the Prussian Cuirassiers—the very picture of manly strength. He is now the Emperor of Germany, and when we think of him as travelling from San Remo to Berlin through storm and snow, wrapped up in his grey Hohenzollern cloak, a sad and silent man, is there in all history a more tragic contrast? But there beats in the breast of Frederick III the same stout heart that upheld Frederick II at Hochkirchen. He does not know what danger means, whether it come from within or from without. 'I face my illness,' he said to his friends, 'as I faced the bullets at Königgrätz and Wörth.' And forward he rides undismayed, following the trumpet-call of duty, and not swerving one inch from the straight and rugged path which now lies open before him.

There was a time when his friends imagined a very different career for him. They believed that he might succeed to the throne in the very prime of manhood.

[1] *Contemporary Review*, April, 1888.

His father, the late Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had become very unpopular in 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favour of his son. The star of Prussia was very low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted King, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the Princess Royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realise the national yearnings after a united Germany, she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England was then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow, when at last they should come to be fulfilled.

The Prince himself knew probably nothing about the hopes that were then centred on him, but, for a man of his vigour and his eagerness to do some useful work, the long years of inactivity which followed were a severe trial. It has been the tradition in Prussia that the heir to the throne is allowed less power and influence than almost anybody else. He

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His father, the late Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had become very unpopular in 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favour of his son. The star of Prussia was very low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted King, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the Princess Royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realise the national yearnings after a united Germany, she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England was then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow, when at last they should come to be fulfilled.

The Prince himself knew probably nothing about the hopes that were then centred on him, but, for a man of his vigour and his eagerness to do some useful work, the long years of inactivity which followed were a severe trial. It has been the tradition in Prussia that the heir to the throne is allowed less power and influence than almost anybody else. He

may be a soldier, but, whether as a soldier or as a politician, he is expected to stand aloof, to keep silent and to obey. In the violent constitutional conflicts which began soon after his father's accession to the throne, the young Crown Prince felt himself isolated and unable to side with either party in a struggle the nature of which he could not approve, and the distant objects of which he was not allowed to foresee. What could be more trying to him than this enforced neutrality, when he and those nearest and dearest to him felt, whether rightly or wrongly, that the safety of the throne was being jeopardized, and the great future of Prussia, as the leader of the German people, forfeited for ever?

It would, however, be a mistake to imagine that the years of his manhood were passed in idleness. Good care is taken in Prussia that no one, not even the heir to the Crown, should enjoy a sinecure. It required hard work for the Crown Prince to make himself a soldier, such as he has proved himself in two wars, but he never flinched from these military duties, whether they were congenial to him or not. Then came his social duties, his constant visits to foreign courts, his representative functions on every great occasion in Germany or in Prussia. And, besides these public duties, he made plenty of work for himself in which, helped and inspired by the Crown Princess, he could more freely follow the natural bent of his mind and his heart. The pupil of Professor Curtius, he preserved through life a warm interest in historical and archaeological researches. When he was able to help he was ready to do so, and a limited sphere of independent action was at last given him,

as the patron of all museums and collections of works of art in Prussia. The conscientious discharge of these duties, often under considerable difficulties, has borne ample fruit, and will not easily be forgotten by those who worked under him and with him. And, as the Crown Princess assisted him, so he was able to support the Crown Princess in her indefatigable endeavours to improve the education of women, the nursing of the poor, the sanitary state of dwellings, and in many other social reforms which were far from popular when they were first started in Prussia by an Englishwoman. Only in political questions which were so near his heart he had no voice, nay, his own ideas had often to be kept concealed, lest they might encounter even more determined opposition than they would if advanced by others. The political views of the Crown Prince and those who thought with him have often been criticised, and the best answer to them has been found in the success of that policy of which neither he nor his father, when he was still Prince of Prussia, could fully approve. Men think, because they are wiser now, they were wiser then; but a successful policy is not necessarily the wisest policy.

> 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.'

During the Crimean war there were most competent judges who considered an alliance of Prussia with Austria and the Western Powers as the wisest policy, and who looked on the course adopted by the wavering brain of Frederick William IV as disastrous to the future of Germany. Those who persuaded the King of Prussia to side with Russia may no doubt

point with pride to the immense success which their policy has since achieved. They may claim the merit of having cajoled Russia into neutrality during the Austrian campaign, and again of having secured her sympathies by secret promises during the Franco-German war. But they forget that an open alliance of Prussia and Austria with England, France, and Italy might have prevented the Crimean war altogether, and many of the fatal consequences that have sprung from it. Anyhow, we have now reached again the same point where the principal nations of Europe stood before the beginning of the Crimean war. Many changes, no doubt, have taken place in the meantime, but the fundamental question remains the same, How can the permanent peace of Europe be secured? So long as that question remains unanswered, so long as that old riddle remains unsolved, the new Emperor need not think that even now he has come too late, or that his father has left him no laurels to win.

The question is, whether the Germanic nations of Europe and America can be made to combine, and to form a League of Peace which will make war in Europe impossible. It is no secret that the formation of such a League has been the chief aim of German diplomacy ever since 1872. That league was to be formed on the *uti possidetis* principle, not for offensive, but entirely for defensive purposes. Much progress has already been made, and nothing has done so much to clear the political atmosphere of Europe as the recent publication of the treaty, concluded some years ago, between Germany and Austria. Though it may have been known before to those whom it

most concerns, its simple avowal has opened the eyes of both the Russian and the French people, and has shown them what are the risks which they have to face if they mean once more to disturb the peace of Europe. The treaty of amity between Germany and Italy has not yet been divulged, but politicians must be very dull if they cannot guess its spirit. That Spain and Sweden are animated by the same love of peace as Germany, and that they anticipate danger from the same quarters which threaten Germany on the East and on the West, has likewise been shown by signs that cannot be misunderstood. What remains to be done in order to complete the European League of Peace? Nothing but a clear understanding between Germany and England. This is the work which Providence seems to have carved out for the present Emperor of Germany. There is no time to be lost, and he should try to achieve it with all his might.

It is not an easy work; if it were, it would not have been delayed so long. But never was there a time more favourable than now. England and America are forgetting their petty rivalries, and there is a strong feeling on both sides of the Atlantic that war between two kindred nations would be an absurdity, and that all questions that might lead to war should be decided by arbitration. The recognition of such a principle by two of the most powerful nations in the world must react in time on the minds of European statesmen. England and Germany too are kindred nations, and though divided by the 'silver streak,' they feel more and more, as dynastic policy is giving way before the supremacy of the

national will, that blood is thicker than water. The little squabbles arising from the new colonial enterprises of Germany are unworthy of two great nations. There is room in the world for both of them, and even side by side no colonists can work so heartily together as Germans and Englishmen.

But what makes the present moment particularly favourable for diplomatic action is the existence of a strong Government in England, a Government above party, or representing the best elements of both parties. Even those who form the Opposition seem, with few exceptions, to be inspired by the same sentiments with regard to foreign policy as those which Lord Salisbury has very openly expressed. There is, of course, a strong feeling that England should not with a light heart enter on a quarrel with France, but there is no necessity whatever for that. Whenever England and Germany can come to a perfect mutual understanding, the League of Peace will become so powerful that no gun can be fired in the whole of Europe against the combined and compact will of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain. To no countries will the formation of such a league be a greater blessing than to those against whom it may seem to be formed, France and Russia. If Russia can be taught that wars of conquest in Europe are hereafter a sheer impossibility, she may continue the conquest of Central Asia, or, better still, begin the conquest of Russia herself by means of agriculture, industry, schools, universities, and political organisation. If France finds herself faced once for all by the determined No of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, she may again

enjoy peace with honour at home, and this her toiling millions will soon learn to appreciate far better than honour without peace abroad.

No doubt such a Peace-Insurance requires premiums. Each country will have to sacrifice something, and make up its mind once for all as to its alliances in the future. England has to choose between an alliance with Russia and France, or an alliance with Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Sweden. The former means chronic war, the latter peace, at least, for some time to come. As to a mere dallying policy, it is not only unworthy of a great nation, but in the present state of Europe threatens to become suicidal. Nor should there be any secrecy about all this, but, as in the case of the treaty between Germany and Austria, there should be perfect outspokenness between nation and nation. The benefit will be immeasurable. England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain, all want peace. Not one of them wants an inch of ground in Europe more than they have at present, and yet they are crushed and crippled by their military armaments which are necessitated solely by the unfulfilled ambition of France and Russia. The majority of the French nation is still hankering for war, and if Russia could only be persuaded to join the French Republic against the German Empire we should have another war more terrible than any which our century has witnessed.

But will not even France and Russia combined recoil before the determined and united will of Europe? The present Emperor of Germany is a true German, but he knows that above patriotism there soar the higher duties of humanity. The present Government

in England is a patriotic rather than a party Government, and it has learnt this one lesson at least from the experience of Free Trade, that the welfare of every country is intimately connected with the welfare of its neighbours. The present Government may dare to do what no mere party Government would have power to do. It can speak in the name of the whole nation, and pledge the good faith, not of one party only, but of the English people at large, in support of a foreign policy which would change, as if by magic, the whole face of the world, and relieve millions of toiling and almost starving people from the crushing weight of what is called the armed peace of Europe.

There is here a glorious battle to win, more glorious even than Königgrätz and Sedan, and whatever the future may have in store for the new Emperor, this work is distinctly pointed out for him to do. He has often, brave soldier that he is, expressed his horror of war, and has never hesitated to show his love and admiration for England, sometimes perhaps more than his own countrymen have liked. What the feelings of the English people are for him and his consort has been clearly shown during the last weeks. England has been truly mourning, and not even in their own country could more fervent prayers have been offered for the Emperor and the Empress, or more hearty sympathy have been expressed for them in their sore trials. Whatever the terms may be on which England can join the League of Peace, the Emperor may be trusted as an honest friend and mediator. His task will be no easy one, for his loyalty will never allow him to forget what is due

to Russia as a powerful neighbour, and, on many occasions a faithful ally. And if any one is strong enough in Germany to dare to satisfy some of the national desires of France, it is again he alone who as Crown Prince was ready to sacrifice his life for the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine. His impulses are generous, sometimes too generous, and will have to be moderated by that wise counsellor to whom the new Emperor looks up with the same trust and loyalty as his father before him. But if the new Emperor craves for work, real work that is worth living for, the work is there ready for him. As long as there is life there is hope, and as long as there is hope there ought to be life and work and devotion to royal duty. The greatest of the Hohenzollerns have always been distinguished by their indefatigable industry, their self-denial, and their exalted sense of duty. The world will wait and watch with the deepest interest whether even the shadow of death, under which, after all, all human endeavour has to be carried on, will be able to darken, or will not rather bring out in fuller relief the noble qualities inherited by the present Emperor, and which from his earliest youth have made him the hope and the darling of his people.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR OLD PEOPLE[1].

THOUGH the ideal of human life, as represented to us in the literature of ancient nations, may often have been very far from being realised, yet in one sense even the conception of an ideal is a reality that ought to count in our estimate of a nation's character. It may be said of some of the noblest characters that they must be judged not so much by what they achieved as by what they strove to achieve, and what holds good of individuals holds good of nations also. *In magnis et voluisse sat est.* When we read the account which the laws of the Mânavas, or, as they are commonly called, the Laws of Manu, give us of social life in ancient India, or when we check these statements by the earlier accounts which we find in the Sûtras and the Brâhmaṇas, we are inclined at first to look upon the picture of early Indian society as a mere Utopia. Nor can it be denied that the laws of the Mânavas tell us rather what, according to the ideas of an orthodox Brahman, the world ought to be, than what it ever could have been. We must hope on one side that the privileges of the priestly caste could never have been so excessive, nay, so outrageous, as they are represented in that code. Nor can we believe, on the other side, that the

[1] *New Review*, December, 1888.

large majority of the inhabitants of India, ever took so unselfish and so elevated a view of life as is preached by their legislators.

Still, even a Utopia is never entirely air-drawn, and in its general outlines the social life of India, as described by its law-givers, must have had some real foundation. In judging of what was possible and impossible, we must not forget that many things were possible in the climate of that country which would be simply absurd in more northern latitudes. In a country where even now an agricultural labourer can live on five shillings a month; where he can build his hut from the mud of the field, or live in the open air during a great part of the year; where his clothing costs hardly anything; where a handful of rice is enough to assuage hunger, while butter and sugar are counted as delicacies—in such a country a kind of village-life is possible which involves no more trying efforts than are necessary for a healthful exercise of the body.

If, therefore, we want to understand Manu's ideal of social life, we must not think of London—not even of Calcutta, or Bombay, or Simla—but of the villages which still hold nine-tenths of the population of India. And we must try to realise a time when there existed no railways, few high-roads, few bridges, and when the horizon of their village was to millions of human beings the horizon of their world. Dynasties might come and go, religions might spring up and wither, but the life in these happy villages would go on for generations unconscious of the storms that raged in the camps of powerful conquerors or in the temples of ambitious priests.

Life in those village-communities consisted, according to Manu, of four Âsramas, or stations. Every boy, not only of the first, but of the second and third castes also, was to begin his school-life between his seventh and, at the latest, his eleventh year. The pupil had to live in the house of his teacher, and perform services which seem to us menial, but which in India were looked upon as honourable. He had to keep the fires on the hearths or the altars burning, clean the floor, attend to the cattle, collect firewood, and walk daily through the village to collect gifts for his teacher. Morning and evening he had to say his prayers, and then to receive from his teacher all necessary instruction. This instruction consisted chiefly in learning by heart. Writing is never mentioned. The whole method of teaching is carefully described, how every day the pupil had to learn a few lines, and to repeat them with the greatest care, distinguishing long and short vowels, acute and grave syllables, surd and sonant consonants and all the rest. By going on day after day, the memory of the pupil was strengthened to such a degree that the whole of their sacred literature, instead of being handed down in writing, was handed down by oral tradition with the utmost accuracy from generation to generation, and, to a certain extent, is so handed down to the present day.

The time assigned to education and study varied from twelve to forty-eight years. Twenty, therefore, was the earliest time when a young man might take his degree, become a Snâtaka, or M.A., and think of entering on the second station in life—that of a married man and householder. This is a lesson to

be taken to heart by those who imagine that early marriages, or child-sacrifices, are in accordance with the spirit of the ancient laws of India.

When returned to his home (samâv*ri*tta), the young man had to find a wife, and become a G*ri*hastha, or householder. During that second period of life he had to perform all the duties of a husband and a father, offer a number of obligatory and optional sacrifices, continue his study of the Veda, and, if a Brâhman, be ready to teach. When, however, his children were grown up and had themselves children, when his hair had turned grey and his skin had become wrinkled, the householder ought to know that the time had come for leaving his house and all its cares, and retiring from the village into the forest. This seems to us a great wrench, and a sacrifice difficult to bear. It could, however, hardly have been so in India. Life in the forest there was a kind of *villeggiatura*. Property being almost entirely family-property, the father simply gave up to his sons what he himself no longer required. When he withdrew from the village, he became released from many duties. He was allowed to take his wife with him, and his friends and relations were allowed to see him in his sylvan retreat. He was then called a Vânaprastha, a dweller in the forest, and, released from the duties of a householder, from sacrificial and other ceremonial obligations, he was encouraged to meditate on the great problems of life, to rise above the outward forms of religion, and to free himself more and more from all the fetters which once bound him to this life. Even religion, in the usual sense of the word, was no longer binding on him. He was

above religion, above sacred books, above sacrifices, above a belief in many gods. With the help of the mystical doctrines contained in the Upanishads, he was led to discover the Infinite hidden in the Finite, the True behind the semblances of the senses, the Self behind the Ego, and the indestructible identity of his own true Self with the Supreme Self. During all that time he might be visited, he might be consulted, he certainly continued to be loved and revered by his friends. But when at last life and all its interests ceased to have any attraction, when he lived already more in the next world than in this, then the time came, for members of the first caste at least, to bid farewell to all, to leave the forest-abode near the village, and to enter on the final Âsrama, that of Sannyâsin. Sannyâsin means a man who has divested himself of everything, who is free from all fetters, not only from the too great love of things, but also from the too great love of friends and relations. That last stage could not have lasted long. It was simply a preparation for death, which could not tarry much before it released the wanderer (parivrâgaka) from his last enemy, and restored him to that bliss of which this life had so long deprived him.

This is, no doubt, an ideal scheme of life, and it is difficult for us to believe that it should ever have been realised in all its fulness. The first and second stages in the life of man are natural enough, and exist more or less in every well-organised society. It is the third stage, the withdrawal from active life, the retirement into the forest, and, more particularly, the surrender of all claim on the family property, that seems to us hardly credible. We receive, however, from an

unexpected quarter, a confirmation that this retirement into the forest was at one time a reality in India. The companions of Alexander were so much impressed with the number of people who led this forest-life away from towns and villages that they invented a new word, and translated the Sanskrit vânaprastha by ὑλόβιοι, dwellers in the forest.

How pleasant such a life must have been in the Indian climate we may gather from the fact that we never hear of any force being used to drive old people away from their home into the forest. It is very important also to observe that while the periods of studentship and of household-life are fixed within narrow limits by legal authority, the time for embracing the life of a hermit is far less accurately defined, so as to leave a considerable latitude to individual choice.

What strikes us as the most cruel feature in the Indian scheme of life is the fourth period, when old people, incapable of taking care of themselves, seem to have been entirely deprived of the loving attentions of their children, so that they must necessarily have fallen a prey to hunger or to wild animals. It is curious that this fourth stage is a privilege which the Brâhmans claimed exclusively for themselves.

The Indians, however, are by no means the only people who seem to us to have been guilty of cruelty towards old people and towards children. In a primitive state of society there existed difficulties of which we have no idea. When the struggle of life became extreme, and when it was utterly impossible for a community to support more than a given number of lives, it was necessarily left to the parents to

determine what children should be allowed to live or be destroyed. Among Greeks and Romans vestiges of this ancient custom may be discovered[1], and among the Germans, also, the right of the father to decide on the life of a child, by raising it from the place where the mother had given birth to it, was long maintained[2]. The Brâhmans also seem to have conceded to the father the right to expose his children, or, at all events, his female progeny[3].

But if in an early state of society children became sometimes a burden impossible to bear, a still greater difficulty arose with regard to old people when they were no longer able to support or to defend themselves. In a nomadic state of life this difficulty is so great that it could not be solved except by killing the old people. For what is to be done when the soil is exhausted and a tribe has to move forward to occupy new pastures? The old people cannot support the fatigue of the march, and to leave them behind would be to expose them to starvation or a violent death. It was considered merciful under those circumstances, nay, it was believed to be a sacred duty of the nearest relations, to kill the aged members of a family. Storks, before they migrate south, are said to kill the old and lame birds who are unable to follow. In the same way, if we may trust Sir John Lubbock, there are even now among certain tribes whole villages where no old people can be discovered, for the simple reason that they all have been put to death. Mr. Hunt,

[1] Schömann, 'Griechische Alterthümer,' 3rd ed., i. p. 531; Marquardt, 'Privatleben der Römer,' i. p. 3, note 1, p. 81.

[2] Grimm, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer,' p. 455.

[3] Maitrâyaṇî-saṃhitâ IV, 6, 4; Nirukta III, 4.

as quoted by Sir John Lubbock, tells us that one day a young man in whom he took much interest came to him and invited him to attend his mother's funeral. Mr. Hunt accepted the invitation, but as he walked along in the procession he was surprised to see no corpse. When he asked the young man where his mother was, he pointed to a woman who was walking along just in front, to use Mr. Hunt's words, 'as gay and lively as any of those present.' When they arrived at the grave, she took an affectionate farewell of her children and friends, and then submitted to be strangled.

It is not innate cruelty that can account for this barbarous treatment of the aged: it was a *dira necessitas*. Among our own ancestors, the ancient Germans, Grimm tells us that when the master of the house was over sixty years old, if the signs of the weakness of age were of such a character that he no longer had the power to walk or stand or to ride unassisted and unsupported, with collected mind, free will, and good sense, he was obliged to give over his authority to his son, and to perform menial service. Those who had grown useless and burdensome were either killed outright or exposed and abandoned to death by starvation [1].

However strange and horrible these various ways of disposing of old people may seem to us, there is, nevertheless, a lesson to be learnt from our savage ancestors, viz. that there is a time when old people ought to retire. Our religion, our morality, our very humanity would make us shrink from any violent measures

[1] Grimm, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer,' p. 487; Weinhold, 'Altnordisches Leben,' p. 473.

to enforce this lesson; but we must not, for all that, shut our eyes to the fact that some of the most serious evils of our modern society are due to the encroachments of old age on the legitimate functions of youth and manhood. If, in ancient times, the difficulty was what to do with old people, the difficulty in our modern society is what to do with young people. And why? Because every sphere of active life in which young men might, naturally and legitimately, hope to find an opening for making themselves useful to the world, and gaining a livelihood for themselves, is filled with men who, nearly or altogether, belong to the class of the *Deponteni*. It will be argued, no doubt, that old age possesses more experience and wisdom than youth and early manhood can possibly possess. But surely there is a senile as well as a juvenile folly; and even admitting the superior experience of old people, that experience would become far more useful to the world if they were satisfied in their old age to become counsellors, and leave the toil and moil of the daily warfare of life to younger men. Besides, the affairs of life require not only prudence and caution, but likewise decision and courage; and when it is considered that the consequences of good or bad counsels must fall, after all, on the heads of the next generation, it is but fair that the young should have some share in determining what is to be done. Besides, we cannot stultify nature. Youth and manhood are better than old age; and with all the advantages that old age may justly be proud of, there are weaknesses which, like grey hairs, steal almost unperceived over old heads. No art is able to disguise, and no effort of will strong

enough to resist them. Hygienic science may in our days keep people alive longer than in former centuries, and a proper discipline of body and mind may in some cases preserve a *mens sana in corpore sano* beyond the usual limits. But, as a rule, man is meant to learn in his youth, to act in his manhood, to counsel in his advancing years, and to meditate in his extreme old age. It is the disregard of this clear and simple lesson, conveyed by the four ages of man, which is responsible for the worst of our social evils. A young man is meant to marry; but how, in the present state of society, is it possible for a young man and a young woman to contract matrimony at the proper time, unless their parents have saved enough to enable them to do so? Almost every career is now closed against the young man who thinks that he ought to be able to earn a livelihood by his arms or his brains. And the principal reason is that old men now remain too long in active service and enjoy large incomes for doing work which their juniors could do as well, if not better. We get accustomed to everything which has existed for centuries and has the sanction of custom and of law. We know that a man who has children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren may hold the family estate as his exclusive property, only making to his descendants such allowance as he thinks proper. What seems quite right and fair to us would seem very wrong and unfair in India, where the law enables the sons, when they have come of age, to insist on a division of the family property, which is considered to be theirs as much as their father's. How many a life in England has become useless by the ancestral

property being managed or mismanaged by a man of eighty, while the son of forty, or even sixty, is carefully excluded from all participation in the improvement of his future estate. Young men are often blamed because they imagine they must have as large an income as their parents, before they will condescend to marry. There may be some truth in this, but there is also some truth in the answer of young men that parents, after their children's education is finished, might be satisfied with a quieter and less expensive style of life, and not grudge their children those enjoyments which nature has clearly intended for youth and manhood.

In most professions a man who has worked for twenty or twenty-five years ought to be enabled to retire on a pension; that is, be satisfied with a smaller income. Whatever exceptions may be cited to the contrary, our schools and universities, for instance, are clearly sufferers, because professors and tutors are not enabled, or forced, to retire at the approach of old age. Dr. Arnold expressed a very strong opinion as to the maximum of years that a master or headmaster of a public school should be allowed to carry on his work. Other voices have been raised against the Universities allowing heads of houses, professors, and tutors to retain their offices to the very last day of their life. We know, of course, of exceptions, of men lecturing, and lecturing successfully, for thirty and forty years. But, as a rule, a professor as he grows old, however excellent work he may still do by himself, finds it impossible to maintain that warm sympathy with the rising generation which is essential in order to make his lectures

really efficient. His own studies are apt to become more and more special and narrow, and he often finds it impossible to keep pace with the rapid progress of discovery that changes the whole aspect of every science from year to year. By all means let the old professor continue to lecture, if he likes, but let younger men be appointed as his deputies or associates. It is a real injustice to younger men, whose lives are passing away, that they should have no opportunity of utilising their knowledge by teaching in our Universities, or that they should succeed to a Chair when they themselves are no longer in the vigour of life. Sometimes the study of a science has been paralysed for years because, all professorial chairs being occupied by men who would not, because they could not, resign, there was no prospect of employment for younger men, and when at last a vacancy occurred there were hardly any candidates fit to be successors. In Continental universities the system of *Professores extraordinarii* and *Privatdocents* supplies a certain remedy of the evil complained of, but here, too, the *Professores ordinarii* become sometimes a drag on the advance of science, because there is too little inducement to make them resign.

It would be easy to point out the same mischief in other professions, caused by men remaining in office beyond the limits of time so clearly indicated by nature. Old generals, gouty admirals, deaf judges, and bedridden bishops are not unknown in this as in other countries. But nowhere does this incubus of old age prove more disastrous than in politics. It has often been said that knowing when to retire

is the true test of a great statesman. But if there is any office which it seems almost impossible to surrender it is political office. Nearly all Ministers nowadays are over fifty or sixty, and they often cling to office till they are seventy or eighty. It is in their case, more than in any other, that the necessity of experience and wisdom is pleaded as an excuse for their unnatural pretensions. But experience and wisdom are not the exclusive property of old age, while too much experience may even unfit a man for that quick insight which is constantly required for political action. That old men should be consulted is perfectly natural, but that they should have the decision of the fate of the next generation entirely in their hands admits of no justification. The Germans had an old proverb which went much further, and denied to those who could no longer fight the right of giving advice.

'Die nicht mit thaten,
Die nicht mit rathen.'

Nor can it be denied that even in council the presence of old men is dangerous. The authority claimed by old age, and the respect naturally paid to it by the younger generation, must interfere with the easy and natural transaction of business. If it is difficult for an old man to bear opposition and to brook rebuke from a younger man, it is equally difficult for a young politician to bow to authority or to believe in the infallibility of old age. What is the result? The old statesman gradually finds himself deserted by his honest and independent friends, while opportunists and flatterers surround the old chief and help to extinguish in him the last remnants

of humility and of mistrust in his own judgment. Members of the Cabinet, it has often been said, ought to be on terms of perfect equality, and in discussions concerning the welfare of the country argument ought always to be stronger than any amount of authority. Men of about the same age can afford to give and take, but a man of thirty cannot well give to a man of eighty, and a man of eighty cannot well take from a man of thirty. And yet, if we look at the history of the world, political wisdom has certainly not been the exclusive property of old age. A mere stripling, such as Pitt, was a better man at the wheel than even the great Duke of Wellington when, in his old age, he acted as steersman to the vessel of State. In our days it seems difficult to imagine that a man of twenty or thirty could possibly be an Under-Secretary of State, to say nothing of his being Prime Minister. And yet, take it all in all, for practical work, a man of thirty is a better man than a man of eighty, and the sooner men of eighty learn that lesson the better for themselves and for the country they profess to serve. There are exceptions, there are brilliant exceptions, at the present moment, both in England and in Germany. But exceptions in such cases are apt hereafter to become precedents, and to prove extremely dangerous in less exceptional cases. Outside the fight of parties the voice of the old statesman will always be listened to, and carry conviction to many a wavering mind. But if he remains in the turmoil of political warfare he will meet with harsh usage, his best motives will be suspected, and the good fame of his youth and manhood will often be tarnished

by the mistakes, however well intentioned, of his old age.

To return once more to India, from whence we started. No doubt the ideal scheme of life, traced out by Manu, is no longer possible, after the contact between the ancient civilisation of the East and the modern civilisation of the West. But the spirit of the past still exercises its fascination over some superior minds, and the idea that there is a time when the old should make room for the young, and when meditation should take the place of active life, is not yet quite forgotten among the sons of India. A biography has lately been published of the Prime Minister of Bhavnagar, Gaorishankar Udayashankar, C.S.I.[1] It relates a life full of hard and most important work, a life of struggle, of temptation, and of wonderful success; the life not only of a conscientious administrator, but of a determined diplomatist, holding his own against the best men in the Indian service, and in the end recognised by all, from Mountstuart Elphinstone to Lord Reay, as an honest and unselfish man, worthy to be named by the side of such native statesmen as Sir Salar Jung, Sir T. Madao Rao, and Sir Dinkar Rao. Only three years ago, in December, 1886, when Lord Reay had paid a visit to the venerable statesman, he said of him: 'Certainly, of all the happy moments it has been my good fortune to spend in India, those which I spent in the presence of that remarkable man remain engrafted on my memory. I was struck as much by the clearness of his intellect

[1] 'Gaorishankar Udayashankar, C.S.I., Ex-Minister of Bhavnagar, now on retirement as a Sanyâsi.' By Javerilal Umiashankar Yajnik. Bombay, 1889.

as by the simplicity and fairness and openness of his mind; and if we admire wise administrators, we also admire straightforward advisers, those who tell their chiefs the real truth about the condition of their country and their subjects. In seeing the man who freed the State from all encumbrances, who restored civil and criminal jurisdiction to the villages, who settled grave disputes with Junaghad, who got rid of refractory Jemadars, I could not help thinking what could be done by singleness of purpose and strength of character.' It would be useless to attempt to give even a short outline of the excellent services rendered to his country, and indirectly to England, by Gaorishankar during the fifty-seven years of his active life. The affairs of Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, the intrigues of King Milan, Queen Natalie, and Prince Karageorgowitch, would seem to be of greater interest to the public at large than the healthy growth and powerful development of the native States of India under English protection. And yet Gaorishankar's life is full of dramatic interest. He had to do battle with many King Milans, with many Queen Natalies, even with some rebellious mountain-chiefs, such as Karageorgowitch, and he has come out victorious from all his fights. He not only established the independence of the state of Bhavnagar, but he introduced a reformed system of administration, founded excellent schools, built model prisons, encouraged useful railways, and made Bhavnagar a model among the protected principalities of India. In 1878, when he was seventy-three years of age, and when the idea of retiring from the world had already ripened in his mind, he was once more

complimented by Sir J. B. Peile in the following terms :—'Gaorishankar has risen through every stage of a laborious life to this crown and consummation of an honourable public career, a career, which he began in a humble position in the old school of custom and ends as a cautious leader in the new school of reform.'

This is the man who, on January 13, 1879, resigned his office as Minister, and, full of years and honours, declared his intention of following the example of the ancient Brâhmans, and retiring into the forest. He prepared himself for that step by a deeper study of the Upanishads and the Vedânta philosophy than had been possible to him during the years of his busy life. He then retired to a garden-house outside the old town, where he was still accessible to his friends, and where his chief and his former colleagues often came to consult him. He had become a counsellor, but he no longer interfered in public or private affairs. At last, in 1887, his yearning after a purely spiritual life, and his desire to throw off all the fetters and affections that might still bind him to this life, became so strong that he determined to enter on the fourth stage of life and to become a Sannyâsin. The time had come, he declared, that he should prepare himself for holy dying by a complete renunciation of the active concerns of this world and by an exclusive devotion to the thoughts of a life to come. He wrote letters to all his friends, bidding them farewell for this life. I myself was one of those to whom he said good-bye, declaring that he had left the world, that he had changed his name, and that all correspondence between him and the outer world must henceforth

cease. These were the last lines of a letter which he addressed to me in July, 1886 :—

'My health is failing and I have made up my mind to enter into the fourth order or Âsrama. Thereby I shall attain that stage in life when I shall be free from all the cares and anxieties of this world and shall have nothing to do with my present circumstances.

'After leading a public life for more than sixty years, I think there is nothing left for me to desire, except this life, which will enable my Âtma [Self] to be one with Paramâtma [Supreme Self], as shown by the enlightened sages of old. When this is accomplished a man is free from births and re-births, and what can I wish more than what will free me from them, and give me means to attain Moksha [spiritual freedom]?

'My learned Friend, I shall be a Sannyâsin in a few days, and thus there will be a total change of life. I shall no more be able to address you, and I send you this letter to convey my last best wishes for your success in life, and my regards which you so well deserve.'

Every effort was made by his native friends and by the highest officials of the English Government to dissuade him from his purpose. Every argument that could appeal to his common-sense, his sense of duty, aye, even his vanity, was used, but used in vain. He was not so silly as to attempt to copy slavishly the example of the ancient Sannyâsins, and to court death in the wilderness. He remained in his retirement, only he adopted a much stricter discipline, and a more rigorous seclusion from the outer world. He was not

so childish, or rather so senile, as to imagine that any one in this life was really indispensable. He knew that younger men would do his work as well, if not better than himself. And he felt that, having done his duty to the world, he might be free during the few remaining years to do his duty to himself. I believe the old man is still alive, now in his eighty-fourth year[1]. When I last heard of him, through his son, he was in full possession of his intellectual powers, with a memory unimpaired. He has become, in his old age, a zealous student of Sanskrit, and, to judge from what he has published, his knowledge of the Vedânta philosophy is profound. He is now simply waiting for death, and fitting himself to die, following the words of Manu (VI, 43):—

'Let not the hermit long for death,
Nor cling to this terrestrial state;
Their Lord's behests as servants wait,
So let him, called, resign his breath.'

It may be said that the Minister of Bhavnagar remained in office long beyond the time when he had a perfect right to retire. He was seventy-four when he surrendered the Ministry. Still, he is one of very few statesmen who, even at that time, would have thought it necessary to make room for others, and to reserve a span of life for themselves, as a preparation for a better life. His intellect was unimpaired, his body vigorous, and his friends were clamorous for him to remain in power. But he did not allow himself to be persuaded. He was influenced, no doubt, in his choice, by the teaching of the old sages of India, but his own judgment also must have helped

[1] He has departed since.

him to obey the voice of nature. To all who have ears to hear, that voice declares in unmistakable tones that there is a time for everything. There is a time to be young and there is a time to be old. Our modern society is out of gear because that lesson of nature is not obeyed. To die in harness has become the ideal of almost every old man. But what might be the right ideal for a cab-horse is not necessarily the right ideal for a human being. In several branches of the public service a remedy has been applied—not the drastic remedy of the Bactrians and Caspians, but the more gentle pressure of the Indian law-givers. Men are made to withdraw into the forest on a retiring pension, and it has not been found that the army and navy have suffered under young generals and vigorous admirals. The same system ought to be applied to all other professions, more particularly to our schools and universities. After twenty-five years of hard work a man ought to be enabled to rest from his labours, if he likes, and the young should be allowed to have their day.

THE TRUE ANTIQUITY OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE[1].

WHEN people speak of the East, of Oriental languages, Oriental literature, Oriental art, or Oriental religion, their idea generally seems to be that all that belongs to the East is extremely old and very mysterious. There is a charm which it is difficult to account for, but there certainly is a charm that attracts us to everything that is supposed to be very old, and to everything that seems wrapt in mystery. If, then, these lectures which I have the honour to inaugurate to-night are meant to draw the attention of the public at large towards Oriental studies, and to arouse an interest in the languages, the literatures, the art, and the religion of the East, not only among scholars, but among the ever-widening circles of intelligent men and cultivated women, it may not seem very wise to say anything that might break that charm, that might reduce the enormous antiquity so often claimed for Oriental literature to more modest limits, and dispel those golden clouds of mystery which are supposed to surround the sanctuary of the primeval wisdom of the East.

[1] Inaugural Address, delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society, on Wednesday, March 4, 1891.

And yet, if I were asked to say what in our own time is the distinguishing feature of Oriental research, I should say that it was the endeavour to bring the remote East closer and closer to our own time, and to dispel as much as possible that mystery which used to shroud its language, its literature, and its religion. Oriental scholarship is no longer a mere matter of curiosity. It appeals to higher sympathies, and teaches us that we can study in the East as well as in the West the great questions of humanity—those questions that furnish the first impulse and the highest purpose to all human inquiries. So long as the Egyptian is a mere mummy to us, the Babylonian a mere image in stone, the Jew a prophet, the Hindu a dreamer, the Chinaman a joke, we are not yet Oriental scholars. The Wise Men of the East are still mere strangers to us, coming we know not whence, going we know not whither, and leaving behind them nothing but gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

It is only when these strangers cease to be strangers, when they become friends, people exactly like ourselves in their strength and in their weakness, in their ideals and their failures, in their hopes and their despairs—it is then only that we can claim to be Oriental scholars, real students of the East, true lovers of humanity which is always the same, whatever its age, whatever its language, whatever the many disguises which it has assumed in the different acts of the great drama of history.

What charm is there in mere antiquity? Antiquity seems difficult to define. Very often what is old is despised, however good it may be; at other times,

what is old is valued, though its merit seems to consist in nothing but its age. A book printed in the fifteenth century is competed for by all collectors, while many a manuscript of the same date will hardly tempt a buyer. A Greek work of art, say, of 500 B.C., finds a place of honour in any museum. An Egyptian monument of the same age is referred to the decadence of Egyptian art. When we come to one thousand years, to two thousand years, or, as some will have it, to three or four thousand years B.C., everything that can claim descent from those distant ages is valued, and almost worshipped. And yet, what are four thousand, what are six thousand years, when we become geologists? What are the oldest Egyptian mummies compared to the megatheria embalmed in the sarcophagi of the earth? And again, how modern are those stratified cemeteries on the surface of our globe, nay, even the unstratified foundations of this earth, in the eyes of the astronomer, to whom our globe dwindles away into a mere infinitesimal globule that has not yet been touched by the rays of light proceeding from more distant suns! Mere antiquity, it has always seemed to me, can lend no real charm to Oriental studies.

First of all, what we call ancient in literary productions is not so very ancient after all. Our libraries and museums contain little that is more than four thousand years old. If one century is easily spanned by three generations, a little more than one hundred generations would span the whole history of the literature of the world. What the Egyptians said to the Greeks we must learn to say to ourselves—'We are as yet but children.' Man's life on earth is only in its

beginnings. The future before him is immense; the past that lies behind us is but the short preface to a work that will require many volumes before it is finished, before man has become what he was meant to be.

Secondly, we must not forget that when we speak of literary works of two, or three, or four thousand years before our era, we are not really on what is properly called historical ground. I am by no means a sceptic as to the remote antiquity assigned to Chinese, Egyptian, Babylonian, and Indian literature; but I think we are too easily tempted to forget the important difference between *authentic* and *constructive* history. Authentic history, as Niebuhr often pointed out, begins when we have the testimony of a contemporary, or an eye-witness, testifying to the events which he relates. Constructive history and constructive chronology rest on deduction. Constructive history may be quite as true as authentic history. Still, we should never forget the difference between the two.

If we bear this difference in mind, I should say that the authentic history of India does not begin before the third century B.C. We have at that time the inscriptions of the famous king Asoka, the grandson of Chandragupta, the Sandrokyptos of Greek historians. Everything in the history of India before that time is purely constructive. But is it therefore less certain? I believe not. The language of these inscriptions, in its various dialects, stands to Sanskrit as Italian stands to Latin. Such changes require centuries. The religion of Asoka is Buddhism, and Buddhism stands to Brahmanism as Protestantism stands to Roman Catholicism. Such changes require

centuries. Lastly, the literature of Vedic Brahmanism shows three successive layers of language, ceremonial, and thought. Such changes, again, require centuries, and though I never looked upon the two centuries which I assigned to each of these three layers as more than a guess, the layers themselves and their succession cannot be doubted. Constructive history places the earliest Vedic hymns about 1500 B.C. But even at that time the language of these Vedic hymns is full of faded, decayed, and quite unintelligible words and forms, and these in some points more near to Greek than to ordinary Sanskrit. It possesses, for instance, a subjunctive, like Greek, of which there is hardly a trace left in the Epic poems or in the Laws of Manu. Such changes require time. In fact, if we ask ourselves how long it must have taken before a language like that of the Vedic hymns could have become what we find it to be, ordinary chronology seems altogether to collapse, and we should feel grateful if geological chronology would allow us to extend the limits assigned to man's presence on earth beyond the end of the Glacial Period.

Egyptian chronology carries us, no doubt, much further than the chronology of India. Menes is supposed to have reigned 4000 B.C., and, if we do not admit a division of the empire among different royal dynasties, the date of Menes might be pushed back even further, to 5600 B.C. Lepsius, however, is satisfied with 3892, Bunsen with 3623 B.C. But, whatever date we accept, we must bear in mind that, like all ancient Egyptian dates, they depend on the construction which we put on Manetho's dynasties, and on the fragments of papyri, like the Royal Papyrus of

Turin. We are dealing again with constructive, not with authentic history[1].

The chronology of the Old Testament is likewise constructive. Those who have carefully summed up the dates in the Books of Moses fix the day of the Creation in 4160 B.C.—not very long, you see, before the reign of Menes in Egypt—possibly even later. The universal Deluge is fixed by the same scholars in 2504, which is about the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. But in constructing this chronology we must not forget that, whatever the age of the Mosaic traditions may be, the Hebrew text, as we now possess it, can hardly be referred to an earlier date than the sixth century B.C. If, then, we admit with Petermann that the Samaritan text was settled in the fourth century, we find that the interval between Adam and Abraham, which is reckoned as 1,948 years in the Hebrew text, has in the Samaritan text been raised to 2,249 years. Lastly, if we admit that the Septuagint translation was made in Egypt between the third and second centuries B.C., we find that there the same interval has been raised to 3,314 years. It

[1] The following dates have been assigned to Menes by hieroglyphic scholars:—

6467 B.C. by Henne von Sargans.
5702 „ by Boeckh.
5613 „ by Unger.
4717 „ by Lieblein.
4455 „ by Brugsch.
4157 „ by Lauth.
3917 „ by von Peffl.
3892 „ by Lepsius.
3623 „ by Bunsen.
2782 „ by Seyffarth.
2387 „ by Knötel.
2224 „ by Palmer.

is clear, therefore, that in the history of the Jews also, the ancient dates, though more moderate than those of Egyptian antiquity, are of a purely constructive character.

And what applies to Egypt and Judaea applies even more strongly to China. China claims a history of at least four thousand years. Chinese scholars assure us that the date of the emperor Yao is historical. Yet it varies between 2357 B.C. and 2145 B.C., the latter being the date of the Bamboo Annals. Beyond Yao it is generally admitted that Chinese history is fabulous, though we are told by some authorities that the emperor Hwang-ti was an historical character, and began his reign in 2697 B.C. All this may be true. The historical traditions of China may reach back very far. But we must never forget the fact, which Chinese historians are very apt to forget, namely, the destruction of all ancient books by the edict of the emperor Khin in 213 B.C. The edict, we are told, was ruthlessly enforced, and hundreds of scholars who refused obedience to the imperial command were buried alive. The edict was not repealed till 191. It lasted, therefore, twenty-two years. There are, no doubt, traditions that some of the books were recovered from hiding-places or from memory; yet authentic history in China cannot be said to date from before the burning of the books and the beginning of the Han dynasty.

As to the ancient history of Babylon, it is well to learn to be patient and to wait. The progress of discovery and decipherment is so rapid, that what is true this year is shown to be wrong next year. Our old friend Gisdubar has now, thanks to the ingenious

combinations of Mr. Pinches, become Gilgames [1]. This is no discredit to the valiant pioneers in this glorious campaign. On the contrary, it speaks well for their perseverance and for their sense of truth. I shall only give you one instance to show what I mean by calling the ancient periods of Babylonian history also constructive rather than authentic. My friend Professor Sayce claims 4000 B.C. as the beginning of Babylonian literature. Nabonidus, he tells us ('Hibbert Lectures,' p. 21), in 550 B.C. explored the great temple of the Sun-god at Sippara. This temple was believed to have been founded by Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. Nabonidus, however, lighted upon the actual foundation-stone—a stone, we are told, which had not been seen by any of his predecessors for 3,200 years. On the strength of this the date of 3,200 + 550 years, that is, 3750 B.C., has been assigned to Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. These two kings, however, are said to be quite modern, and to have been preceded by a number of so-called Proto-Chaldaean kings, who spoke a Proto-Chaldaean language, long before the Semitic population had entered the land. It is concluded, further, from some old inscriptions on diorite, brought from the Peninsula of Sinai to Chaldaea, that the quarries of Sinai, which were worked by the Egyptians at the time of their third dynasty, say 6,000 years ago, may have been visited about the same time by these Proto-Chaldaeans. 4000 B.C., we are told, would therefore be a very moderate initial epoch for Babylonian and Egyptian literature.

I am the very last person to deny the ingeniousness

[1] *Academy*, Jan. 17, 1891; see 'Gilgamos' in Aelian, 'Hist. Anim.' xii. 21.

of these arguments, or to doubt the real antiquity of the early civilisation of Babylon or Egypt. All I wish to point out is, that we should always keep before our eyes the constructive character of this ancient history and chronology. To use a foundation-stone, on its own authority, as a stepping-stone over a gap of 3,200 years, is purely constructive chronology, and as such is to be carefully distinguished from what historians mean by authentic history, as when Herodotus or Thucydides tells us what happened during their own lives or before their own eyes.

But, whatever the result of these chronological speculations may be—whether Oriental history begins six, or five, or four, or three, or two or one thousand before our era—I ask again, what is the charm of mere antiquity, if antiquity means no more than what is remote, what is separated from us by wide gaps of millenniums?

I am quite willing to grant that there is a certain charm in what is old, whether its age counts by years, or centuries, or millenniums, only; that charm must come from ourselves, from the students of antiquity, whether in the East or in the West. We should remember that *antiquity* means not only what is *old*. It is derived from *ante*. It means what is before us, what is *ante*rior, what is *ante*cedent to the present. It means, and it should mean, the firm historical foundation on which we stand.

If we can discover in the past the key to some of the riddles of the present; if we can link the past to the present by the strong chains of cause and effect; if we can unite the broken and scattered links of tradition into one continuous wire, then the electric

spark of human sympathy will flash from one end to the other. The most remote antiquity will cease to be remote. It will be brought near to us, home to us, close to our very heart. *We* shall ourselves become the ancients of the world, and the distant childhood of the human race will be to us like our own childhood.

And mark the change, the almost miraculous change, which Oriental scholarship has wrought among the ruins of the past. What was old has become young; what was young has become old.

Take our languages. We call English, French, and German modern, modern languages. But when we have traced back English to Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Saxon to Gothic, and Gothic to that 'Home of the Âryas' in which the language spoken in India, Sanskrit, had as much right as Persian, as Greek and Latin, and Celtic and Slavonic, nay, as Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English—when the student of language has gathered the broken links of that Aryan chain and fitted them together once more into one organic whole—what happens? Does not the young become old and the old become young? Our modern languages stand now before us as the most ancient languages of the world—grey, bald, shrivelled, and wizened; while the more ancient a language, the fresher its features, the more vigorous its muscles, the more expressive its countenance. Our *own* words are old; our *own* philosophy is old; our *own* religion is old; our *own* social institutions are old. The youth of the world, the true *juventus mundi*, lies far beyond us, far beyond the Greeks, far beyond Troy. And even when we have tracked the young Âryas to their

common home in Asia, even then we find in their so-called Proto-Aryan speech words full of wrinkles, and thoughts which disclose rings within rings in innumerable succession.

Therefore, neither mere old age on one side nor mere youth and childhood on the other can satisfy the true historical student, unless he is able at the same time to discover the laws of growth which explain what is young by what is old, what is secondary by what is primitive, which show that there is and always has been growth and purpose in the world. There lies the true charm of our Oriental studies. China, Egypt, Babylon, India, and Persia, are no longer distant from us as the East is from the West. They have really become to us the true East—that is, the point of orientation and direction for all the studies of the West.

Think of that one word *Indo-European*, which is now so familiar to us that we actually speak of Indo-European telegraphs, and railways, and newspapers. I remember the time when that word was framed, and the shiver which it sent through the limbs of classical scholarship. Nor do I wonder. Think what the synthesis of these two words, India and Europe, implies! It implies that the people who migrated into India thousands of years before the beginning of our era spoke the same language which we speak in England. When I call English and Sanskrit the same language, I do not wish to raise false hopes in the hearts of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. All I mean is, that English and Sanskrit are substantially the same language—are but two varieties of the same type, rivers flowing from the same source, though each

running in its own bed. The bold synthesis contained in the term *Indo-European* brought the words and thoughts of the dark-skinned inhabitants of India, brought those very dark-skinned inhabitants of India themselves, at one swoop as close to us as the Greeks and Romans have been for many centuries. It united the people of Europe, the speakers of English, German, Celtic, and Slavonic, of Greek and Latin, into one family with the speakers of Sanskrit, Persian, and Armenian. It constituted a Unionist-League embracing the greatest nations of history, and made them all conscious of a new nobility in thought and word and deed, the nobility of the Indo-European, or, as it is also called, the nobility of the ancient Aryan brotherhood.

I have been told again and again by my Hindu friends that nothing has given the intelligent population of India a greater sense of their dignity, and that nothing has drawn the bonds of fellowship between India and England more closely together, than this discovery of the common origin of their language and of the principal languages of Europe, and more particularly of English.

You know, of course, that we share most of our words in common with Sanskrit and the other members of the Aryan family of speech. You know that the grammar of all the Aryan languages was fixed once for all, and that it is totally different from the grammar of the Semitic and other families of speech.

But though these facts have become familiar to us, yet it is difficult to resist sometimes a feeling of giddiness that comes over us when we see how near

the past is really to the present, how close the East has really been brought to the West.

Let us take one instance. You know, of course, that in every language of the Aryan race all the numerals are the same. But think what that means. The decimal system must have been elaborated and accepted by the ancestors of our race before they separated, and every number, from one to one hundred, must have received its name, and all these names must have been sanctioned, not by agreement, but by use, or, if you like, by the survival of the fittest. How old these numerals are is best shown by the fact that they cannot be derived from any of the roots known to us, so that we cannot tell why six was ever called six, or seven seven. And yet in Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Celtic, and English we find exactly the same series of numerals.

But the relationship is even more close in other parts of the language, and the dependence of the English of to-day on the Sanskrit as spoken two or three thousand years ago is sometimes perfectly startling. Allow me to give you one illustration, which, though it is somewhat tedious, will surprise you by what the French would call the *solidarité* which still exists between Sanskrit and English.

Why do we say in English *dead* and *death*? I mean, why is there a *d* as the termination of the participle, and a *th* as the termination of the substantive? This may seem a very far-fetched question. Most people would say that it is no use asking such questions, because it is impossible to answer them. Grammar tells us that the participle is formed by *d*, and the

substantive by *th*, and there must be an end of it. The Science of Language, however, takes a very different view. It holds that everything in language has a reason, and that it is our own fault if we cannot discover it. Now here, in order to discover the reason for *d* in *dead* and for *th* in *death*, it will be necessary to enter into some *minutiae* of comparative grammar. You have all heard of *Grimm's Law*. It is a very wonderful law, but we have now got far beyond it. Well, according to Grimm's Law, wherever we find in Sanskrit, in Greek and Latin, in Celtic and Slavonic a *t*, we find in Gothic, in Anglo-Saxon, and therefore in English, the aspirated *t* or *th*. Even this, if you come to think about it, seems a marvellous fact. There is no exception to this rule; at least, none that cannot be accounted for. And an exception that can be accounted for is no longer an exception; on the contrary, it is an exception which was said to prove the rule.

If 'three' is trayas in Sanskrit, *tres* in Latin, τρεῖς in Greek, it must be *three* in English. If 'thou' is tuam in Sanskrit, *tu* in Latin, σύ for τύ in Greek, it must be *thou* in English. Thus Latin *tonitrus* is *thunder*, *tectum* is *thatch*, *tenuis* is *thin*. In the middle of a word, also, *t* becomes *th*, as in *father* for *pater*, *mother* for *mater*. And likewise at the end, as in *tooth* for *dens*, *dentis*.

With this rule clearly before our mind, let us now advance a step further.

The termination of the past participle in all Indo-European languages is formed by *t*. Thus in Sanskrit we have from yug, 'to join,' yuk-ta, 'joined,' as we have in Latin from *jungo*, 'I join,' *junctus*, 'joined.'

If, then, our rule that *t* becomes *th* in Anglo-Saxon holds good, that *t* of the participle should appear in English as *th*. It should be *death* (A.-S. *dêath*), not *dead* (A.-S. *dêad*). In the substantive *death* (A.-S. *dêath*), on the contrary, we have quite regularly, and in accordance with Grimm's Law, the *th*, which corresponds to the *t* of a suffix well known in many Aryan languages, used for forming abstract and other nouns, namely *tu*. In many cases this suffix *tu* leaves the accent in Sanskrit on the radical portion of a word. Thus from vas, 'to shine,' we have vás-tu, 'shining,' or the morning. From vas, 'to dwell,' we have vástu, 'a dwelling,' the Greek ἄστυ, 'town.' The Sanskrit krátu, 'might,' appears in Greek as κρατύς, 'might.' In some cases, however, the accent in Sanskrit as in Greek falls on the last syllable, as in ritú, 'season,' gâtú, 'going,' 'path.' As forming abstract nouns the same suffix tu is most frequent in Latin, in such words as *status*, from stâ, 'to stand,' *tactus*, 'touch,' from *tangere*, and many more.

By means of the same suffix, Gothic formed the word *dauthu-s*, 'death,' and here you see that the rule holds good, and that the original *t* appears as *th*.

Why, then, we ask, was Grimm's Law broken in the case of the participle *dead*, and maintained in the case of the substantive *death*? Why is it to be called a law at all, if it can be broken so easily?

You will hardly believe it when I tell you that the reason why in *dead* the participial *t* was changed into *d* and not into *th*, and the reason why in *death* the original *t* has been changed into *th*, has been discovered in India, and in the language as spoken there three or four thousand years ago. It is a general rule in

the ancient Vedic language that the accent must fall on the vowel following the *t* of the participle. We have to say, yuktá, kṛitá, dattá. But in many of the substantives ending in *tu*, the accent falls on the vowel preceding the *t*. Hence vástu, krátu, &c. Whenever the accent in ancient Sanskrit falls on the vowel following the *t*, as in the participle, Grimm's Law does not apply; *t* does not become *th*, but *d*. But whenever the accent precedes the *t*, Grimm's Law applies, and *t* is changed into *th*, as in *death*. Grimm's Law is therefore not broken. It is rather confirmed by a new law that comes in, and shows once more the marvellous regularity in the growth of language—a regularity which, if we fully realise what it means, seems almost miraculous. The same hidden influences which were at work in producing two such words as *dead* and *death* were likewise active in all similar cases. They, and they alone, help us to account for the difference between such words as *healed* and *health*, to *seethe* and *sodden*, when we have in Anglo-Saxon *seôthan*, *sêath*, but *sudon* and *sodin*.

My chief object in drawing your attention to this one case was, to show how near such a language as Sanskrit, which has sometimes been called the most ancient language of the world, is really to us. The ghost of that dead language, or of some even more ancient ancestor, still haunts the dark passages of our own speech. Though dead, it still speaketh. Sanskrit ceased to be a spoken language in the third century B. C. Even at that time its accents had ceased to be what they were in Vedic times. Instead of being complicated, like the accent in Greek, they had become simplified, like the accents in Latin or English. We

did not even know that Sanskrit had ever been pronounced according to the strict rules of accent till we became acquainted with the literature of the Vedic age. There, and there alone, the accents were marked in our MSS., and explained to us by the ancient grammarians of India, who composed their grammars in about 500 B.C.

Think, then, on the other side, for how many centuries, if not for how many thousands of years, Teutonic has been a separate and independent branch of Aryan speech, spoken as Gothic on the Danube, as Saxon near the Elbe, as Anglo-Saxon on the banks of the Thames. Think of its free and independent growth within these realms—and then try to understand how such a minute point in English grammar, the *d* of the participles and *th* of its abstract substantives, is still under the sway of a change of accent from the ultimate to the penultimate syllable, which took place thousands of years ago in the language spoken by the poets of the Veda in the valleys of the Penjâb. Is not this more marvellous than a ghost story by Rider Haggard? Does it not make our hair stand on end when we see a dead language standing before us so much alive, so much able to will us, and to make us say either *d* or *th*, whether we like it or not? We have heard of letters from the Mahâtmas of Tibet flying through the air from Lhassa to Calcutta and to London. This does very well for a novel. But here we have in sober earnest the very accents of the ancient language of the Veda flying across thousands of years from the Sutledj to the Thames, so that we, in this very hall here, must say *death* but *dead*, *health* but *healed*, to

seethe but *sodden*, simply and solely because some dark-skinned poets in the common home of the Aryan race, in Asia, chose to say something like *dhûtá for 'dead,' and *dhavátu for 'death.'

I am afraid this illustration may have proved rather tedious and difficult to follow. But it was necessary to give it in order to make you see with your own eyes what I mean when I say that the true charm of antiquity lies in its being so modern—not in its being remote, but in its being so near to us, so close, so omnipresent. If Sanskrit were simply a piece of antiquity—aye, if it were as old as the megatheria, or as old as the hills—we might stare at it, we might wonder at it, but it would never attract us, it would never make us ponder, it would never help us to learn how we came to be what we are, how we speak as we do.

I say, therefore, that antiquity by itself is nothing to us, and if Oriental languages, such as the ancient language of India, or of Egypt, Babylon, China, could display no other attractions than the wrinkles of old age, they would never have gained such ardent admirers as they still count among the young and the old members of this society.

Sanskrit, no doubt has an immense advantage over all the other ancient languages of the East. It is so attractive, and has been so widely admired, that it almost seems at times to excite a certain amount of feminine jealousy. We are ourselves Indo-Europeans. In a certain sense we are still speaking and thinking Sanskrit; or, more correctly, Sanskrit is like a dear aunt to us, and she takes the place of a mother who is no more.

But other languages of the East also have lost their remoteness, and have entered by one way or another into the arena of modern thought. The monuments of Babylon and Assyria may be very old, but what would they have been to us if those long rows of wedge-shaped inscriptions had not been deciphered by the brilliant genius and the persevering industry of our honoured Director—and had not disclosed an intimate relationship between the language of the Mesopotamian kingdoms and what we call the Semitic languages, languages still spoken by Arabs, by Syrians, and by Jews? Nor was it their language only that has brought the cuneiform inscriptions within the sphere of our scientific interests. After all, though we are Âryas in language and thought, our religion has drawn many elements from Semitic sources. The Old Testament is nearer to us than the Veda. It was by showing us the real historical position of the sacred traditions of the Jews among the traditions of the Babylonians and Assyrians, and of the whole Semitic race, that cuneiform studies have taken their place within the sphere of modern research, and are helping us to solve questions which have perplexed Biblical students for centuries. The traditions about the Creation of the world, about the Deluge, about the Tower of Babel, are now known to have been Semitic in a general sense; they were not, as we imagined—nay, as we were called upon to believe—the exclusive property of the Jewish race.

Egypt also has been drawn into this enchanted and enchanting circle. Its hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic literature now claims a voice in the council of the most modern research. The close relations

between Egypt, Babylon, and Palestine in the most ancient times have lately received an unexpected confirmation. A diplomatic correspondence between the Courts of Egypt and Babylon has been discovered which is referred to 1500 B.C.[1] That Egypt influenced not only Palestine from the days of Moses, but likewise Babylon and Nineveh, as, in later times, Greece, can no longer be doubted. With every year new rays of light from the land of the pyramids help us to see how much in our most familiar thoughts comes from Egypt. I will not tell you again the fairy story of the migration of our alphabet. Suffice it to say that, as in speaking English we speak Sanskrit, in writing our letters we are really scrawling hieroglyphic signs.

But let us look for a moment at the folk-lore of Egypt. Folk-lore, you know, is very popular just now, and it has not been slow to avail itself of the *Mährchen* of ancient Egypt in order to show how even the nurseries of the whole world are akin. The solemn Egyptians were as fond of stories as any other nations. Some of these stories have lately been translated, and these translations may, on the whole, be accepted as trustworthy. I shall read you one, translated by Professor Prugsch, and which he considers as the prototype of another story with which we have all been familiar from our early childhood:

'The two sons of one father and one mother were, on some beautiful day, doing their work in the field.

'The great brother gave an order to the little brother, saying, "Go away from here, and fetch me seed-corn from the village." The little brother went to find the wife of his great brother, and found her sitting and

[1] See before, p. 66.

busy plaiting her hair. And he said to her, "Rise and give me seed-corn, that I may return to the field, for my great brother has commanded me, saying, 'Hasten back to me and do not tarry.'" And the woman said to him, "Go and open the seed-chest, that thou mayest take what thy heart desires, and that my hair may not be unfastened while I go."

'Then the youth went to his chamber to fetch a large measure, for he wished to carry off as much seed as possible. After he had loaded himself with barley and buck-wheat, he marched away with his heavy burden. But the woman stood in his way and said, "How heavy is the burden?" He answered, "Three bushels of buck-wheat and two bushels of barley; together they are five bushels that rest on my shoulders."

'Thus he spoke to her, and she laid hold of him and said, "Let us rest for an hour. I shall give thee precious garments and all that is most beautiful."

'But the youth became furious at this base proposal, like a panther from the South, and she was very much terrified, yes, very much. And he addressed her, saying, "Look, thou, O woman, hast been to me like a mother, and thy husband like a father, because he is older than I, and he has brought me up. Is it not a great sin what thou hast said to me? Never repeat that speech. Then no man shall hear a word of it out of my mouth."

'Then he lifted his burden and walked to the field, and came to his great brother and they found plenty of work to do. And when the evening drew near, his great brother returned home, but his little brother remained with the flock, laden with all the good

things of the field. And he led the flock home, that it might rest in the stable in the village.

'But lo, the wife of his great brother was afraid on account of the proposal which she had made to the little brother. And she swallowed a potful of fat, and became as one who was sick, for she wished her husband to think that she was sick on account of his little brother.

'And when her husband came home in the evening and entered the house, as was his wont, he found his wife lying on her couch, as if going to die. She did not pour water over his hands, according to custom, nor did she light the lamp before him, so that the house was dark. And she lay still and was sick.

'Then her husband said to her, "Who has spoken to thee?" And she answered, "No one has spoken to me except thou and thy little brother. When he came home to fetch the seed, he found me alone and asked me to rest with him for an hour. But I did not listen to him, and said, 'Am I not thy mother, and is not thy great brother to thee like a father?' Thus I spake to him, but he did not mind my words, but beat me, that I should not inform thee. Now, if you allow him to live, I shall kill myself."'

Professor Prugsch thinks that we have to recognise in this popular Egyptian story the source of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, as preserved to us in the Book of Genesis. Most students of folk-lore will probably agree with him; but I think we ought to pause. We may admit that it is possible, that it is probable; but we cannot say that it is proven.

There is one objection pointed out by Professor Brugsch himself. He says that such names as *Potiphar* never occur in Egyptian before the ninth century, and that therefore Moses himself could never have heard the name of *Potiphar* and his wife. *Potiphar* in Egyptian means the gift of the god *Ra*, from *puti*, gift, and *ra*, the god *Ra*, with the article *p*. It would, therefore, have meant the same as the Greek name *Heliodoros*. Professor Brugsch is, no doubt, a very high authority on such matters, perhaps the highest. Still it seems to me that very important arguments have been brought forward to show that proper names, formed on the same lines as Potiphar, do occur at a much earlier time. On this point we must wait for Professor Brugsch's reply. But even if he were right on this point, folk-lorists would say that the story in Genesis might still have been borrowed from Egyptian, because no scholar now maintains that the text of Genesis, as we possess it, is older than the ninth century, or that it was written down much before the sixth century B.C.

What makes me feel doubtful whether the story in Genesis was really borrowed from the Egyptian story is something different. It is the peculiar character of the Egyptian story. The sinfulness of the Egyptian woman consists not so much in her falling in love with a stranger, as in her almost incestuous passion for her husband's younger brother, who had the same father and the same mother, and to whom she herself had been like a mother. These characteristic features are entirely absent in the story of Potiphar's wife. She is simply a frail woman, the wife of a captain of the guard; and I must leave it to my friends the

folk-lorists to determine whether there could only have been one Potiphar's wife in the whole ancient history of Egypt, or whether the chapter of accidents and accidental coincidences is not larger than we imagine.

Having thus shown by a few examples how near the language, the literature, the religion, and even the folk-lore of India, Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt have been brought to us, and how closely they touch even some of the burning questions of our own time, I should like, by way of contrast, to say a few words about China. China claims to possess the most ancient literature of the world, but you see that its extreme old age, supposing it were granted, has proved as yet of very little attraction. Chinese studies are confined to a very small number of scholars. The public at large, which is always ready and anxious to listen to anything new or old from India, from Babylon, Nineveh, or from Egypt, takes little notice as yet of the sayings and doings of the old emperors of China.

Why is that? Because there are no intellectual bonds that unite us with ancient China. We have received nothing from the Chinese. There is no electric contact between the white and the yellow race. It has not been brought near to our hearts. China is simply old, very old, that is, remote and strange. If Chinese scholars would bring the ancient literature near to us, if they would show us something in it that really concerns us, something that is not merely old but eternally young, Chinese studies would soon take their place in public estimation by the side of Indo-European, Babylonian, and Egyptian scholarship. There is no reason why China should remain so

strange, so far removed from our common interests. There is much to be learnt, for instance, in watching the origin and growth of the Chinese system of writing. There is more of psychology and logic to be gathered from the pictorial representation of thought in China than from many lengthy treatises on the origin of language and the classification of concepts. Chinese religion also is a subject well worth the serious attention of the theologian, and the very contrast between their philosophy and our own might teach us at least that one useful lesson that there is more to be learnt even there than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

If the facts which I have so far placed before you are true, what follows? It follows that Oriental scholarship must no longer rely on the old saying that distance lends enchantment to the scene. Mere distance, mere antiquity, mere strangeness, will not secure to it a lasting hold on our affections.

Unless the scholar has a heart, and unless he can discover something in the ancient world that appeals to our hearts, his labour will be in vain. The world will pass by, after a cursory glance at our mummies, and will take its lantern, if possibly it may find a man, somewhere else. It is sometimes supposed that physical science as distinguished from historical science, the study of the works of nature as kept apart from the study of the works of man, possesses great advantages. It deals with tangible facts, it clears up many mysteries, and it often leads to useful and lucrative discoveries. All that is true. But I confess I wonder how my old friend Renan, who has done so much to make the study of Eastern antiquity a living study, could have expressed a regret

at having dedicated his life and energies to Oriental languages and not to chemistry. Man has been, is, and always will be, the centre of the world, the measurer of all things. Take even the chemist's atoms. Who made them? who thought and named them? Nature gives us no atoms. Nature knows nothing that is not divisible. Men postulated atoms in spite of nature; and that fundamental concept, that belief in the infinite, in the infinitely small, as well as in the infinitely great, is more important to a thoughtful student than the whole table of atoms of the chemist.

It is man who has to find the key to all the mysteries of nature, and when all these mysteries have been solved, there still remains the greatest mystery of all mysteries—*man*. However much we may forget it when absorbed in minute researches, man is, and will always remain, the hidden subject of all our thoughts.

Philosophers imagine that they can study man in the abstract, or that they are able to discover all his secrets by introspection. Much, no doubt, has been achieved by that method; but, at the very best, all it can teach us is what man is, not how man has come to be what he is. To solve this problem, the most important of all problems that concern us, our age has discovered a new method, the *historical method*. What is called the Historical School has taken possession not only of philosophy, but likewise of the wide fields of language, mythology, religion, customs, and laws. The study of all these subjects has been completely reformed—has received a fresh foundation and a new life by being based on historical research, and by being pervaded by the historical spirit.

Here, then, in the study of the past lies the bright future of Oriental studies. Let Oriental scholars remember that they have to work for a great object, and let them never mistake the means for the end. That is the danger that besets Oriental more than any other studies. It is, no doubt, very creditable to learn to read hieroglyphics, to understand cuneiform inscriptions, to decipher the language of the Vedic hymns, to read Arabic, Persian, or Hebrew. But unless, while engaged in our special studies, whatever they may be, we can contribute some stones, however small, to the building of that temple which is dedicated to the knowledge of man, and therefore to the knowledge of God, we are but beasts of burden, carrying, it may be, heavy loads, but throwing them down by the road, where they are more likely to impede than to help the progress of true knowledge. Give us men who are not only scholars but thinkers, men like Sir W. Jones and Colebrooke in England, like Champollion and Eugène Burnouf in France, like Schlegel and Humboldt in Germany, and Oriental scholarship will soon take the place that of right belongs to it among the studies of mankind. Man loves man. Discover what is truly human, not only what is old, in India, Persia, Arabia, in Babylon and Nineveh, in Egypt—aye, and in China also—and Oriental studies will not only become popular—that may be worth very little—but they will become helpful to the attainment of man's highest aim on earth, which is to study man, to know man, and, with all his weaknesses and follies, to learn to love man.

A LECTURE IN DEFENCE OF LECTURES[1].

IT is very satisfactory to watch the steady and healthy growth of anything, whether it be a tree in our garden, or a child in our family, or some good work in which we have been allowed to take an active share. In this life so many plans that seem excellent in themselves are doomed to failure, that we feel all the more grateful whenever one of them succeeds.

When some years ago my friends first explained to me their plan of extending the benefits of University teaching to a wider area, and when at a later time they suggested the idea of inviting those who had attended the lectures given by members of our University in different centres, to spend some weeks in this centre of all centres, within the ancient ivy-clad walls of Oxford, I must confess that I did not feel very confident of success. Still it seemed to me a plan worth trying, if only in order to prove that the Universities, which enjoy so many ancient privileges, are always ready to respond to any demand which the country at large may make on them in the interest of national education and general enlightenment.

The success of this experiment has been much

[1] Inaugural address delivered at the Opening of the Oxford University Extension Lectures, August 1, 1890.

greater than any of us could have expected. It has really taken even the most sanguine among us by surprise.

Think that these Oxford University Extension Lectures were started only five years ago. In 1885 to 1886 we began with 27 courses; in the year 1889 to 1890 the number of courses had risen to 148. In the first year the number of places which invited our lecturers was 21; in the last year the number of so-called centres was 109. We do not know what was the exact number of students in the first year, from 1885 to 1886. But last year the number of students reported by the local committees as being in average attendance amounted to 17,904.

This surely is not what the French call *une quantité négligeable*. It exceeds, I believe, the number of students at all the Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland taken together. And what is more important still, attendance on all these courses of lectures is purely voluntary; nay, it often entails an effort and a sacrifice of time and money, and it does not cost the country a single penny. I know that some of my friends consider that we have a very strong claim on Government assistance. I do not deny it: All I say is that nothing gives us such confidence in the healthy growth of what we may call the *People's University*, as seeing it walk so vigorously without the help of crutches.

But this very success ought to make us careful, ought to make us consider whether we are really doing the best we can. We have had, no doubt, the approval of the most competent judges, but we have also had our critics, and all through life I have always

found it far more useful to listen to those who are against us than to those who are with us.

You are aware that the system of imparting instruction by means of lectures. the system on which we chiefly rely, has for some time been subjected to an uncompromising criticism. Lectures are said to be a mere survival of the Middle Ages. Before the invention of printing, and so long as MSS. were rare, it is admitted that teaching could only be carried on by word of mouth. It has been so from the time of Pythagoras and Plato to the time of Justinian, in Greece and in Rome; it is so to the present day among the Brâhmans of India, who, if they adhere to their ancient orthodox system of education, have to learn their sacred writings, the Vedas, from the mouth of a teacher, and not from a MS., still less from a printed book.

But it is now four centuries and a-half since printing was invented. Books have not only been rendered accessible, but they have in our days become so cheap that it certainly entails less expense of money and time to buy a book and read it than to attend a course of lectures. We are told, therefore, that the time for oral teaching has gone by, and that we are fighting against the spirit of the age in trying to maintain, and even to extend, the antiquated system of imparting instruction by means of public lectures.

This sounds very plausible, nay, I am willing to admit, it contains some truth, but not, as we shall see, the whole truth. We may readily admit that the old style of lecturing admits of improvement, but we need not therefore discard lecturing altogether as used up, useless, nay, even mischievous.

First of all, it is quite clear that the system of oral instruction will always remain the only possible system with boys and girls at school. Try to imagine what schools would be with books only, and without masters! To the boys it might seem an earthly paradise, to others, I fear, more like the opposite place. It is difficult enough with the best of teachers and the most attractive of books to lead our young barbarians to the water and to make them drink. Without a master to guide them, to help them, to drive them, to coax them, if not to cram them, I am afraid that but few would slake their thirst at the fountain of knowledge of their own free will.

We need not dwell on this point. Everybody admits it. But it may be useful to remember that, during that early stage at all events, the personal element, the human influence of the teacher, is altogether indispensable.

The question with which *we* have to deal is whether that human influence is, if not indispensable, at all events useful at a later stage also, or whether a system which has proved itself useful at school becomes, for some reason or other, really hurtful at the Universities, and if at the Universities, then all the more so in our attempt at extending the benefits of University teaching to larger classes, who of necessity remain debarred from some very important advantages of our academic life.

That lectures have their drawbacks who would deny? I have suffered in my youth from lectures as a passive hearer, and I am well aware how often I must have inflicted the same suffering on other passive hearers by my own lectures in later life.

Let us openly confess what these drawbacks are.

First of all, most lectures are too long. A whole hour is very long, even for a sermon, which we may follow with our eyes closed; it is certainly too long for a lecture that requires us to be wide awake from beginning to end. It is generally the last quarter of an hour that does all the mischief, that makes us impatient, dissatisfied, angry—that often ruins the very best of lectures. I strongly recommend, therefore, the remedy which has been accepted in all German Universities, the so-called *Academic Quarter*. The German professor begins punctually at a quarter-past and ends punctually as the clock strikes. This gives the German students a quarter of an hour breathing time—I won't say, smoking time—between two lectures.

Secondly, our audiences are generally too large, or, I should rather say, they are too mixed. This is a very serious drawback, particularly from the lecturer's point of view. If we aim at one target we may possibly hit it; if we have to aim at two or three or four, we are almost sure to miss them all. Here also I speak feelingly. It might be supposed that in a university which is protected by a matriculation examination, this difficulty did not exist. But it does exist. We have in Oxford the ablest and best-taught young men, who need not fear comparison with the first-class men of any other country. But we have also a very large number of students to whom real academic teaching can be of no use whatever. To them professorial lectures, as I know from sad experiences, are hurtful rather than useful. Often when in former days I looked over the notes of some

of my pupils or listened to their questions, I was perfectly amazed at the utter confusion of thought. Not only had what I said been completely misunderstood, but I seemed to have laboured for a whole hour in order to inculcate the very opposite of what I wished to convey.

I shall give you one instance of what happened to me—not at Oxford, for one ought not to tell tales out of school—but at the Royal Institution in London. The audience there is certainly the most enlightened, the most brilliant, the most learned and critical audience one has to face anywhere in the world—but it is mixed.

Years ago, when it was still necessary to prove that Hebrew was not the primitive language of all mankind, I had devoted a whole lecture to showing the impossibility of this opinion. I explained how it arose, and I placed before my audience a complete genealogical tree of the Aryan and Semitic languages, where everybody could see with his own eyes the place which Hebrew really holds in the historical pedigree of human speech.

After the lecture was over one of my audience came up to me to shake hands and thank me for having shown so clearly how all languages, including Sanskrit and English, were derived from Hebrew, the language spoken in Paradise by Adam and Eve.

Imagine my consternation! I well remember how I went to Faraday, who had listened to my lecture, and told him that after that it really was no use lecturing any more. He smiled, and with a twinkle in his dark eyes, he said: 'You need not complain. I have been lecturing in this Institution for many

years, and over and over again, after I have explained and shown before their very eyes how water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, some stately dowager will march up to me after the lecture and say in a confidential whisper, "Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that this water here in your tumbler is nothing but hydrogen and oxygen?" Go on lecturing,' he said, 'something will always stick.'

I believe Faraday was right. Something will always stick, and light will sometimes spring from the very densest confusion of thought in which a pupil leaves the lecture-room. Still a large and mixed audience is a real evil, and I do not see why our Society should not devise some means of sifting and dividing audiences, instead of depending altogether on the all-powerful principle of natural selection, which no doubt will keep most people away from lectures that seem to them both useless and tedious.

All other objections, however, which have been raised against the usefulness of lectures, our delegacy has carefully considered, and, as I hope to be able to show, has met as successfully as they can be met.

It has been said that, when there is a really good book, it is better to read that book than to attend a course of lectures.

This sounds very plausible, no doubt. The best book on any subject must contain more valuable and more trustworthy information than can possibly be claimed by any of the ninety-nine professors who lecture on the same subject. But supposing that there is such a best book—one of those mythical Hundred Best Books of which we have heard so much of late—that book may be a monument of

industry, a storehouse of learning, a perfect work of genius, but is it the best book, therefore, for the purposes of teaching? No man will become a painter by looking at a Raphael. No one will become a musician by listening to a symphony of Beethoven. And no one will become a philosopher by pondering over the pages of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.' A young man may not want the same amount of guidance as a boy, but he wants help, advice, encouragement, and human sympathy, and these he can get from a man only, not from a book.

It has been said that in reading a book we can sit and ponder silently over a difficult passage, we can turn back to a former chapter, and wait till the fog has lifted and the air has become clear again, while a professor has to talk on for ever and ever, without stopping. Now it is quite true, we cannot interrupt a professor and say: 'Stop, stop, sir, I have not quite taken in your argument.' But surely a professor who is worth his salt will himself pause occasionally, will go over the same ground again, because he feels, nay he sees, if he has eyes to see, from the bewildered looks of his pupils, that he has not treated the subject quite successfully.

I remember professors who lectured on Metaphysics — for instance, Professor Weisse at Leipzig, who paused very often, who seemed, indeed, to wrestle, like Jacob with the angel, till he found the right name and the right words for what he wished to say. It was often like an intellectual stammer and stutter, and yet that very stammer and stutter has left a deep impression on my mind of an honest thinker, of a real wrestler with truth.

Every professor in Germany publishes books, but he seldom publishes his lectures. I do not think that this arises from the sordid motive attributed to him, that he does not like to part with the goose that lays the golden eggs. It arises chiefly from the fact that if written at all, his lectures are written in a didactic, conversational, a Socratic style. Besides they must always contain so much that has been said by others that there seldom is any demand for such lectures outside the lecture-room. In cases where they have been published, generally after a professor's death, they have seldom added much to his reputation, though, of course, there are exceptions, such as, for instance, 'Niebuhr's Lectures,' published by my late friend, Dr. Schmitz. They are certainly more readable and more enjoyable than his 'History of Rome.'

Much, however, depends, of course, on the lecturer. It is by no means necessary that every lecturer should be an original genius, a great discoverer, or an eloquent orator. What is necessary is that he should be an honest man, a man who has acquired his knowledge by patient study, who has made it entirely his own, and who feels so perfectly at home in his own subject that he is willing to answer any reasonable questions that may be addressed to him, without being ashamed to say occasionally, 'I don't know.' That kind of lecturer does not simply teach facts; his object is to teach how to master the facts, how to arrange, how to digest, how to remember them. He knows his own struggles in acquiring knowledge, and he fights, as it were, his own battles over once more before the eyes of his pupils. If he has faith in what

he teaches, his voice appeals more powerfully to our imagination than a silent page. No italics, no signs of exclamation, can equal in impressiveness the natural emphasis of conviction that issues at times, like an electric current, from the voice of a teacher, or even of the most unimpassioned preacher.

We must not forget that there is room for preaching as well as for teaching lectures. When we want to stimulate interest before we convey information, we have to plead for our subject, we have to exhibit its charms, expound its usefulness, and show our pupils how they themselves may in time take their place in the noble army for the conquest of truth. No doubt a book also may sometimes kindle enthusiasm, but the shortest and safest way from the heart to the heart is, and always will be, the human voice.

Most of our own lectures here are no doubt meant to be teaching lectures. And with regard to them I quite agree with our critics that they ought to be based on a text-book. A teacher should either dictate the outlines of his lectures, or he should prepare a very full syllabus, giving what may be called by an ugly name the skeleton of his lectures, which by his oral teaching he has to endow with flesh, with muscles and nerves and life. Such a syllabus ought likewise to contain bibliographical notices, recommending certain books or portions of books for private study—nay, if it were not too invidious, giving warnings also against useless books. The time that is wasted by students in the country by reading useless, stupid, nay, mischievous books is incredible. I know it from numerous letters which I receive, and which I have

often to answer by saying, 'Try to forget all that you have read in that book.'

I must not mention these books by name. Some of them are very popular, and enjoy a large circulation. I can only say that some of them are intended to prove the descent of the Anglo-Saxon race from the Lost Tribes of Israel. I never could understand why so many people, particularly old ladies, should be so anxious to prove themselves lineal descendants of these lost tribes. Another favourite subject which attracts a large number of readers, to judge from the numerous letters which I receive, is Esoteric Buddhism. I always recommend as an antidote a dose of Exoteric Buddhism, of real historical Buddhism, as we find it in the sacred books of its numerous sects. But, alas! to most people esoteric sounds so much better than exoteric, and fiction is so much more attractive than dry facts! Next follow books, pamphlets, and even regular journals on Spiritism, Mesmerism, Fetishism, Comtism, and all the rest, and the amount of mischief that is done by these different propagandas is incalculable.

But even if the compilers of a syllabus should be afraid of issuing such warnings, a new kind of an *Index expurgatorius* of ignorant or really dangerous books, their recommendation of useful books would prevent many of the accidents which, we are told, happen to those who attend public lectures. With a syllabus in his hands no hearer need carry away wrong dates or misspelt names. The misfortune that happened to a student of metaphysics, who spelt the Universal I or Ego, *Eye*, is ludicrous, no doubt. But is it really so serious as it seems? Would there really be much

difference between the Universal I or *Ego* and the Universal Eye or *Oculus*? Both are metaphors, and it seems to me the Universal Eye or Percipient would convey much the same lesson as the Universal I or Ego, that is, the universal *person*, the *persona*, literally, the mask. Still, I quite admit we must not spell I, *eye*; it is not even phonetic spelling.

I doubt whether those who profess an entire want of confidence in our so-called Extension-lectures are really aware of all the pains that are taken in order to ensure the efficiencyof our lectures.

Remember what our lecturers have to do. They have, first of all, to prepare a very elaborate syllabus. They have then to lecture a whole hour before a somewhat mixed audience. They have then to go over the same subject with those who remain for another hour, answer questions, and give advice for private reading. Before they give their next public lecture they have to examine essays and answers to questions sent in by their pupils, and again advise and direct them in their home work. At the end of each course, consisting of six, of twelve, sometimes of twenty such lectures, examiners are appointed to test the progress made by the pupils, and those only who have satisfied both the examiners and the lecturers have a right to receive a certificate. I really doubt whether our critics could be aware of all these safeguards which our delegacy has devised in order to make these University lectures really effective. I confess I do not see what fault even the most captious critic can find with them. Anyhow, if a book by itself could really do all that we try to do by means of lectures *and* books, I doubt whether our

lecturers would have been so thoroughly appreciated in the various provincial centres as they evidently have been hitherto. *Si argumentum quaeris, circumspice!*

And as to our annual gatherings here at Oxford, though they have been called mere picnics, we know that they are more than that, and that they have borne good fruit. They are no doubt intended as a mixture of what is sweet and what is useful. A fortnight or a month spent at Oxford at the best time of the year is certainly delightful, and it is meant to be so. But I believe it is also a lesson, and, it may be, a very important lesson. The mere sight of our venerable and beautiful University, so full of historical memories, wherever you look, must leave on those who come to visit us an impression of reverence for what is old and of sympathy for what is young. Ruins are very eloquent, but Oxford is not all ruins. You all know the story of the young American lady who was lost in admiration in the cloisters of Magdalen College. Suddenly a window was opened, and a young man looked out. 'O, my!' she exclaimed, 'are these ruins inhabited?' Yes, they are inhabited; these old ruins of ours are full of young life. I remember many years ago another visitor at Oxford, Frederick William IV, the King of Prussia. He also was lost in admiration of our ruins. 'Gentlemen,' he said, when he left us, 'Oxford is a wonderful place; everything old in it is young, everything young is old.'

In these few words you have the whole secret of the political and social life of England—reverence for the past, faith in the future. And here is a lesson

which Oxford can teach and does teach without any lecturer and without any book.

But let it not be supposed that these summer meetings are all play and no work. If you look at the programme of our lectures this year, you will see how carefully they have been arranged, and if you look at our lecture-rooms you will see how zealously these lectures are attended.

But you must not expect that lectures can work miracles. It requires two people to make a lecture: one who is willing to teach and one who is anxious to learn. Lectures run off like water from a duck's back, or, as the Hindus say, like rain from a lotus leaf, unless we are determined to drink them in; and, not only to drink them in, but, in the true sense of the word, to masticate, to denticate, to chump, and to grind them, and then only to swallow them. It is not enough to be simply passive or receptive, while listening to a lecturer. We should be active ourselves, nay, even independent, and always try to combine the new knowledge which we receive with the old knowledge which we already possess. I do not mean to say that our attitude in listening to a lecturer should always be sceptical or captious. Far from it. But it should always be free and critical, and critical not so much with regard to facts as with regard to words.

There are many facts which we must all accept on trust. Life would be too short if every one had to go step by step through the whole process by which the knowledge of certain events has reached us. There are few scholars, I believe, who could explain by what process of chronological calculation even so simple a fact as the date of the battle of Marathon has been

established; still fewer who could tell how it has been proved that Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion, was preaching about the same time in India the doctrines of a new faith. We know that there are scholars who have devoted their whole attention to special subjects, and who could tell us how to determine the date when the Old Testament was for the first time reduced to writing; how to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious books of Aristotle; how to prove, what sounds at first almost incredible, that English is intimately related with Sanskrit, and how to silence those who represent Sanskrit literature as a mere forgery of wily Brâhmans. But unless we feel ourselves specially interested in any one of these questions, we must accept the answers on the authority of special students, just as many of us accept the Copernican system of the world and Newton's law of gravitation, without being able to defend either the one or the other against all gainsayers.

It is not so much with regard to facts as with regard to words that we have to assert our independence. Words are the wings of our mind, but they often become the most dangerous snares.

When last year I had the pleasure of delivering before this meeting some lectures on the Science of Language [1], my chief object was to warn you against the snares of words, and, at all events, to call your attention to the superlative importance of language in all the operations of our mind. If language and thought are inseparable, if they are but the two sides of one and the same process, it must be clear how

[1] 'Three Lectures on the Science of Language,' Longmans, 1889.

much accuracy of thought depends on accuracy of language.

Now, I am glad to say, these lectures of mine were listened to as all lectures ought to be listened to, in an independent and a critical spirit. Some of my hearers found it hard to give up the usual terminology which distinguishes between language and thought, as we distinguish between body and soul. It required an effort with many to adopt the old Greek terminology, which has but one term, *Logos*, both for language and for thought. They did not see at once that worded thought or *Logos* is but the highest sphere of our mental life, and lays no claim on the lower strata, such as perception, emotion, intuition, calculation, which do not require the help of language, and which, therefore, we share in common with the dumb creation. But all of my correspondents—some of them quite as intelligent as my critics in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary Review*—came to see in the end that what is called discursive thought was altogether impossible and inconceivable without language.

As all lectures have, we may hope, to deal with discursive and deliberate thought, let me impress once more on my hearers that they should themselves deliberate on the words in which information is conveyed to them. It is chiefly by taking so many words on trust that we find ourselves entangled in so many difficulties, so many contradictions, or, to use a Kantian phrase, so many antinomies of thought. Consider that the materials of our knowledge, the objects around us, have always been the same. Consider that the instruments of our knowledge, call them the senses,

the understanding, the reason, or anything else, are likewise the same. How, then, can we account for the fact that every system of philosophy, from Thales to Kant, is contradicted by another system? It is chiefly, if not entirely, language that has thrown the apple of discord among us. We call the same thing by different names, and different things by the same name, and then we wonder that, as at the time of the Tower of Babel, so even now, we do not understand one another's speech.

But this is neither the time nor the place for a lecture on metaphysics. Nor is it so much from philosophical or technical terms that the evil of confused thought, or what is called intellectual fog, arises. Some of the most familiar terms are really causing the greatest mischief, terms which look so simple, so innocent, that it seems almost an impertinence to ask them what they are and what they mean.

Take such a term as *heredity*. If a child has blue eyes and the father has blue eyes, of course the child has inherited the father's blue eyes. If the child has brown eyes and the mother has brown eyes—again, the child has, of course, inherited the mother's brown eyes. And if the child has green eyes, and neither his father nor his mother was a green-eyed monster, nevertheless the eyes of the child are again inherited. Their green colour is due either to some obscure mixture of blue and brown, or to some atavismal influence, going back ever so far. Heredity, you see, is always right; it cannot possibly be wrong, whatever happens.

Yet it requires but little reflection to see that heredity, as applied to peculiarities of body and mind,

is one of the boldest of poetical metaphors which, as I said, form both the wings and the snares of that strange bird which we call our mind. What we want is a definition of heredity, when applied either to acquired or to non-acquired peculiarities of living beings. Those who had the advantage of listening to some thoughtful lectures on heredity, delivered here last year, will remember how difficult a subject heredity really is, and how carefully it has to be defined and subdivided before it can be used for sound, scientific speculation.

Another word used at random, which seems to explain everything and really explains nothing, is *race*. If you ask what is meant by that word, you are generally told that race means blood, common blood. But we are told, not only in the Bible, but by Darwin also, that the whole human race is of the same blood, and we know that, if it were otherwise, such has been—in historic and pre-historic times—the mixture of blood by war, extirpation, captivity, and migration, that a race, or a family, or a single individual of unmixed blood, would in these latter days be an utter impossibility. What applies to blood, applies to bones, skull, hair, skin, and all that constitutes the outward character of an organic being. And yet this undefined word race is called in to explain almost anything. Historians will tell us that the Jews worshipped one God, because they belonged to the Semitic race, and the Semitic race has a monotheistic instinct. Politicians will tell us that the Irish and the Welsh hate union with England because they belong to the Celtic race, and Celtic blood has an instinctive aversion to Saxon blood. All this is meta-

phor, nothing but metaphor. No chemist can distinguish, as yet, between Semitic and Aryan, or between Celtic and Saxon blood. No physiologist can define what he means by an Aryan or Semitic skull, by Aryan or Semitic hair, by Aryan or Semitic coloured skin. What holds these so-called races together is not common blood or common bone, or common hair, but the intellectual bond of a common language, of a common literature, or of a common religion, in fact, of common long-continued historical traditions. If race is once defined in that sense, lectures on racial peculiarities or similarities will become really useful, far more so than if the word is accepted as an inexplicable something which nevertheless has to explain everything.

And what applies to race applies to *species* also. Darwin, as you know, has written a whole book on the 'Origin of Species,' without ever giving, so far as I remember, any real definition of what is meant by that term. If I understand the drift of his argument rightly, what he has really proved in his 'Origin of Species' is that in nature there is no room for species at all. Nature knows of individuals and of genera. Individuals, in order to be individuals, must differ from each other, however slight and imperceptible their differences may be. For our own purposes, we may call individuals which share certain more or less stable peculiarities in common, species. But no species has an independent existence in nature, apart from the genus to which it belongs. Species are entirely of our own making; they are names by which we comprehend and classify individuals, belonging to the same genus, and sharing certain more

or less variable peculiarities in common. If we once see this clearly, then we can enter into the true spirit of Darwin's speculations, and see how intimately they are connected with the oldest problems that have occupied the mind of man—how to name, that is, how to know, the endless variety of the phenomenal world.

Take whatever words you like, and you will find that they require to be examined from time to time. You remember how when we start on a railway journey there is a tapping noise all along the line of carriages. It arises from a man striking each wheel with an iron hammer, to see whether it is sound and has the right ring. That is what we ought to do with our words, at least with the more important ones, before we start on a course of reading, or while we are attending a course of lectures. We ought from time to time to tap our words with the iron hammer of the Science of Language, to see whether they have the right ring. How often of late, when listening to the wrangling about Home Rule, have I said to myself, 'Oh, that some one, whoever he be, would tap that word, and give us a definition of what is meant and what is not meant by Home Rule.' Nothing would be more useful for shortening the Sessions of Parliament. Or, when theologians are for ever disputing about inspiration, how much bad blood and bad language might be saved if some Bishop or Archbishop would give us an accurate definition of inspiration, so that we might know once for all what is comprehended by that name and what is not.

Though I have tried to defend lectures, and have endeavoured to show how even in these days, when the deluge of books seems to have set in, we cannot

do without lectures, I must admit that there is with lectures, more particularly with eloquent lectures, this great danger, that they produce too implicit a deference to authority. *Jurare in verba magistri*, to swear by the words of a professor, is a real danger, against which we must be on our guard. And the best safeguard is that which the Science of Language supplies in showing us the intimate connexion between language and thought, and letting us see how words arise, how they change from generation to generation, how they grow old and corrupt, and have often to be discarded altogether. Words will govern us unless we govern them. This is perhaps the most valuable lesson which the Science of Language has taught us. It is not a new lesson, but it is a lesson which has to be inculcated again and again, on the teacher as well as on the learner. Most of those who, not without a considerable effort, have come to attend our lectures, are men and women who have thought for themselves, who have grappled with time-honoured watchwords, who have retained their faith in some, and have rejected others. I congratulate our lecturers on having such classes to teach, where they may reckon on a genuine desire to learn, and, at the same time, on a strong independence of thought in accepting instruction. And I doubt not that while teachers and learners are exploring together in this place, the ruins of ancient thought, and the labyrinths of modern science, they will feel the silent influence of Oxford, and take to heart the lesson which our University has taught to so many generations of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen—respect for what is old and the warmest sympathy for what is new and true.

SOME LESSONS OF ANTIQUITY[1].

A WELL-KNOWN student once expressed his admiration for Oxford, by saying that it would be Paradise Regained, if only the Long Vacation lasted the whole year. But remember, he was not an idle Fellow, but one of those who construe *vacare* with a dative, when it means to be free from all interruptions for the pursuit of study. Well, this peaceful sanctuary of Oxford was suddenly changed last summer into a perfect bee-hive. The Colleges, the libraries, the gardens, the streets, the river were all swarming with visitors. As the clock struck, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, streams of gentlemen and ladies were seen coming out and going back to the lecture-rooms. Every lecture-room was as full as it could hold, and the eager faces and the quick-moving pens and pencils showed that the students had come on earnest business bent. It was in fact a realised dream of what a University might be, or what it ought to be, perhaps, what it will be again, when the words of our President are taken to heart that 'man needs knowledge, not only as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life.'

[1] An Address delivered at the Mansion House, February 23, 1889, before the Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

This sudden metamorphosis of Oxford was due to the first meeting of students under the University Extension system. They had been invited to reside in Oxford for the first ten days in August. Nearly a thousand availed themselves of this invitation, of whom about seven hundred were University Extension students from the Oxford, Cambridge, and London centres. Sixty-one lectures were delivered during the ten days, on literature, history, economics, and science. Besides these lectures, conferences were held for discussing questions connected with extended University teaching. All these lectures and conferences were remarkably well attended from beginning to end, and yet there was time for afternoon excursions and social gatherings. The antiquities of Oxford, the Colleges, libraries and chapels, were well explored, generally under the guidance of the Head or the Fellows of each College. The success of the whole undertaking, thanks very much to the exertions of Mr. Sadler and Mr. Hewins, was so brilliant that at the end of the meeting it was unanimously decided to repeat the experiment next year.

To my mind that gathering at Oxford, though it was but little noticed by the outer world, was an historical event, the beginning of a new era in the history of national education. And I rejoiced that this new growth should have sprung from the old Universities, because it had thus secured a natural soil and an historical foundation on which to strike root, to grow, and to flourish.

There is no doubt a strong feeling abroad that the instruction which is given by the old Universities is antiquated and useless in the fierce struggle for exist-

ence. We are told that we teach dead languages, dead literatures, dead philosophy, as if there could be such a thing as a dead language, a dead literature, a dead philosophy. Is Greek a dead language? It lives not only in the spoken Greek, it runs like fire through the veins of all European speech. Is Homer, is Aeschylos, is Sophocles a dead poet? They live in Milton, Racine, and Goethe, and I defy any one to understand and enjoy even such living poets as Tennyson or Browning without having breathed at school or at the Universities, the language and thought of those ancient classics. Is Plato a dead philosopher? It is impossible for two or three philosophers to gather together without Plato being in the midst of them.

I should say, on the contrary, that all living languages, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead, if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil. What is the life-blood of French, Italian, and Spanish, if not Latin? You may call French an old and wizened speech, not Latin. You may call Comte's philosophy effete, but not that of Aristotle. You may see signs of degeneracy in the mushroom growth of our modern novels, not in the fresh and life-like idylls of Nausikaa or Penelope.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not want everybody to be a classical scholar or antiquarian, but I hold that it is the duty of all university teaching never to lose touch with the past. It seems to me the highest aim of all knowledge to try to understand what is, by learning how it has come to be what it is. That is the true meaning of history, and that

seems to me the kind of knowledge which schools and universities are called upon to cultivate and to teach. I believe it is in the end the more useful knowledge also. It is safe and sound, and by being safe and sound, it not only enriches the intellect, but it forms and strengthens the character of a man. A man who knows what honest and thorough knowledge means, in however small a sphere, will never allow himself to be a mere dabbler or smatterer, whatever subject he may have to deal with in later life. He may abstain, but he will not venture in.

What is the original meaning of all instruction? It is tradition. It was from the beginning the handing over of the experience of one generation to the other, the establishment of some kind of continuity between the past, the present, and the future. This most primitive form of education and instruction marks everywhere the beginning of civilised life and the very dawn of history.

History begins when the father explains to his son how the small world in which he has to live came to be what it is; when the present generation accepts the inheritance of the past, and hands down a richer heirloom to the future; when, in fact, the present feels itself connected and almost identified with the future and the past. It is this solidarity, as the French call it, this consciousness of a common responsibility, which distinguishes the civilised and historical from the uncivilised and unhistorical races of the world.

There are races for whom the ideas of the past and the future seem hardly to exist. We call them uncivilised races, savages, ephemeral beings that are born and die without leaving any trace behind them.

The only bond which connects them with the past is their language, possibly their religion, and a few customs and traditions which descend to their successors without any effort on either side.

But there were other races—not many—who cared for the future and the past, who were learners and teachers, the founders of civilised life, and the first makers of history. Such were the Egyptians and the Babylonians, and those who afterwards followed their example, the Persians, Greeks, and Romans. To us it seems quite natural that the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians should have erected monuments of an almost indestructible character and covered them with inscriptions to tell, not only the next generation, but all generations to come, what they had achieved during their short sojourn on earth. Why should they and they alone have conceived such an idea? The common answer is, because they possessed the art of writing. But the truer answer would be that they invented and perfected the art of writing because they had something to say and something to write, because they wished to communicate something to their children, their grandchildren, and to generations to come.

They would have carried out their object even without hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic alphabets. For we see that even among so-called savage tribes, in some of the Polynesian islands, for instance, a desire to perpetuate their deeds manifests itself in a kind of epic or historical poetry. These poems tell of wars, of victories and defeats, of conquests and treaties of peace. As writing is unknown in these islands, they are committed to memory and entrusted to the safe keeping of a separate caste who are, as it were, the

living archives of the island. They are the highest authorities on questions of disputed succession, on the doubtful landmarks of tribes, and the boundaries of families. And these poems are composed according to such strict rules and preserved with such minute care, that when they have to be recited as evidence on disputed frontiers, any fraudulent alteration would easily be detected. Mere prose evidence is regarded as no evidence; it must be poetical, metrical, and archaic.

Whenever this thought springs up in the human mind, that we live not only for ourselves, but that we owe a debt to the future for what we have received from the past, the world enters upon a new stage, it becomes historical. The work which was begun tentatively in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt was carried on in the cuneiform records of Babylon, in the mountain edicts of Darius and Xerxes, till it reached Greece and Rome, and there culminated in the masterworks of such historians as Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus.

It may seem to you that these early beginnings of tradition and history are far removed from us, and that the knowledge which we possess and which we wish to hand down to future generations in schools and universities is of a totally different character. But this is really not the case. We are what we are, we possess what we possess even in the very elements of our knowledge, thanks to the labours of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, to say nothing of Greeks and Romans.

What should we be without our A B C, without being able to write? Mere illiterate savages, knowing nothing of the past except by hearsay, caring

little for the future except for our own immediate posterity. Now whenever we read a book or write a letter we ought to render thanks in our heart to the ancient scholars of Egypt who invented and perfected writing, and whose alphabetic signs are now used over the whole civilised world, with the exception of China. Yes, whenever you write an *a* or a *b* or a *c* you write what was originally a hieroglyphic picture. Your L is the crouching lion, your F the cerastes, a serpent with two horns; your H the Egyptian picture of a sieve [1].

There is no break, no missing link between our A B C and the hieroglyphic letters as you see them on the obelisk on the Thames Embankment, and on the much older monuments in Egypt. The Egyptians handed their letters to the Phoenicians, the Phoenicians to the Greeks, the Greeks to the Romans, the Romans to us. All the Semitic alphabets also, as used in Persian and Arabic, and the more important alphabets of India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, all come in the end from Phoenicia and Egypt. The whole of Asia, except that part of it which is overshadowed by Chinese influence, Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, so far as they write at all, all write Egyptian hieroglyphics. The chain of tradition has never been broken, the stream of evolution is more perfect here than anywhere else.

Reading and writing, therefore, have come to us from ancient Egypt. But whence did we get our arithmetic? When I say our arithmetic I do not mean our numerals only, or our knowledge that two and two make four. That kind of knowledge is

[1] See p. 286.

home-grown, and can be traced back to that common Aryan home from which we derive our language, that is to say, our whole intellectual inheritance. I mean our numerical figures. There are many people who have numerals, but no numerical figures like our own. There are others, such as the Chiquitos in Columbia, who count with their fingers, but have no numerals at all; at least we are told so by the few travellers who have visited them [1]. There are others again who have a very perfect system of numerals, but who for numerical notation depend either on an abacus or on such simple combinations of strokes as we find in Egypt, Phoenicia, Babylon, China, India, and even among the redskins of America. There are others again, like the Greeks and the Hindus, who, under certain circumstances, use letters of their alphabet instead of figures.

You may imagine that with such contrivances arithmetic could never have advanced to its present stage of perfection, unless some one had invented our numerical figures. Whence then did we get our figures? We call them Arabic figures, and that tells its own tale. But the Arabs call them Indian figures, and that tells its own tale likewise. Our figures came to us from the Arabs in Spain, they came to them from India, and if you consider what we should be without our figures from one to nine, I think you will admit that we owe as much gratitude to India for our arithmetic, as to Egypt for our reading and writing. When I am sometimes told that the Hindus were mere dreamers and never made

[1] Brett, 'History of the British Colonies in the West Indies,' 4th ed., London, 1887.

any useful discovery, such as our steam-engines and electric telegraphs, I tell my friends they invented that without which mechanical and electric science could never have become what they are, that without which we should never have had steam-engines or electric telegraphs—they invented our figures from 1 to 9—and more than that, they invented the nought, the sign for nothing, one of the most useful discoveries ever made, as all mathematicians will tell you.

Let us remember then the lessons which we have learnt from antiquity. We have learnt reading and writing from Egypt, we have learnt arithmetic from India. So much for the famous three R's.

But that is not all. If we are Egyptians whenever we read and write, and Indians whenever we do our accounts, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonians also. We must go to the British Museum to see what a cuneiform inscription is like; but it is a fact nevertheless that every one of us carries something like a cuneiform inscription in his waistcoat pocket. For why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, and so forth? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of the ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty.

The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers

compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B.C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A.D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionising weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition, of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

And allow me to point out what I consider most important in these lessons of antiquity. They are not mere guesses or theories; they are statements

resting on historical facts, on evidence that cannot be shaken. Suppose five thousand years hence, or, let us be more merciful and say fifty thousand years hence, some future Schliemann were to run his shafts into the ruins of what was once called London, and discover among the *débris* of what is now the British Museum, charred fragments of newspapers, in which some Champolion of the future might decipher such names as *centimètre* or *millimètre*. On the strength of such evidence every historian would be justified in asserting that the ancient inhabitants of London—we ourselves—had once upon a time adopted a new decimal system of weights and measures from the French, because it was in French, in primaeval French only, that such words as *centimètre* or *millimètre* could possibly have been formed. We argue to-day on the strength of the same kind of evidence, on the evidence chiefly of language and inscriptions, that our dials must have come from the Babylonians, our alphabets from Egypt, our figures from India. We indulge in no guesses, no mere possibilities, but we go back step by step from the *Times* of to-day till we arrive at the earliest Babylonian inscription and the most ancient hieroglyphic monuments. What lies beyond, we leave to the theoretic school, which begins its work where the work of the historical school comes to an end.

I could lay before you many more of these lessons of antiquity, but the Babylonian dial of my watch reminds me that my parasang, or my German mile, or my hour, is drawing to an end, and I must confine myself to one or two only. You have heard a great deal lately of bi-metallism. I am not going to inflict

on this audience a lecture on that deeply interesting subject, certainly not in the presence of our chairman, the Lord Mayor, and with the fear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before my eyes. But I may just mention this, that when I saw that what the bi-metallists were contending for was to fix and maintain in perpetuity a settled ratio between gold and silver, I asked myself how this idea arose; and being of an historical turn of mind, I tried to find out whether antiquity could have any lessons to teach us on this subject. Coined money, as you know, is not a very ancient invention. There may have been a golden age when gold was altogether unknown, and people paid with cows, not with coins. When precious metals, gold, silver, copper, or iron began to be used for payment, they were at first simply weighed [1]. Even we still speak of a pound instead of a sovereign. The next step was to issue pieces of gold and silver properly weighed, and then to mark the exact weight and value on each piece. This was done in Assyria and Babylonia, where we find *shekels* or pounds of gold and silver. The commerce of the Eastern nations was carried on for centuries by means of these weights of metal. It was the Greeks, the Greeks of Phocaea in Ionia, who in the seventh century B.C., first conceived the idea of coining money, that is of stamping on each piece their city arms, the phoca or seal, thus giving the warranty of their state for the right weight and value of those pieces. From Phocaea this art of coining spread rapidly to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Aegina, the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa

[1] See p. 288.

and in Italy. The weight of the most ancient gold coin in all these countries was originally the same as that of the ancient Babylonian gold shekel, only stamped with the arms of each country, which thus made itself responsible for its proper weight. And this gold shekel or pound, in spite of historical disturbances, has held its own through centuries. The gold coins of Croesus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander have all about the same weight as the old Babylonian gold shekel, sixty of them going to one *mina* of gold; and what is stranger still, our own sovereign, or pound, or shekel, has nearly the same weight, sixty of them going to an old Babylonian *mina* of gold. In ancient times twenty silver drachmas or half-shekels went to one gold shekel, just as with us twenty silver shillings are equivalent to one sovereign. This ancient shilling was again subdivided into sixty copper coins, sixty being the favourite Babylonian figure.

Knowing therefore the relative monetary value of a gold and silver shekel or half-shekel, knowing how many silver shekels the ancient nations had to give for one gold shekel, it was possible by merely weighing the ancient coins to find out whether there was then already any fixed ratio between gold and silver. Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest times with the most exact accuracy.

That ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia and in all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard. There have been slight fluc-

tuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute, the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

These numismatic researches, which have been carried on with indefatigable industry by some of the most eminent scholars in Europe, may seem simply curious, but like all historical studies they may also convey some lessons.

They prove that, in spite of inherent difficulties, the great political and commercial nations of the ancient world did succeed in solving the bi-metallic problem, and in maintaining for centuries a fixed standard between gold and silver.

They prove that this standard, though influenced, no doubt, by the relative quantity of the two metals, by the cost of production, and by the demand for either silver or gold in the markets of the ancient world, was maintained by the common sense of the great commercial nations of antiquity, who were anxious to safeguard the interests both of their wholesale and retail traders.

They prove lastly that, though a change in the ratio between gold and silver cannot be entirely prevented, it took place in ancient time by very small degrees. From the sixteenth century B.C., or, at all events, if we restrict our remarks to coined money, from the seventh century B.C., to nearly our own time, the appreciation of gold has been no more than $1\frac{2}{3}$, namely, from $13\frac{1}{3}$ to 15. If now, within our own recollection, it has suddenly risen from 15 to 20, have we not a right to ask whether this violent disturbance is due altogether to natural causes, or

whether what we are told is the effect, is not to a certain extent the cause of it—I mean the sudden resolution of certain Governments to boycott for their own purposes the second precious metal of the world.

But I must not venture further on this dangerous ground, and shall invite you in conclusion to turn your eyes from the monetary to the intellectual currency of the world, from coins to what are called the counters of our thoughts.

The lessons which antiquity has taught us with regard to language, its nature, its origin, its growth and decay, are more marvellous than any we have hitherto considered.

What is the age of Alexander and Darius, of the palaces of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt, compared with the age of language, the age of those very words which we use every day, and which, forsooth, we call modern? There is nothing more ancient in the world than every one of the words which you hear me utter at present.

Take the two words 'there is,' and you can trace them step by step from English to Anglo-Saxon, from Anglo-Saxon to Gothic; you can trace them in all the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic languages, in the language of Darius and Cyrus, in the prayers of Zoroaster, finally in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Instead of *there is*, the old Vedic poets said tatra asti. It is the same coin, it has the same weight, only it has suffered a little by wear and tear during the thousands of years that it has passed from hand to hand or from mouth to mouth. Those two words would suffice to prove that all the languages of the civilised races of Europe, the languages of Persia and India also, all

sprang from one source; and if you place before your imagination a map of Europe and Asia, you would see all the fairest portions of these two continents, all the countries where you can discover historical monuments, temples, palaces, forums, churches, or houses of parliament, lighted up by the rays of that one language which we are speaking ourselves, the Aryan language, the classical language of the past, the living language of the present, and in the distant future the true Volapük, the language of the world.

I have no time to speak of the other large streams of historical speech, the Semitic, the Ugro-Altaic, the Chinese, the Polynesian, the African, and American. But think what a lesson of antiquity has here been thrown open to us. We learn that we are bound together with all the greatest nations of the world by bonds more close, more firm and fast, than flesh, or bone, or blood could ever furnish. For what is flesh, or bone, or blood compared to language? There is no continuity in flesh, and bone, and blood. They come and go by what we call birth and death, and they change from day to day. In ancient times, in the struggle of all against all, when whole tribes were annihilated, nations carried away into captivity, slaves bought and sold, and the centres of civilised life overwhelmed again and again by a deluge of barbarian invasions, what chance was there of unmixed blood in any part of the world? But language always remained itself, and those who spoke it, whatever their blood may have been, marched in serried ranks along the highroad of history as one noble army, as one spiritual brotherhood. What does it matter whether the same blood runs in our veins and in the

veins of our black fellow-men in India? Their language is the same, and has been the same for thousands of years, as our own language; and whoever knows what language means, how language is not only the vestment, but the very embodiment of thought, will feel that to be of the same language is a great deal more than to be of the same flesh.

With the light which the study of the antiquity of language has shed on the past, the whole world has been changed. We know now not only what we are, but whence we are. We know our common Aryan home. We know what we carried away from it, and how our common intellectual inheritance has grown and grown from century to century till it has reached a wealth, unsurpassed anywhere, amounting in English alone to 250,000 words. What does it matter whether we know the exact latitude and longitude of that Aryan home, though among reasonable people there is, I believe, very little doubt as to its whereabouts 'somewhere in Asia.' The important point is that we know that there was such a home, and that we can trace the whole intellectual growth of the Aryan family back to roots which sprang from a common soil. And we can do this not by mere guesses only, or theoretically, but by facts, that is, historically. Take any word or thought that now vibrates through our mind, and we know now how it was first struck in countries far away, and in times so distant that hardly any chronology can reach them. If anywhere it is in language that we may say, We are what we have been. In language everything that is new is old, and everything that is old is new. That is true evolution, true historical continuity. A man who knows his

language, and all that is implied by it, stands on a foundation of ages. He feels the past under his feet, and feels at home in the world of thought, a loyal citizen of the oldest and widest republic.

It is this historical knowledge of language, and not of language only, but of everything that has been handed down to us by an uninterrupted tradition from father to son, it is that kind of knowledge which I hold that our Universities and schools should strive to maintain. It is the historical spirit with which they should try to inspire every new generation. As we trace the course of a mighty river back from valley to valley, as we mark its tributaries, and watch its meanderings till we reach its source, or, at all events, the watershed from which its sources spring; in the same manner the historical school has to trace every current of human knowledge from century to century, back to its fountain-head, if that is possible, or at all events as near to it as the remaining records of the past will allow. The true interest of all knowledge lies in its growth. The very mistakes of the past form the solid ground on which the truer knowledge of the present is founded. Would a mathematician be a mathematician who had not studied his Euclid? Would an astronomer be an astronomer who did not know the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and had not worked his way through its errors to the truer views of Copernicus? Would a philosopher be a philosopher who had never grappled with Plato and Aristotle? Would a lawyer be a lawyer who had never heard of Roman law? There is but one key to the present—that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of the human

mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has achieved in any department of knowledge—that is to watch its historical development.

No doubt, it will be said, there is no time for all this in the hurry and flurry of our modern life. There are so many things to learn that students must be satisfied with results, without troubling themselves how these results were obtained by the labours of those who came before us. This really would mean that our modern teaching must confine itself to the surface, and keep aloof from what lies beneath. Knowledge must be what is called cut and dry, if it is to prove serviceable in the open market.

My experience is the very opposite. The cut-and-dry knowledge which is acquired from the study of manuals or from so-called crammers is very apt to share the fate of cut flowers. It makes a brilliant show for one evening, but it fades and leaves nothing behind. The only knowledge worth having, and which lasts us for life, must not be cut and dry, but, on the contrary, it should be living and growing knowledge, knowledge of which we know the beginning, the middle, and the end, knowledge of which we can produce the title-deeds whenever they are called for. That knowledge may be small in appearance, but, remember, the knowledge required for life is really very small.

We learn, no doubt, a great many things, but what we are able to digest, what is converted *in succum et sanguinem*, into our very life-blood, and gives us strength and fitness for practical life, is by no means so much as we imagine in our youth. There are certain things which we must know, as if they were part

of ourselves. But there are many other things which we simply put into our pockets, which we can find there whenever we want them, but which we do not know as we must know, for instance, the grammar of a language. It is well to remember this distinction between what we know intuitively, and what we know by a certain effort of memory only, for our success in life depends greatly on this distinction—on our knowing what we know, and knowing what we do not know, but what nevertheless we can find, if wanted.

It has often been said that we only know thoroughly what we can teach, and it is equally true that we can only teach what we know thoroughly. I therefore congratulate this Society for the extension of University teaching, that they have tried to draw their teachers from the great Universities of England, and that they have endeavoured to engage the services of a large number of teachers, so that every single teacher may teach *one* subject only, his own subject, his special subject, his hobby, if you like—anyhow, a subject in which he feels perfectly at home, because he knows its history from beginning to end. The Universities can afford to foster that race of special students, but the country at large ought to be able to command their services. If this Society can bring this about, if it can help to distribute the accumulated but often stagnant knowledge of university professors and tutors over the thirsty land, it will benefit not the learners only, but the teachers also. It will impart new life to the universities, for nothing is so inspiriting to a teacher as an eager class of students, not students who wish to be drilled for an

examination, but students who wish to be guided and encouraged in acquiring real knowledge. And nothing is so delightful for students as to listen to a teacher whose whole heart is in his subject. Learning ought to be joy and gladness, not worry and weariness. When I saw the eagerness and real rapture with which our visitors at Oxford last summer listened to the lectures provided for them, I said to myself, This is what a university ought to be. It is what, if we may trust old chronicles, universities were in the beginning, and what they may be once more if this movement, so boldly inaugurated by the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London, and so wisely guided by Mr. Goschen and his fellow-workers, becomes what we all hope it may become, a real and lasting success.

Postscript.

As the correctness of my statements with regard to the relative weight of silver and gold coins in ancient times was doubted, I had to send the following letter to the *Times*, to say that thousands of coins in our museums and in private collections had been weighed by men like Brandis and Brugsch, that the results of their labours had been published, and could not be put aside by critics who had never weighed a single coin.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I am not aware that any learned treatise dealing with the difficulties arising from the depreciation of silver has been discovered as yet among the

papyri of Egypt. But there is better evidence of how the ancient people dealt with this difficulty—namely, their gold and silver coins which exist in our museums. Though, as your correspondent 'B. S.' remarks in the *Times* of to-day, 'silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon,' and 'Solomon made silver to be as stones in Jerusalem,' yet the ratio between silver and gold, when coined, seems to have been strictly maintained, and the commercial transactions between Palestine, Phoenicia, Egypt, Persia, and Greece were never seriously disturbed by the depreciation of one of the two metals. After weighing thousands of gold and silver coins Professor Brugsch has shown that the ratio between silver and gold in the Egyptian coins was always maintained at 1 to 12½, while Dr. Brandis has shown that in Babylonia and all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard, it was 1 to 13⅓.

There have been slight fluctuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

How, in spite of the uncertain quantity of silver and gold in the markets of the ancient world, in spite of the varying cost of production and of the fluctuating demand for either silver or gold at different times and in different countries, this standard was maintained it is difficult to say, unless we suppose that the right of coining money was reserved for the king, and that in ancient times this warranty was considered of greater value than it is in our days of free coinage and slight seigniorage. Whatever it was, the fact

remains that from the sixteenth century B. C., or, at all events, if we restrict our remarks to coined money, from the seventh century B. C., to nearly our own time, the appreciation of gold has not been more than $1\frac{2}{3}$, that is from $13\frac{1}{3}$ to 15. We know that at various periods in the history of the world—for instance, at the time of the Persian wars, of the discovery of the East Indies, and of the conquest of America—there was a sudden influx of one or the other of the precious metals; yet the common sense of the great commercial nations of antiquity, in their anxiety to safeguard the interests both of their wholesale and retail traders, seems to have been able to maintain the respect for the relative value of silver and gold coin, if safeguarded by the warranty of the State.

I am not going to rush into the question of bimetallism, where wrens make prey and eagles dare not perch, but remain, *silentio et spe*,

Your obedient servant,

F. MAX MÜLLER.

OXFORD, *Dec.* 27, 1889.

ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF MANKIND BY LANGUAGE OR BY BLOOD[1].

IT was forty-four years ago that for the first and for the last time I was able to take an active part in the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was at Oxford, in 1847, when I read a paper on the 'Relation of Bengali to the Aryan and Aboriginal Languages of India,' which received the honour of being published in full in the 'Transactions' of the Association for that year. I have often regretted that absence from England and pressure of work have prevented me year after year from participating in the meetings of the Association. But, being a citizen of two countries—of Germany by birth, of England by adoption—my long vacations have generally drawn me away to the Continent, so that to my great regret I found myself precluded from sharing either in your labours or in your delightful social gatherings.

I wonder whether any of those who were present at that brilliant meeting at Oxford in 1847 are present here to-day. I almost doubt it. Our President then

[1] Presidential Address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association; Cardiff, 1891.

was Sir Robert Inglis, who will always be known in the annals of English history as having been preferred to Sir Robert Peel as Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford. Among other celebrities of the day I remember Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir David Brewster, Dean Buckland, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Owen, and many more —a galaxy of stars, all set or setting. Young Mr. Ruskin acted as Secretary to the Geological Section. Our Section was then not even recognised as yet as a Section. We ranked as a sub-Section only of Section D, *Zoology* and *Botany*. We remained in that subordinate position till 1851, when we became Section E, under the name of *Geography* and *Ethnology*. From 1869, however, Ethnology seems almost to have disappeared again, being absorbed in Geography, and it was not till the year 1884 that we emerged once more as what we are to-day, Section H, or *Anthropology*.

In the year 1847 our sub-Section was presided over by Professor Wilson, the famous Sanskrit scholar. The most active debaters, so far as I remember, were Dr. Prichard, Dr. Latham, and Mr. Crawfurd, well known then under the name of the Objector-General. I was invited to join the meeting by Bunsen, then Prussian Minister in London, who also brought with him his friend, Dr. Karl Meyer, the Celtic scholar. Prince Albert was present at our debates, so was Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. Our Ethnological sub-Section was then most popular, and attracted very large audiences.

When looking once more through the debates carried on in our Section in 1847 I was very much surprised

when I saw how very like the questions which occupy us to-day are to those which we discussed in 1847. I do not mean to say that there has been no advance in our science. Far from it. The advance of linguistic, ethnological, anthropological, and biological studies, all of which claim a hearing in our Section, has been most rapid. Still that advance has been steady and sustained; there has been no cataclysm, no deluge, no break in the advancement of our science, and nothing seems to me to prove its healthy growth more clearly than this uninterrupted continuity which unites the past with the present, and will, I hope, unite the present with the future.

No paper is in that respect more interesting to read than the address which Bunsen prepared for the meeting in 1847, and which you will find in the 'Transactions' of that year. Its title is 'On the Results of the recent Egyptian Researches in reference to Asiatic and African Ethnology, and the Classification of Languages.' But you will find in it a great deal more than what this title would lead you to expect.

There are passages in it which are truly prophetic, and which show that, if prophecy is possible anywhere, it is possible, nay, it ought to be possible, in the temple of science, and under the inspiring influence of knowledge and love of truth.

Allow me to dwell for a little while on this remarkable paper. It is true, we have travelled so fast that Bunsen seems almost to belong to ancient history. This very year is the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and this very day the centenary of his birth is being celebrated in several towns of Germany. In

England also his memory should not be forgotten. No one, not being an Englishman by birth, could, I believe, have loved this country more warmly, and could have worked more heartily, than Bunsen did to bring about that friendship between England and Germany which must for ever remain the corner-stone of the peace of Europe, and, as the Emperor of Germany declared the other day in his speech at the Mansion House, the *sine qua non* of that advancement of science to which our Association is devoted. Bunsen's house in Carlton Terrace was a true international academy, open to all who had something to say, something worth listening to, a kind of sanctuary against vulgarity in high places, a neutral ground where the best representatives of all countries were welcome and felt at home. But this also belongs to ancient history. And yet, when we read Bunsen's paper, delivered in 1847, it does not read like ancient history. It deals with the problems which are still in the foreground, and if it could be delivered again to-day by that genial representative of German learning, it would rouse the same interest, provoke the same applause, and possibly the same opposition also, which it roused nearly half a century ago. Let me give you a few instances of what I mean.

We must remember that Darwin's 'Origin of Species' was published in 1859, his 'Descent of Man' in 1871. But here in the year 1847 one of the burning questions which Bunsen discusses is the question of the possible descent of man from some unknown animal. He traces the history of that question back to Frederick the Great, and quotes his memorable answer to D'Alembert. Frederick the Great, you

know, was not disturbed by any qualms of orthodoxy. 'In my kingdom,' he used to say, 'everybody may save his soul according to his own fashion.' But when D'Alembert wished him to make what he called the *salto mortale* from monkey to man, Frederick the Great protested. He saw what many have seen since, that there is no possible transition from reasonlessness to reason, and that with all the likeness of their bodily organs there is a barrier which no animal can clear, or which, at all events, no animal has as yet cleared. And what does Bunsen himself consider the real barrier between man and beast? 'It is language,' he says, 'which is unattainable, or at least unattained, by any animal except man.' In answer to the argument that, given only a sufficient number of years, a transition by imperceptible degrees from animal cries to articulate language is at least conceivable, he says: 'Those who hold that opinion have never been able to show the possibility of the first step. They attempt to veil their inability by the easy but fruitless assumption of an infinite space of time, destined to explain the gradual development of animals into men; as if millions of years could supply the want of the agent necessary for the first movement, for the first step, in the line of progress! No numbers can effect a logical impossibility. How, indeed, could reason spring out of a state which is destitute of reason? How can speech, the expression of thought, develop itself, in a year, or in millions of years, out of inarticulate sounds, which express feelings of pleasure, pain, and appetite?'

He then appeals to Wilhelm von Humboldt, whom he truly calls the greatest and most acute anatomist

of almost all human speech. Humboldt goes so far as to say, 'Rather than assign to all language a uniform and mechanical march that would lead them step by step from the grossest beginnings to their highest perfection, I should embrace the opinion of those who ascribe the origin of language to an immediate revelation of the Deity. They recognise at least that divine spark which shines through all idioms, even the most imperfect and the least cultivated.'

Bunsen then sums up by saying: 'To reproduce Monboddo's theory in our days, after Kant and his followers, is a sorry anachronism, and I therefore regret that so low a view should have been taken of the subject lately in an English work of much correct and comprehensive reflection and research respecting natural science.' This remark refers, of course, to the 'Vestiges of Creation [1],' which was then producing the same commotion that Darwin's 'Origin of Species' produced in 1859.

Bunsen was by no means unaware that in the vocal expression of feelings, whether of joy or pain, and in the imitation of external sounds, animals are on a level with man. 'I believe with Kant,' he says, 'that the formation of ideas or notions, embodied in words, presupposes the action of the senses and impressions made by outward objects on the mind.' 'But,' he adds, 'what enables us to see the genus in the individual, the whole in the many, and to form a word by connecting a subject with a predicate, is the power of the mind, and of this the brute creation exhibits no trace.'

You know how for a time, and chiefly owing to

[1] See an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1845.

Darwin's predominating influence, every conceivable effort was made to reduce the distance which language places between man and beast, and to treat language as a vanishing line in the mental evolution of animal and man. It required some courage at times to stand up against the authority of Darwin, but at present all serious thinkers agree, I believe, with Bunsen, that no animal has developed what we mean by rational language, as distinct from mere utterances of pleasure or pain, from imitation of sounds and from communication by means of various signs, a subject that has lately been treated with great fullness by my learned friend Professor Romanes in his 'Mental Evolution of Man.' Still, if all true science is based on facts, the fact remains that no animal has ever formed what we mean by a language. There must be a reason for that, and that reason is reason in its true sense, namely the power of forming general concepts, of naming and judging. We are fully justified, therefore, in holding with Bunsen and Humboldt, as against Darwin and Professor Romanes, that there *is* a specific difference between the human animal and all other animals, and that that difference consists in language as the outward manifestation of what the Greeks meant by Logos.

Another question which occupies the attention of our leading anthropologists is the proper use to be made of the languages, customs, laws, and religious ideas of so-called savages. Some, as you know, look upon these modern savages as representing human nature in its most primitive state, while others treat them as representing the lowest degeneracy into which human nature may sink. Here, too, we have learnt

to distinguish. We know that certain races have had a very slow development, and may, therefore, have preserved some traces of those simple institutions which are supposed to be characteristic of primitive life. But we also know that other races have degenerated and are degenerating even now. If we hold that the human race forms but one species, we cannot, of course, admit that the ancestors even of the most savage tribes, say of the Australians, came into the world one day later than the ancestors of the Greeks, or that they passed through fewer evolutions than their more favoured brethren. The whole of humanity would be of exactly the same age. But we know its history from a time only when it had probably passed already through many ups and downs. To suppose, therefore, that the modern savage is the nearest approach to primitive man would be against all the rules of reasoning. Because in some countries, and under stress of unfavourable influences, some human tribes have learnt to feed on human flesh, it does not follow that our first ancestors were cannibals. And here, too, Bunsen's words have become so strikingly true that I may be allowed to quote them: 'The savage is justly disclaimed as the prototype of natural, original man; for linguistic inquiry shows that the languages of savages are degraded and decaying fragments of nobler formations.'

I know well that in unreservedly adopting Bunsen's opinion on this point also I run counter to the teaching of such well-known writers as Sir John Lubbock, Reclus, and others. It might be supposed that Mr. Herbert Spencer also looked upon savages

as representing the primitive state of mankind. But if he ever did so, he certainly does so no longer, and there is nothing I admire so much in Mr. Herbert Spencer as this simple love of truth, which makes him confess openly whenever he has seen occasion to change his views. 'What terms and what conceptions are truly primitive,' he writes, 'would be easy if we had an account of truly primitive men. But there are sundry reasons for suspecting that existing men of the lowest type forming social groups of the simplest kind do not exemplify men as they originally were. Probably most of them, if not all, had ancestors in a higher state [1].'

Most important also is a hint which Bunsen gives that the students of language should follow the same method that has been followed with so much success in Geology; that they should begin by studying the modern strata of speech, and then apply the principles, discovered there, to the lower or less accessible strata. It is true that the same suggestion had been made by Leibniz, but many suggestions are made and are forgotten again, and the merit of rediscovering an old truth is often as great as the discovery of a new truth. This is what Bunsen said: 'In order to arrive at the law which we are endeavouring to find (the law of the development of language) let us first assume, as Geology does, that the same principles which we see working in the (recent) development were also at work at the very beginning, modified in degree and in form, but essentially the same in kind.' We know how fruitful this suggestion has proved, and how much light an accurate study of

[1] *Open Court*, No. 205, p. 2896.

modern languages and of spoken dialects has thrown on some of the darkest problems of the science of language. But fifty years ago it was Sanskrit only, or Hebrew, or Chinese, that seemed to deserve the attention of the students of Comparative Philology. Still more important is Bunsen's next remark, that language begins with the sentence, and that in the beginning each word was a sentence in itself. This view also has found strong supporters at a later time, for instance, my friend Professor Sayce, though at the time we are speaking of it was hardly thought of. I must here once more quote Bunsen's own words: 'The supreme law of progress in all language shows itself to be the progress from the substantial isolated word, as an undeveloped expression of a whole sentence, towards such a construction of language as makes every single word subservient to the general idea of a sentence, and shapes, modifies, and dissolves it accordingly.'

And again: 'Every sound in language must originally have been significative of something. The unity of sound (the syllable, pure or consonantised) must therefore originally have corresponded to a unity of conscious plastic thought, and every thought must have had a real or substantial object of perception. . . . Every single word implies necessarily a complete proposition, consisting of subject, predicate, and copula.'

This is a most pregnant remark. It shows as clearly as daylight the enormous difference there is between the mere utterance of the sound *Pah* and *Mah*, as a cry of pleasure or distress, and the pronunciation of the same syllable as a sentence, when *Pah* and

Mah are meant for 'This is *Pah*,' 'This is *Mah*;' or, after a still more characteristic advance of the human intellect, 'This is *a Pah*,' 'This is *a Mah*,' which is not very far from saying, 'This man belongs to the class or genus of fathers.'

Equally important is Bunsen's categorical statement that everything in language must have been originally significant, that everything formal must originally have been substantial. You know what a bone of contention this has been of late between what is called the old school and the new school of Comparative Philology. The old school maintained that every word consisted of a root and of certain derivative suffixes, prefixes, and inflxes. The modern school maintained that there existed neither roots by themselves nor suffixes, prefixes, and infixes by themselves, and that the theory of agglutination—of gluing suffixes to roots—was absurd. The old school looked upon these suffixes as originally independent and significative words; the modern school declined to accept this view except in a few irrefragable instances. I think the more accurate reasoners are coming back to the opinion held by the old school, that all formal elements of language were originally substantial, and therefore significative; that they are the remnants of predicative or demonstrative words. It is true we cannot always prove this as clearly as in the case of such words as *hard-ship*, *wis-dom*, *man-hood*, where *hood* can be traced back to *hád*, which in Anglo-Saxon exists as an independent word, meaning state or quality. Nor do we often find that a suffix like *mente*, in *claramente*, *clairement*, continues to exist by itself, as when we say in Spanish

clara, concisa y elegantemente. It is perfectly true that the French, when they say that a hammer falls *lourdement*, or heavily, do not deliberately take the suffix *ment*—originally the Latin *mente*, 'with a mind'—and glue it to their adjective *lourd*. Here the new school has done good service in showing the working of that instinct of analogy which is a most important element in the historical development of human speech. One compound was formed in which *mente* retained its own meaning; for instance, *forti mente*, 'with a brave mind.' But when this had come to mean *bravely*, and no more, the working of analogy began; and if *fortement*, from *fort*, could mean 'bravely,' then why not *lourdement*, from *lourd*, 'heavily'? But in the end there is no escape from Bunsen's fundamental principle that everything in language was originally language—that is, was significative, was substantial, was material—before it became purely formal.

But it is not only with regard to these general problems that Bunsen has anticipated the verdict of our own time. Some of his answers to more special questions also show that he was right when many of his contemporaries, and even successors, were wrong. It has long been a question, for instance, whether the Armenian language belonged to the Iranic branch of the Aryan family, or whether it formed an independent branch, like Sanskrit, Persian, or Greek. Bunsen, in 1847, treated Armenian as a separate branch of Aryan speech; and that it is so was proved by Professor Hübschmann in 1883.

Again, there has been a long controversy whether the language of the Afghans belonged to the Indic or

the Iranic branch. Dr. Trumpp tried to show that it belonged, by certain peculiarities, to the Indic or Sanskritic branch. Professor Darmesteter has proved but lately that it shares its most essential characteristics in common with Persian. Here, too, Bunsen guessed rightly—for I do not mean to say that it was more than a guess—when he stated that 'Pushtu, the language of the Afghans, belongs to the Persian branch.'

I hope you will forgive me for having detained you so long with a mere retrospect. I could not deny myself the satisfaction of paying this tribute of gratitude and respect to my departed friend, Baron Bunsen. To have known him belongs to the most cherished recollections of my life. But though I am myself an old man—much older than Bunsen was at our meeting in 1847—do not suppose that I came here as a mere *laudator temporis acti*. Certainly not. If one tries to recall what Anthropology was in 1847, and then considers what it is now, its progress seems most marvellous. I do not think so much of the new materials which have been collected from all parts of the world. These last fifty years have been an age of discovery in Africa, in Central Asia, in America, in Polynesia, and in Australia, such as can hardly be matched in any previous century.

But what seems to me even more important than the mere increase of material is the new spirit in which Anthropology has been studied during the last generation. I do not mean to depreciate the labours of so-called *dilettanti*. After all, *dilettanti* are lovers of knowledge, and in a study such

allowed myself occasionally the freedom to speak of the Aryan or the Semitic race, meaning thereby no more than the people, whoever and whatever they were, who spoke Aryan or Semitic languages. I wish we could distinguish in English as in Hebrew between *nations* and *languages*. Thus in the Book of Daniel, iii. 4, 'the herald cried aloud, . . . O people, nations and languages.' Why then should we not distinguish between nations and languages? But to put an end to every possible misunderstanding, I declared at last that to speak of 'an Aryan skull would be as great a monstrosity as to speak of a dolichocephalic language.'

I do not mean to say that this old heresy, which went by the name of linguistic ethnology, is at present entirely extinct. But among all serious students, whether physiologists or philologists, it is by this time recognised that the divorce between Ethnology and Philology, granted if only for incompatibility of temper, has been productive of nothing but good.

Instead of attempting to classify mankind as a whole, students are now engaged in classing skulls, in classing hair, and teeth, and skin. Many solid results have been secured by these special researches; but as yet, no two classifications, based on these characteristics, have been made to run parallel.

The most natural classification is, no doubt, that according to the colour of the skin. This gives us a black, a brown, a yellow, a red, and a white race, with several subdivisions. This classification has often been despised as unscientific; but it may still turn out far more valuable than is at present supposed.

The next classification is that by the colour of the

eyes, as black, brown, hazel, grey, and blue. This subject also has attracted much attention of late, and, within certain limits, the results have proved very valuable.

The most favourite classification, however, has always been that according to the skulls. The skull, as the shell of the brain, has by many students been supposed to betray something of the spiritual essence of man; and who can doubt that the general features of the skull, if taken in large averages, do correspond to the general features of human character? We have only to look round to see men with heads like a cannon-ball and others with heads like a hawk. This distinction has formed the foundation for a more scientific classification into *brachycephalic*, *dolichocephalic*, and *mesocephalic* skulls. The proportion 80 : 100 between the transverse and longitudinal diameters gives us the ordinary or mesocephalic type, the proportion of 75 : 100 the dolichocephalic, the proportion of 85 : 100 the brachycephalic type. The extremes are 70 : 100 and 90 : 100.

If we examine any large collection of skulls, we have not much difficulty in arranging them under these three classes; but if, after we have done this, we look at the nationality of each skull, we find the most hopeless confusion. Pruner Bey, as Peschel tells us in his 'Völkerkunde,' has observed brachycephalic and dolichocephalic skulls in children born of the same mother; and if we consider how many women have been carried away into captivity by Mongolians in their inroads into China, India, and Germany, we cannot feel surprised if we find some longheads among the roundheads of those Central Asiatic hordes.

Only we must not adopt the easy expedient of certain anthropologists who, when they find dolichocephalic and brachycephalic skulls in the same tomb, at once jump to the conclusion that they must have belonged to two different races. When, for instance, two dolichocephalic and three brachycephalic skulls were discovered in the same tomb at Alexanderpol, we were told at once that this proved nothing as to the simultaneous occurrence of different skulls in the same family; nay, that it proved the very contrary of what it might seem to prove. It was clear, we were assured, that the two dolichocephalic skulls belonged to Aryan chiefs and the three brachycephalic skulls to their non-Aryan slaves, who were killed and buried with their masters, according to a custom well known to Herodotus. This sounds very learned, but is it really quite straightforward?

Besides the general division of skulls into dolichocephalic, brachycephalic, and mesocephalic, other divisions have been undertaken, according to the height of the skull, and again, according to the maxillary and the facial angles. This latter division gives us *orthognathic*, *prognathic*, and *mesognathic* skulls.

Lastly, according to the peculiar character of the hair, we may distinguish two great divisions, the people with woolly hair (*Ulotriches*) and people with smooth hair (*Lissotriches*). The former are subdivided into *Lophocomi*, people with tufts of hair, and *Eriocomi*, or people with fleecy hair. The latter are divided into *Euthycomi*, straight-haired, and *Euplocami*[1], wavy-haired. It has been shown that these peculiarities of the hair depend on the peculiar form of the hair-tubes,

[1] Not *Euplo-comic*, wavy-haired, as Brinton gives it.

which, in cross-sections, are found to be either round or elongated in different ways.

Now all these classifications, to which several more might be added, those according to the orbits of the eyes, the outlines of the nose, the width of the pelvis, are by themselves extremely useful. But few of them only, if any, run strictly parallel. It has been said that all dolichocephalic races are prognathic, and have woolly hair. I doubt whether this is true without exception; but, even if it were, it would not allow us to draw any genealogical conclusions from it, because there are certainly many dolichocephalic people who are not woolly-haired, as, for instance, the Eskimos [1].

Now let us consider whether there can be any organic connection between the shape of the skull, the facial angle, the conformation of the hair, or the colour of the skin on one side, and what we call the great families of language on the other. That we speak at all may rightly be called a work of nature, *opera naturale*, as Dante said long ago; but that we speak thus or thus, *così o così*, that, as the same Dante said, depends on our pleasure—that is, our work. To imagine, therefore, that as a matter of necessity, or as a matter of fact, dolichocephalic skulls have anything to do with Aryan, mesocephalic with Semitic, or brachycephalic with Turanian speech, is nothing but the wildest random thought; it can convey no rational meaning whatever. We might as well say that all painters are dolichocephalic, and all musicians brachycephalic, or that all lophocomic tribes work in gold, and all lissocomic tribes in silver.

If anything must be ascribed to prehistoric times,

[1] Brinton, 'Races of People,' p. 249.

surely the differentiation of the human skull, the human hair, and the human skin, would have to be ascribed to that distant period. No one, I believe, has ever maintained that a mesocephalic skull was split or differentiated into a dolichocephalic and a brachycephalic variety in the bright sunshine of history.

But let us, for the sake of argument, assume that in prehistoric times all dolichocephalic people spoke Aryan, all mesocephalic, Semitic, all brachycephalic, Turanian languages; how would that help us?

So long as we know anything of the ancient Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian languages, we find foreign words in each of them. This proves a very close and historical contact between them. For instance, in Babylonian texts of 3000 B.C. there is the word *sindhu* for cloth made of vegetable fibres, linen. That can only be the Sanskrit *sindhu*, the Indus, or *saindhava*, what comes from the Indus. It might be the same word as the Homeric σινδών, fine cloth[1]. In Egyptian we find so many Semitic words that it is difficult to say whether they were borrowed or derived from a common source. I confess I am not convinced, but Egyptologists of high authority assure us that the names of several Aryan peoples, such as the Sicilians and Sardinians, occur in the fourteenth century B.C., in the inscriptions of the time of Menephthah I. Again, as soon as we know anything of the Turanian languages—Finnish, for instance—we find them full of Aryan words. All this, it may be said, applies to a very recent period in the ancient history of humanity. Still, we have no access to earlier docu-

[1] 'Physical Religion,' p. 87.

ments, and we may fairly say that this close contact which existed then existed, probably, at an earlier time also.

If, then, we have no reason to doubt that the ancestors of the people speaking Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian languages lived in close proximity, would there not have been marriages between them, so long as they lived in peace, and would they not have killed the men and carried off the women in time of war? What, then, would have been the effect of a marriage between a dolichocephalic mother and a brachycephalic father? The materials for studying this question of *métissage*, as the French call it, are too scanty as yet to enable us to speak with confidence. But whether the paternal or the maternal type prevailed, or whether their union gave rise to a new permanent variety, still it stands to reason that the children of a dolichocephalic captive woman might be found, after fifty or sixty years, speaking the language of the brachycephalic conquerors.

It has been the custom to speak of the early Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian races as large swarms—as millions pouring from one country into another, and it has been calculated that these early nomads would have required immense tracts of meadow land to keep their flocks, and that it was the search of new pastures that drove them, by an irresistible force, over the whole inhabitable earth.

This may have been so, but it may also have not been so. Anyhow, we have a right to suppose that, before there were millions of human beings, there were at first a few only. We have been told of late that there never was a first man; but we may be

mise is admissible. With regard to the home of the Âryas, no honest philologist will allow himself to be driven one step beyond the statement that the unknown people who spoke Aryan languages were, at one time, and before their final separation, settled somewhere in Asia. That may seem very small comfort, but for the present it is all that we have a right to say. Even this must be taken with the limitations which, as all true scholars know, apply to speculations concerning what may have happened, say, five thousand or ten thousand years ago. As to the colour of the skin, the hair, the eyes of those unknown speakers of Aryan speech, the scholar says nothing; and when he speaks of their blood he knows that such a word can be taken in a metaphorical sense only. If we once step from the narrow domain of science into the vast wilderness of mere assertion, then it does not matter what we say. We may say, with Penka, that all Âryas are dolichocephalic, blue-eyed, and blond, or we may say, with Piétrement, that all Âryas are brachycephalic, with brown eyes and black hair[1]. There is no difference between the two assertions. They are both perfectly unmeaning. They are *vox et praeterea nihil*. May I be allowed to add that Latham's theory of the European origin of Sanskrit, which has lately been represented as marking the newest epoch in the study of Anthropology, was discussed by me in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1851?

My experiences during the last forty years have only served to confirm the opinion which I expressed forty years ago, that there ought to be a complete

[1] V. d. Gheyn, 1889, p. 26.

separation between Philology and Physiology. And yet, if I were asked whether such a divorce should now be made absolute, I should say, No. There have been so many unexpected discoveries of new facts, and so many surprising combinations of old facts, that we must always be prepared to hear some new evidence, if only that evidence is brought forward according to the rules which govern the court of true science. It may be that in time the classification of skulls, hair, eyes, and skin may be brought into harmony with the classification of language. We may even go so far as to admit, as a postulate, that the two must have run parallel, at least in the beginning of all things. But with the evidence before us at present mere wrangling, mere iteration of exploded assertions, mere contradictions, will produce no effect on that true jury which in every country hardly ever consists of more than twelve trusty men, but with whom the final verdict rests. The very things that most catch the popular ear will by them be ruled altogether out of court. But every single new word, common to all the Aryan languages, and telling of some climatic, geographical, historical, or physiological circumstance in the earliest life of the speakers of Aryan speech, will be truly welcome to philologists quite as much as a skull from an early geological stratum is to the physiologist, and both to the anthropologist, in the widest sense of that name.

But, if all this is so, if the alliance between Philology and Physiology has hitherto done nothing but mischief, what right, it may be asked, had I to accept the honour of presiding over this Section of Anthropology? If you will allow me to occupy your valu-

able time a little longer, I shall explain, as shortly as possible, why I thought that I, as a philologist, might do some small amount of good as President of the Anthropological Section.

In spite of all that I have said against the unholy alliance between Physiology and Philology, I have felt for years—and I believe I am now supported in my opinion by all competent anthropologists—that a knowledge of languages must be considered in future as a *sine qua non* for every anthropologist.

Anthropology, as you know, has increased so rapidly that it seems to say now, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto.* So long as Anthropology treated only of the anatomy of the human body, any surgeon might have become an excellent anthropologist. But now, when Anthropology includes the study of the earliest thoughts of man, his customs, his laws, his traditions, his legends, his religions, ay, even his early philosophies, a student of Anthropology without an accurate knowledge of languages, without the conscience of a scholar, is like a sailor without a compass.

No one disputes this with regard to nations who possess a literature. No one would listen to a man describing the peculiarities of the Greek, the Roman, the Jew, the Arab, the Chinese, without knowing their languages and being capable of reading the master-works of their literature. We know how often men who have devoted the whole of their life to the study, for instance, of Hebrew differ not only as to the meaning of certain words and passages, but as to the very character of the Jews. One authority states that the Jews, and not only the Jews, but all Semitic nations, were possessed of a monotheistic

instinct. Another authority shows that all Semitic nations, not excluding the Jews, were polytheistic in their religion, and that the Jehovah of the Jews was not conceived at first as the Supreme Deity, but as a national god only, as the God of the Jews, who, according to the latest view, was originally a fetish or a totem (?), like all other gods.

You know how widely classical scholars differ on the character of Greeks and Romans, on the meaning of their customs, the purpose of their religious ceremonies—nay, the very essence of their gods. And yet there was a time, not very long ago, when anthropologists would rely on the descriptions of casual travellers, who, after spending a few weeks, or even a few years, among tribes whose language was utterly unknown to them, gave the most marvellous accounts of their customs, their laws, and even of their religion. It may be said that anybody can describe what he sees, even though unable to converse with the people. I say, Decidedly no; and I am supported in this opinion by the most competent judges. Dr. Codrington, who has just published his excellent book on the 'Melanesians: their Anthropology and Folk-lore,' spent twenty-four years among the Melanesians, learning their dialects, collecting their legends, and making a systematic study of their laws, customs, and superstitions. But what does he say in his preface? 'I have felt the truth,' he says, 'of what Mr. Fison, late missionary in Fiji, has written: "When a European has been living for two or three years among savages, he is sure to be fully convinced that he knows all about them; when he has been ten years or so amongst them, if he be an observant man, he knows that he

knows very little about them, and so begins to learn."'

How few of the books in which we trust with regard to the characteristic peculiarities of savage races have been written by men who have lived among them for ten or twenty years, and who have *learnt their languages till they could speak them as well as the natives themselves!*

It is no excuse to say that any traveller who has eyes to see and ears to hear can form a correct estimate of the doings and sayings of savage tribes. It is not so, and anthropologists know from sad experience that it is not so. Suppose a traveller came to a camp where he saw thousands of men and women dancing round the image of a young bull. Suppose that the dancers were all stark naked, that after a time they began to fight, and that at the end of their orgies there were three thousand corpses lying about weltering in their blood. Would not a casual traveller have described such savages as worse than the negroes of Dahomey? Yet these savages were really the Jews, the chosen people of God. The image was the golden calf, the priest was Aaron, and the chief who ordered the massacre was Moses. We may read the 32nd chapter of Exodus in a very different sense. A traveller who could have conversed with Aaron and Moses might have understood the causes of the revolt and the necessity of the massacre. But without this power of interrogation and mutual explanation, no travellers, however graphic and amusing their stories may be, can be trusted; no statements of theirs can be used by the anthropologist for truly scientific purposes.

From the day when this fact was recognised by the highest authorities in Anthropology, and was sanctioned by some at least of our anthropological, ethnological, and folk-lore societies, a new epoch began, and Philology received its right place as the handmaid of Anthropology. The most important paragraph in our new charter was this, that in future no one is to be quoted or relied on as an authority on the customs, traditions, and more particularly on the religious ideas of uncivilised races who has not acquired an acquaintance with their language, sufficient to enable him to converse with them freely on these difficult subjects.

No one would object to this rule when we have to deal with civilised and literary nations. But the languages of Africa, America, Polynesia, and even Australia are now being studied as formerly Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanskrit only were studied. You have only to compare the promiscuous descriptions of the Hottentots in the works of the best ethnologists with the researches of a real Hottentot scholar like Dr. Hahn to see the advance that has been made. When we read the books of Bishop Callaway on the Zulu, of William Gill and Edward Tregear on the Polynesians, of Horatio Hale on some of the North American races, we feel at once that we are in safe hands, in the hands of real scholars. Even then we must, of course, remember that their knowledge of the languages cannot compare with that of Bentley, or Hermann, or Burnouf, or Ewald. Yet we feel that we cannot go altogether wrong in trusting to their guidance.

I venture to go even a step further, and I believe

the time will come when no anthropologist will venture to write on anything concerning the inner life of man without having himself acquired a knowledge of the language in which that inner life finds its truest expression.

This may seem to be too exacting, but you have only to look, for instance, at the descriptions given of the customs, the laws, the legends, and the religious convictions of the people of India about a hundred years ago, and before Sanskrit began to be studied, and you will be amazed at the utter caricature that is often given there of the intellectual state of the Brâhmans compared with what we know of it now from their own literature.

And if that is the case with a people like the Indians, who are a civilised race, possessed of an ancient literature, and well within the focus of history for the last two thousand years, what can be expected in the case of really savage races? One can hardly trust one's eyes when one sees the evidence placed before us by men whose good faith cannot be questioned, and who nevertheless contradict each other flatly on the most ordinary subjects. We owe to one of our secretaries, Mr. Ling Roth, a most careful collection of all that has been said on the Tasmanians by eye-witnesses. Not the least valuable part of this collection is that it opens our eyes to the utter untrustworthiness of the evidence on which the anthropologist has so often had to rely. In an article on Mr. Roth's book in 'Nature,' I tried to show that there is not one essential feature in the religion of the Tasmanians on which different authorities have not made assertions diametrically opposed to each other.

Some say that the Tasmanians have no idea of a Supreme Being, no rites, no ceremonies; others call their religion Dualism, a worship of good and evil spirits. Some maintain that they had deified the powers of nature, others that they were Devil-worshippers. Some declare their religion to be pure monotheism, combined with belief in the immortality of the soul, the efficacy of prayers and charms. Nay, even the most recent article of faith, the descent of man from some kind of animal, has received a religious sanction among the Tasmanians. For Mr. Horton, who is not given to joking, tells us that they believed 'they were originally formed with tails, and without knee-joints, by a benevolent being, and that another descended from heaven and, compassionating the sufferers, cut off their tails, and with grease softened their knees.'

I would undertake to show that what applies to the descriptions given us of the now extinct race of the Tasmanians applies with equal force to the descriptions of almost all the savage races with whom anthropologists have to deal. In the case of large tribes, such as the inhabitants of Australia, the contradictory evidence may, no doubt, be accounted for by the fact that the observations were made in different localities. But the chief reason is always the same—ignorance of the language, and therefore want of sympathy and impossibility of mutual explanation and correction.

Let me in conclusion give you one of the most flagrant instances of how a whole race can be totally misrepresented by men ignorant of their language, and how these misrepresentations are at once removed

if travellers acquire a knowledge of the language, and thus have not only eyes to see, but ears to hear, tongues to speak, and hearts to feel.

No race has been so cruelly maligned for centuries as the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands. An Arab writer of the ninth century states that their complexion was frightful, their hair frizzled, their countenance and eyes terrible, their feet very large and almost a cubit in length, and that they go quite naked. Marco Polo (about 1285) declared that the inhabitants are no better than wild beasts, and he goes on to say: 'I assure you, all the men of this island of Angamanain have heads like dogs, and teeth and eyes likewise; in fact, in the face they are just like big mastiff dogs.'

So long as no one could be found to study their language there was no appeal from these libels. But when, after the Sepoy mutiny in 1857, it was necessary to find a habitation for a large number of convicts, the Andaman Islands, which had already served as a penal settlement on a smaller scale, became a large penal colony under English officers. The havoc that was wrought by this sudden contact between the Andaman Islanders and these civilised Indian convicts was terrible, and the end will probably be the same as in Tasmania—the native population will die out. Fortunately one of the English officers (Mr. Edward Horace Man) did not shrink from the trouble of learning the language spoken by these islanders, and, being a careful observer and perfectly trustworthy, he has given us some accounts of the Andaman aborigines which are real masterpieces of anthropological research. If these islanders must

be swept away from the face of the earth, they will now at all events leave a better name behind them. Even their outward appearance seems to become different in the eyes of a sympathising observer from what it was to casual travellers. They are, no doubt, a very small race, their average height being 4 ft. 10¾ in. But this is almost the only charge brought against them which Mr. Man has not been able to rebut. Their hair, he says, is fine, very closely curled, and frizzly. Their colour is dark, but not absolutely black. Their features possess little of the most marked and coarser peculiarities of the negro type. The projecting jaws, the prominent thick lips, the broad and flattened nose of the genuine negro are so softened down as scarcely to be recognised.

But let us hear now what Mr. Man has to tell us about the social, moral, and intellectual qualities of these so-called savages, who had been represented to us as cannibals; as ignorant of the existence of a deity; as knowing no marriage, except what by a bold euphemism has been called communal marriage; as unacquainted with fire; as no better than wild beasts, having heads, teeth, and eyes like dogs—being, in fact, like big mastiffs.

'Before the introduction into the islands of what is called European civilisation, the inhabitants,' Mr. Man writes, 'lived in small villages, their dwellings built of branches and leaves of trees. They were ignorant of agriculture, and kept no poultry or domestic animals. Their pottery was hand-made, their clothing very scanty. They were expert swimmers and divers, and able to manufacture well-made dug-out

canoes and outriggers. They were ignorant of metals, ignorant, we are told, of producing fire, though they kept a constant supply of burning and smouldering wood. They made use of shells for their tools, had stone hammers and anvils, bows and arrows, harpoons for killing turtle and fish. Such is the fertility of the island that they have abundance and variety of food all the year round. Their food was invariably cooked, they drank nothing but water, and they did not smoke. People may call this a savage life. I know many a starving labourer who would gladly exchange the benefits of European civilisation for the blessings of such savagery.'

These small islanders who have always been represented by a certain class of anthropologists as the lowest stratum of humanity need not fear comparison, so far as their social life is concerned, with races who are called civilised. So far from being addicted to what is called by the self-contradictory name of communal marriage, Mr. Man tells us that bigamy, polygamy, polyandry, and divorce are unknown to them, and that the marriage contract, so far from being regarded as a merely temporary contract, to be set aside on account of incompatibility of temper or other such causes, is never dissolved. Conjugal fidelity till death is not the exception but the rule, and matrimonial differences, which occur but rarely, are easily settled with or without the intervention of friends. One of the most striking features of their social relations is the marked equality and affection which exist between husband and wife, and the consideration and respect with which women are treated might, with advantage, be emulated by certain classes

in our own land. As to cannibalism or infanticide, they are never practised by them.

It is easy to say that Mr. Man may be prejudiced in favour of these little savages whose language he has been at so much pains to learn. Fortunately, however, all his statements have lately been confirmed by another authority, Colonel Cadell—the Chief Commissioner of these islands. He is a Victoria Cross man, and not likely to be given to overmuch sentimentality. Well, this is what he says of these fierce mastiffs, with feet a cubit in length:—

They are merry little people, he says. One could not imagine how taking they were. Every one who had to do with them fell in love with them (these fierce mastiffs). Contact with civilisation had not improved the morality of the natives, but in their natural state they were truthful and honest, generous and self-denying. He had watched them sitting over their fires cooking their evening meal, and it was quite pleasant to notice the absence of greed and the politeness with which they picked off the tit-bits and thrust them into each other's mouths. The forest and sea abundantly supplied their wants, and it was therefore not surprising that the attempts to induce them to take to cultivation had been quite unsuccessful, highly though they appreciated the rice and Indian corn which were occasionally supplied to them. All was grist that came to their mill in the shape of food. The forest supplied them with edible roots and fruits. Bats, rats, flying foxes, iguanas, sea-snakes, molluscs, wild pig, fish, turtle, and last, though not least, the larvae of beetles, formed welcome additions to their larder. He remembered one morning

landing by chance at an encampment of theirs, under the shade of a gigantic forest tree. On one fire was the shell of a turtle, acting as its own pot, in which was simmering the green fat delicious to more educated palates; on another its flesh was being broiled, together with some splendid fish; on a third a wild pig was being roasted, its drippings falling on wild yams, and a jar of honey stood close by, all delicacies fit for an alderman's table.

These are things which we might suppose anybody who has eyes to see, and who is not wilfully blind, might have observed. But when we come to traditions, laws, and particularly to religion, no one ought to be listened to as an authority who cannot converse with the natives. For a long time the Mincopies have been represented as without any religion, without even an idea of the Godhead. This opinion received the support of Sir John Lubbock, and has been often repeated without ever having been re-examined. As soon, however, as these Mincopies began to be studied more carefully—more particularly as soon as some persons resident among them had acquired a knowledge of their language, and thereby a means of real communication—their religion came out as clear as daylight. According to Mr. E. H. Man, they have a name for God—*Pûluga*. And how can a race be said to be without a knowledge of God if they have a name for God? *Pûluga* has a very mythological character. He has a stone house in the sky; he has a wife, whom he created himself, and from whom he has a large family, all, except the eldest, being girls. The mother is supposed to be green (the earth?), the daughters

black; they are the spirits, called *Môrowin*; his son is called *Pûjchor*. He alone is permitted to live with his father and to convey his orders to the *Môrowin*. But *Pûluga* was a moral character also. His appearance is like fire, though nowadays he has become invisible. He was never born, and is immortal. The whole world was created by him, except only the powers of evil. He is omniscient, knowing even the thoughts of the heart. He is angered by the commission of certain sins – some very trivial, at least to our mind—but he is pitiful to all who are in distress. He is the judge from whom each soul receives its sentence after death.

According to other authorities, some Andamanese look on the sun as the fountain of all that is good, the moon as a minor power; and they believe in a number of inferior spirits, the spirits of the forest, the water, and the mountain, as agents of the two higher powers. They believe in an evil spirit also, who seems to have been originally the spirit of the storm. Him they try to pacify by songs, or to frighten away with their arrows.

I suppose I need say no more to show how indispensable a study of language is to every student of Anthropology. If Anthropology is to maintain its high position as a real science, its alliance with linguistic studies cannot be too close. Its weakest points have always been those where it trusted to the statements of authorities ignorant of language and of the science of language. Its greatest triumphs have been achieved by men such as Dr. Hahn, Bishops Callaway and Colenso, Dr. W. Gill, and last, not least, Mr. Man, who have combined the minute ac-

hardly be overestimated. India, with the immense variety of its inhabitants, representing almost every stage, from the lowest to the highest, in the progress of civilisation, is the most promising country for a scientific study of the development of the human race. Ethnology, though a science of very ancient date, has of late attracted very general attention, and has extended its influence over many important branches of philosophy. The words of Charron's repeated by Pope, '*La vraye science et la vraye étude de l'homme c'est l'homme*,' seem at last to have come true, and there is hardly a problem connected with the origin of man and the faculties of the human mind which has not been illuminated of late by fitful rays proceeding from the science of ethnology.

But, as you truly observe, 'many of the ethnological speculations of recent years have been based far too exclusively upon comparatively unverified accounts of the customs of savages of the lowest type,' and, as an inevitable result, the whole science of ethnology has lost much of the prestige which it formerly commanded. It has almost ceased to be a true science in the sense in which it was conceived by Prichard, Humboldt, Waitz and others, and threatens to become a mere collection of amusing anecdotes and moral paradoxes. It is a science in which the mere amateur can be of great use, but which requires for its successful cultivation the wide knowledge of the student of physical science and the critical accuracy of the scholar.

The questions which you have drawn up, and the leading principles which you recommend for the guidance of your *collaborateurs*, seem to me excellent.

If you could consult the Annual Reports of the American Bureau of Ethnology, and more particularly the excellent papers of its Director, Mr. J. W. Powell, you would find them, *mutatis mutandis*, very useful for your own purposes.

If I may point out some dangers which seem to me to threaten the safe progress of ethnological inquiry in India and everywhere else, they are the same to which you yourself have called attention. Foremost among them I should mention the vagueness of the ordinary ethnological terminology, which has led to much confusion of thought and ought to be remedied *ferro et igne*. You are fully aware of the mischief that is produced by employing the terminology of Comparative Philology in an ethnological sense. I have uttered the same warning again and again. In my letter to the Chevalier Bunsen, on the Turanian languages, published as far back as 1853, I devoted a whole chapter to pointing out the necessity of keeping these two lines of research—the philological and the ethnological—completely separate, at least for the present. In my later works, too, I have protested as strongly as I could against the unholy alliance of these two sciences—Comparative Philology and Ethnology. But my warnings have been of little effect; and such is the influence of evil communications, that I myself cannot plead quite not-guilty as to having used linguistic terms in an ethnological sense. Still it is an evil that ought to be resisted with all our might. Ethnologists persist in writing of *Âryas*, *Shemites*, and *Turanians*, *Ugrians*, *Dravidians*, *Munda*, *Bantu* races, &c., forgetting that these terms have nothing to do with blood, or

bones, or hair, or facial angles, but simply and solely with language. Âryas are those who speak Aryan languages, whatever their colour, whatever their blood. In calling them Âryas we predicate nothing of them except that the grammar of their language is Aryan. The classification of Âryas and Shemites is based on linguistic grounds and on nothing else; and it is only because languages must be spoken by somebody that we may allow ourselves to speak of language as synonymous with peoples.

In India we have, first of all, the two principal ingredients of the population—the dark aboriginal inhabitants and their more fair-skinned conquerors. Besides these two, there have been enormous floods of neighbouring races,—Scythians from the North-West, Mongolians from the North-East, overwhelming from time to time large tracts of Northern India. There have, besides, been inroads of Persians, Greeks, Romans, Mohammedans of every description, Afghans, and last, but not least, Europeans,—all mingling more or less freely with the original inhabitants and among themselves. Here, therefore, the ethnologist has a splendid opportunity of discovering some tests, apart from language, by which, even after a neighbourly intercourse lasting for thousands of years, the descendants of one race may be told from the descendants of the others.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by sacred law books. The very fact of their forbidding intermarriages between different races shows that human nature was too strong for them. Intermarriages, whether forbidden or sanctioned by the law, took place; and we know that the consequence

of one single intermarriage might tell in a few generations on thousands of people. Here, then, there is a promising field for the ethnologist, if only he will shut his ears to the evidence of language. As the philologist classifies his languages without asking a single question by whom they were spoken, let the ethnologist classify his skulls without inquiring what language had its *habitat* in them. After each has finished his classification, it will be time for the ethnologist or the linguist to compare their results, but not till then; otherwise we shall never arrive at truly scientific conclusions.

To give one instance. When Mr. Hodgson had published his valuable vocabularies of the non-Sanskritic dialects spoken in India, he, like Lassen, seems to have been so convinced that the people who spoke them in the interior of India must have been either the aboriginal races or their fair-skinned Brahmanic conquerors, that in spite of most characteristic differences he referred that whole cluster of dialects which we now call *Munda* or *Kolarian* to the Dravidian family of speech. Trusting simply to the guidance of language, and without paying the slightest regard to the strangely conflicting accounts as to the physical characteristics of these Munda tribes, I pointed out in 1853 that these dialects differed as much from the Dravidian as from the Sanskritic type, and that they must be admitted as a separate family of speech on the soil of India. Everybody accepted my discovery, but unfortunately very soon the term *Munda* or *Kolarian*, which was intended as a linguistic term only, was used ethnologically; and we now constantly read of a Kolarian race, as if we knew anything to prove

that the people who speak Kolarian languages share all the same unmixed blood.

If you were to issue an interdict against any of your *collaborateurs* using linguistic terms in an ethnological sense, I believe that your *Ethnological Survey of India* would inaugurate a new and most important era both in the science of language and in the science of man. And while I am speaking of the confusion of terms with regard to language and race, may I point out a similar danger which seems to me to threaten your searches into the origin of castes and tribes in India. On this point also you have to a certain extent anticipated my apprehensions, and I need not fear that you will misapprehend my remarks, though they can only be very short and imperfect.

Caste is a European word, but it has become so completely naturalised in India that the vagueness of its meaning seems to have reacted even on the native mind. The Sanskrit word for caste is var*n*a, literally 'colour,' or *g*âti, literally 'kith.' But though the original meaning of these words is clear, it is well known how much their meaning has varied during different periods in the history of Indian society. As to colour, there are now true Brâhmans in the south of India as black as Pariahs; as to kith and kin, whatever the orthodox doctrine may be, the Brâhmans themselves are honest enough to confess that even in the earliest times Kshatriyas became Brâhmans, such as Visvâmitra; nay more, outsiders, such as the carpenters under Bribu, were admitted to the Brahmanic community and endowed with Brahmanic gods the *Ri*bhus (see 'Chips from a German Workshop,' ii. p. 131, and my article on *Caste*, ibid.,

pp. 301–359). What took place during the Vedic period is taking place, as Sir Alfred Lyall has so well shown, at the present day, only we must take care not to ascribe to the proselytising spirit of the Brâhmans what is simply the result of the religious and social flunkeyism of the lower races of India.

Caste ought to be carefully distinguished from school, *Karana*—from race and family, gotra and kula. This subject is beset with many difficulties, and I do not myself profess to see quite clearly on the many intricate questions connected with it. With regard to the early history of races and families there is a rich literature in Sanskrit, and it would be very desirable if you could secure the assistance of a really learned pundit to give you a clear and full account of what can be known from these sources. Some of them are of very ancient date. Thus you will find in the Vedic *Grihya*-sûtras a list of Brahmanic gotras (see my 'History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature,' pp. 379–388), and, strange to say, you will see that the interdict against marriages between members of the same gotra is by no means so universal as it is supposed to be. Even if some of the statements set forth in these Brahmanic treatises may seem to represent *pia vota* rather than real facts, we must not forget that such theories have often very powerfully influenced the later development of social life in India. I have no doubt that with proper precautions you might derive most valuable help from educated natives, who know the meaning of the terms taken from their own language and how far they really correspond with the terms which we use in English.

It seems to me a dangerous habit to transfer terms which have their proper and well-defined meaning in one country to similar objects in other countries. It is, of course, very tempting when we see in India—nay, almost in every country of the world,—two or more vertical stones with another on the top of them to greet them as cromlechs. But a cromlech is a stone monument erected by Celtic people, and to speak of cromlechs in India is apt to be misleading. It is far better to describe each class of rude stone monuments by itself, and, if possible, to call them by their own local name. In that way their individual features will not be overlooked; and this is of great importance,—nay, often of greater importance than to perceive the general similarity of such stone monuments in the most distant quarters of our globe.

I am even afraid of such words as *totemism*, *fetishism*, and several other *isms*, which have found their way into ethnological science. They are very convenient and commodious terms, and, if used with proper care, quite unobjectionable. But they often interfere with accurate observation and distinction. A fetish, from meaning originally something very definite in the worship of the Negroes on the west coast of Africa, has become a general name of almost any inanimate object of religious worship. The Palladium, the Cross, the black stone of Kaaba, have all been called fetishes as much as the tail of a dog worshipped on the Congo, as if we could arrive at any sound conclusions by throwing together, regardless of their antecedents, objects of worship belonging, it is supposed, to the earliest and to the latest phases of religious belief.

Again, if there is anything like *totemism* in India, let us have a full and detailed description of each individual case, instead of hiding all that may be really enlightening under the large bushel of totemism. Almost anything that outwardly distinguishes one race from another is now called *totem*, though what seems to be the same, and even what answers the same purpose, is by no means always the same in its origin. Think only of the different nâgas or snakes in India. People are called nâgas, they worship nâgas, they use emblems of nâgas, and we may believe that they do not eat nâgas. Is the nâga or serpent therefore to be simply classed as a totem? There are *fagots et fagots*, and any one who has lived in India knows that in India, as elsewhere, nothing has such various antecedents, and nothing serves such different purports, as nâga, the serpent.

I have written down these few remarks, not with a view of offering you advice in the prosecution of your ethnological inquiries in India, but in order to show to you how entirely I agree with the spirit in which you have hitherto conducted your *Ethnological Survey of India*, and I hope will continue it and bring it to a successful issue.

HORATIO HALE ON 'THE TRUE BASIS OF ANTHROPOLOGY[1].'

THE Nestor of American philologists, and at the same time the indefatigable Ulysses of comparative

[1] 'Language as a Test of Mental Capacity.' By Horatio Hale. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1891.

philology in that country, Mr. Horatio Hale, has just published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, an important essay on 'Language as a Test of Mental Capacity,' being an attempt to demonstrate the true basis of anthropology. His first important contribution to the science of language dates back as far as 1838–42, when he acted as ethnographer to the United States Exploring Expedition, and published the results of his observations in a valuable and now very scarce volume, 'Ethnography and Philology.' He has since left the United States and settled in Canada. All his contributions to American ethnology and philology have been distinguished by their originality, accuracy, and trustworthiness. Every one of them marks a substantial addition to our knowledge, and, in spite of the hackneyed disapproval with which reviewers receive reprints of essays published in periodicals, it is much to be regretted that his essays have never been published in a collected form.

Mr. Horatio Hale's object in the essay before us is to show that language separates man from all other animals by a line as distinct as that which separates a tree from a stone, or a stone from a star.

'A treatise,' he writes, 'which should undertake to show how inanimate matter became a plant or an animal, would, of course, possess great interest for biologists, but it would not be accepted by them as a treatise on biology. In like manner a work displaying the anatomy of man in comparison with that of other animals cannot but be of great value, and a treatise showing how the human frame was probably developed from that of a lower animal must be of

extreme interest; but these would be works, not of anthropology, but of physiology or biology. Anthropology begins where mere brute life gives way to something widely different and indefinitely higher. It begins with that endowment which characterises man, and distinguishes him from all other creatures. The real basis of the science of anthropology is found in articulate speech, with all that it indicates and embodies.' He does not hesitate to maintain that solely by their languages can the tribes of men be scientifically classified, their affiliations discovered, and their mental qualities discerned. These premises, he says, compel us to the logical conclusion that linguistic anthropology is the only 'Science of Man.'

These words explain at once the whole character of this important essay. Mr. Horatio Hale is a great admirer of Darwin, but not of the Darwinians. He contrasts Darwin's discernment of the value of language with the blindness of his followers, who are physiologists and nothing else. Why anthropology has of late been swamped by physiology, Mr. Horatio Hale explains by the fact that the pursuit of the latter science is so infinitely the easier. 'To measure human bodies and human bones, to compute the comparative number of blue eyes and black eyes in any community, to determine whether the section of a human hair is circular, or oval, or oblong, to study and compare the habits of various tribes of man, as we would study and compare the habits of beavers and bees, these are tasks which are comparatively simple. But the patient toil and protracted mental exertion required to penetrate into the mysteries of a strange language, and to acquire a knowledge profound enough to afford the

means of determining the intellectual endowments of the people who speak it, are such as very few men of science have been willing to undergo.' Mr. Horatio Hale has a right to speak with authority on this point, for, besides having studied the several languages of North America, of Australia and Polynesia, no one has more carefully measured skulls, registered eyes, measured hair, and collected antiquities and curiosities of all kinds than he has done during his long and busy life. His knowledge of the customs of uncivilised races is very considerable. No one knows the Indian tribes and likewise the Australians better than he does, and he is in consequence very severe on mere theorisers who imagine they have proved how the primitive hordes of human beings, after herding together like cattle, emerged slowly through wife-capture, mother-right, father-right, endogamy, exogamy, totemism, fetichism, and clan systems, to what may be called a social status. He holds with Darwin that man was from the beginning a pairing animal, and that the peculiar usages of barbarous tribes are simply the efforts of men, pressed down by hard conditions, below the natural stage, to keep themselves from sinking lower. He gives a most graphic description of changes of civilisation produced by change of surroundings in the case of the savage Athapascans, and their descendants, the quick-witted and inventive Navajos. He holds that the inhabitants of Australia were originally Dravidians, and that their social and linguistic deterioration is due to the miserable character of the island in which they had taken refuge, possibly from the Aryans, when pressing upon the aboriginal inhabitants of the Dekhan. He points out

a few grammatical terminations in the Dravidian languages which show some similarity to the terminations of Australian dialects. The dative, for instance, is formed in the Dravidian Tulu by *ku*, and in the Lake Macquarie and Wiradhurei dialects of Australia by *ko*. In both families the *k* of *ku* and *ko* is liable to be changed into *g*. The plural suffix in Tamil is *gal*, in Wiradhurei *galan*. Thus in Tamil *maram*, tree, forms the nom. plur. *marangal*, the dat. plur. *marangaluk-ku*; while in Wiradhurei, *bagai*, shell, appears in the nom. plur. as *bagaigalan*, in the dat. plur. as *bagaigalan-gu*. On this point, however, Mr. Horatio Hale ought to produce fuller evidence, particularly from numerals, and the common household words of uncivilised tribes. The pronouns show many coincidences with Dravidian and Australian languages. No one is better qualified for that task than he is, for we really owe to him the first trustworthy information about the Australian dialects. He considers all the dialects spoken in Australia as varieties of one original speech, and he has proved their wonderful structure by several specimens contained in his first book, published nearly fifty years ago, and again in this last essay of his.

There is no doubt that this essay will provoke much opposition, but no one can read it without deriving most valuable information from it, and without being impressed with the singularly clear and unbiassed judgment of the author. It is to be hoped that if there is any controversy it may be carried on in the same scientific and thoroughly gentlemanlike tone in which Mr. Horatio Hale deals with those whom he has to reprove. Thus, when Prof. Whitney, a fertile

writer on linguistic science in America, commits himself to the statement that the Dravidian languages have 'a general agglutinative structure *with prefixes only*,' Mr. Horatio Hale good-naturedly remarks, 'this is doubtless a misprint for *with suffixes only*.' And when Prof. Gerland, in his continuation of Waitz's invaluable work, 'Die Anthropologie der Naturvölker,' refers to Mr. Horatio Hale as describing the hair of the Australians as *long, fine, and woolly*, he points out that he, on the contrary, described their hair as neither woolly, like that of the Africans and Melanesians; nor frizzled, like that of the Feejeeans; nor coarse, stiff, and curling, as with the Malays; but as long, fine, and *wavy*, like that of Europeans. He naturally protests against Prof. Friedrich Müller charging him with having committed such a blunder, which, as he remarks, would be as bad as if he had described the Eskimos as having black skins. But there is not a single offensive expression in the whole of his essay, though the opportunities would have been many for adopting the style of hitting indiscriminately above and below the belt. Though he differs from Prof. Whitney, he evidently ranks him very high, and treats him with that courtesy with which every scholar ought to treat his fellow-labourers.

ON FREEDOM[1].

NOT more than twenty years have passed since John Stuart Mill sent forth his plea for Liberty[2].

If there is one among the leaders of thought in England who, by the elevation of his character and the calm composure of his mind, deserved the so often misplaced title of Serene Highness, it was, I think, John Stuart Mill.

But in his Essay 'On Liberty,' Mill for once

[1] An Address delivered on the 20th October, 1879, before the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

[2] Mill tells us that his Essay 'On Liberty' was planned and written down in 1854. It was in mounting the steps of the Capitol in January, 1855, that the thought first arose of converting it into a volume, and it was not published till 1859. The author, who in his Autobiography speaks with exquisite modesty of all his literary performances, allows himself one single exception when speaking of his Essay 'On Liberty.' 'None of my writings,' he says, 'have been either so carefully composed or so sedulously corrected as this.' Its final revision was to have been the work of the winter of 1858 to 1859, which he and his wife had arranged to pass in the South of Europe, a hope which was frustrated by his wife's death. 'The "Liberty,"' he writes, 'is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written (with the possible exception of the "Logic"), because the conjunction of her mind with mine has rendered it a kind of philosophic text-book of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into stronger relief: the importance, to man and society, of a large variety of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions.'

becomes passionate. In presenting his Bill of Rights, in stepping forward as the champion of individual liberty, a new spirit seems to have taken possession of him. He speaks like a martyr, or the defender of martyrs. The individual human soul, with its unfathomable endowments, and its capacity of growing to something undreamt of in our philosophy, becomes in his eyes a sacred thing, and every encroachment on its world-wide domain is treated as sacrilege. Society, the arch-enemy of the rights of individuality, is represented like an evil spirit, whom it behoves every true man to resist with might and main, and whose demands, as they cannot be altogether ignored, must be reduced at all hazards to the lowest level.

I doubt whether any of the principles for which Mill pleaded so warmly and strenuously in his Essay 'On Liberty' would at the present day be challenged or resisted, even by the most illiberal of philosophers, or the most conservative of politicians. Mill's demands sound very humble to *our* ears. They amount to no more than this, 'that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions so far as they concern the interests of no person but himself, and that he may be subjected to social or legal punishments for such actions only as are prejudicial to the interests of others.'

Is there any one here present who doubts the justice of that principle, or who would wish to reduce the freedom of the individual to a smaller measure? Whatever social tyranny may have existed twenty years ago, when it wrung that fiery protest from the lips of John Stuart Mill, can we imagine a state of society, not totally Utopian, in which the individual

man need be less ashamed of his social fetters, in which he could more freely utter all his honest convictions more boldly propound all his theories, more fearlessly agitate for their speedy realisation; in which, in fact, each man can be so entirely himself as the society of England, such as it now is, such as generations of hard-thinking and hard-working Englishmen have made it, and left it as the most sacred inheritance to their sons and daughters?

Look through the whole of history, not excepting the brightest days of republican freedom at Athens and Rome, and I know you will not find one single period in which the measure of Liberty accorded to each individual was larger than it is at present, at least in England. And if you wish to realise the full blessings of the time in which we live, compare Mill's plea for Liberty with another written not much more than two hundred years ago, and by a thinker not inferior either in power or boldness to Mill himself. According to Hobbes, the only freedom which an individual in his ideal state has a right to claim is what he calls 'freedom of thought,' and that freedom of thought consists in our being able to think what we like—so long as we keep it to ourselves. Surely, such freedom of thought existed even in the days of the Inquisition, and we should never call thought free, if it had to be kept a prisoner in solitary and silent confinement. By freedom of thought we mean freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, whether individual or associated, and of that freedom the present generation, as compared with all former generations, the English nation, as compared with all other nations, enjoys, there can be no doubt, a good

measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and sometimes running over.

It may be said that some dogmas still remain in politics, in religion, and in morality; but those who defend them claim no longer any infallibility, and those who attack them, however small their minority, need fear no violence, nay, may reckon on an impartial and even sympathetic hearing, as soon as people discover in their pleadings the true ring of honest conviction and the warmth inspired by an unselfish love of truth.

It has seemed strange therefore to many readers of Mill, particularly on the Continent, that this cry for Liberty, this demand for freedom for every individual to be what he is, and to develop all the germs of his nature, should have come from what is known as the freest of all countries, England. We might well understand such a cry of indignation if it had reached us from Russia; but why should English philosophers, of all others, have to protest against the tyranny of society? It is true, nevertheless, that in countries governed despotically, the individual, unless he is obnoxious to the Government, enjoys greater freedom, or rather licence, than in a country like England, which governs itself. Russian society, for instance, is extremely indulgent. It tolerates in its rulers and statesmen a haughty defiance of the simplest rules of social propriety, and it seems amused rather than astonished or indignant at the vagaries, the frenzies, and outrages, of those who in brilliant drawing-rooms or lecture-rooms preach the doctrines of what is called Nihilism or Individualism[1],

[1] Herzen defined Nihilism as 'the most perfect freedom from all

viz. 'that society must be regenerated by a struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest, processes which Nature has sanctioned, and which have proved successful among wild animals.' If there is danger in these doctrines the Government is expected to see to it. It may place watchmen at the doors of every house and at the corner of every street, but it must not count on the better classes coming forward to enrol themselves as special constables, or even on the co-operation of public opinion which in England would annihilate that kind of Nihilism with one glance of scorn and pity.

In a self-governed country like England, the resistance which society, if it likes, can oppose to the individual in the assertion of his rights, is far more compact and powerful than in Russia, or even in Germany. Even where it does not employ the arm of the law, society knows how to use that softer, but more crushing pressure, that calm, but Gorgon-like look which only the bravest and stoutest hearts know how to resist.

It is rather against that indirect repression which a well-organised society exercises, both through its male and female representatives, that Mill's demand for Liberty seems directed. He does not stand up for unlimited licence; on the contrary, he would have been the most strenuous defender of that balance of power between the weak and the strong on which all social life depends. But he resents those smaller penalties which society likes to inflict on those who

settled concepts, from all inherited restraints and impediments which hamper the progress of the Occidental intellect with the historical drag tied to its foot.'

disturb its dignified peace and comfort:—avoidance, exclusion, a cold look, a stinging remark. Had Mill any right to complain of these social penalties? Would it not rather amount to an interference with individual liberty to wish to deprive any individual or any number of individuals of those weapons of self-defence? Those who themselves think and speak freely, have hardly a right to complain, if others claim the same privilege. Mill himself called the Conservative party the stupid party *par excellence*, and he took great pains to explain that it was so, not by accident, but by necessity. Need he wonder if those whom he whipped and scourged used their own whips and scourges against so merciless a critic.

Freethinkers, and I use that name as a title of honour for all who, like Mill, claim for every individual the fullest freedom in thought, word, or deed, compatible with the freedom of others, are apt to make one mistake. Conscious of their own honest intentions, they cannot bear to be mistrusted or slighted. They expect society to submit to their often very painful operations as a patient submits to the knife of the surgeon. That is not in human nature. The enemy of abuses is always abused by his enemies. Society will never yield one inch without resistance, and few reformers live long enough to receive the thanks of those whom they have reformed. Mill's unsolicited election to Parliament was a triumph not often shared by social reformers; it was as exceptional as Bright's admission to a seat in the Cabinet, or Stanley's appointment as Dean of Westminster. Such anomalies will happen in a country fortunately so full of anomalies as England; but, as

a rule, a political reformer must not be angry if he passes through life without the title of Right Honourable; nor should a man, if he will always speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be disappointed if he dies a martyr rather than a Bishop.

But granting even that in Mill's time there existed some traces of social tyranny, where are they now? Look at the newspapers and the journals. Is there any theory too wild, any reform too violent, to be openly defended? Look at the drawing-rooms or the meetings of learned societies. Are not the most eccentric talkers the spoiled children of the fashionable world? When young lords begin to discuss the propriety of limiting the rights of inheritance, and young tutors are not afraid to propose curtailing the long vacation, surely we need not complain of the intolerance of English society.

Whenever I state these facts to my German and French and Italian friends, who from reading Mill's Essay 'On Liberty' have derived the impression that, however large an amount of political liberty England may enjoy, it enjoys but little of intellectual freedom, they are generally willing to be converted so far as London, or other great cities, are concerned. But look at your Universities, they say, the nurseries of English thought! Can you compare their mediaeval spirit, their monastic institutions, their scholastic philosophy, with the freshness and freedom of the Continental Universities? Strong as these prejudices about Oxford and Cambridge have always been, they have become still more intense since Professor Helmholtz, in an inaugural address which he delivered at

his installation as Rector of the University of Berlin, lent the authority of his great name to these misconceptions. 'The tutors,' he says[1], 'in the English Universities cannot deviate by a hair's-breadth from the dogmatic system of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their Archbishops and losing their pupils.' In German Universities, on the contrary, we are told that the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, the boldest speculations within the sphere of Darwin's theory of evolution, may be propounded without let or hindrance, quite as much as the highest apotheosis of Papal infallibility.

Here the facts on which Professor Helmholtz relies are not quite correct, and the writings of some of our most eminent tutors supply a more than sufficient refutation of his statements. Archbishops have no official position whatsoever in English universities, and their censure of an Oxford tutor would be resented as impertinent by the whole University. Nor does the University, as such, exercise any very strict control over the tutors, even when they lecture not to their own College only. Each Master of Arts at Oxford claims now the right to lecture (*venia docendi*), and I doubt whether they would ever submit to those restrictions which, in Germany, the Faculty imposes on every *Privat-docent*. *Privat-docents* in German Universities have been rejected by the Faculty for incompetence, and silenced for insubordination. I know of no such cases at Oxford during my residence

[1] Ueber die akademische Freiheit der deutschen Universitäten, Rede beim Antritt des Rectorats an der Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität in Berlin, am 15. October, 1877, gehalten von Dr. H. Helmholtz.

of more than thirty years, nor can I think it likely that they should ever occur.

As to the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, there are Oxford tutors who have grappled with the systems of such giants as Hobbes, Locke, or Hume, and who are not likely to be frightened by Büchner and Vogt.

I know comparisons are odious, and I am the last man who would wish to draw comparisons between English and German Universities unfavourable to the latter. But with regard to freedom of thought, of speech, and action, Professor Helmholtz, if he would spend but a few weeks at Oxford, would find that we enjoy a fuller measure of freedom here than the Professors and *Privat-docents* in any Continental University. The publications of some of our professors and tutors ought at least to have convinced him that if there is less of brave words and turbulent talk in their writings, they display throughout a determination to speak the truth, which may be matched, but could not easily be excelled, by the leaders of thought in France, Germany, or Italy.

The real difference between English and Continental Universities is that the former govern themselves, the latter are governed. Self-government entails responsibilities, sometimes restraints and reticences. I may here be allowed to quote the words of another eminent Professor of the University of Berlin, Du Bois Reymond, who, in addressing his colleagues, ventured to tell them[1], 'We have still to

[1] Ueber eine Akademie der deutschen Sprache, p. 34. Another keen observer of English life, Dr. K. Hillebrand, in an article in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, remarks: 'Nowhere is

learn from the English how the greatest independence of the individual is compatible with willing submission to salutary, though irksome, statutes.' That is particularly true when the statutes are self-imposed. In Germany, as Professor Helmholtz tells us himself, the last decision in almost all the more important affairs of the Universities rests with the Government, and he does not deny that in times of political and ecclesiastical tension, a most inconsiderate use has been made of that power. There are, besides, the less important matters, such as raising of salaries, leave of absence, scientific missions, even titles and decorations, all of which enable a clever Minister of Instruction to assert his personal influence among the less independent members of the University. In Oxford the University does not know the Ministry, nor the Ministry the University. The acts of the Government, be it Liberal or Conservative, are freely discussed, and often powerfully resisted by the academic constituencies, and the personal dislike of a Minister or Ministerial Councillor could as little injure a professor or tutor as his favour could add one penny to his salary.

But these are minor matters. What gives their own peculiar character to the English Universities is a sense of power and responsibility: power, because they are the most respected among the numerous corporations in the country; responsibility, because the higher education of the whole country has been committed to their charge. Their only master is public opinion as represented in Parliament, their

there greater individual liberty than in England, and nowhere do people renounce it more readily of their own accord.'

only incentive their own sense of duty. There is no country in Europe where Universities hold so exalted a position, and where those who have the honour to belong to them may say with greater truth, *Noblesse oblige.*

I know the dangers of self-government, particularly where higher and more ideal interests are concerned, and there are probably few who wish for a real reform in schools and Universities who have not occasionally yielded to the desire for a Dictator, for a Bismarck or a Falk. But such a desire springs only from a momentary weakness and despondency; and no one who knows the difference between being governed and governing oneself, would ever wish to descend from that higher though dangerous position to a lower one, however safe and comfortable it might seem. No one who has tasted freedom would ever wish to exchange it for anything else. Public opinion is sometimes a hard taskmaster, and majorities can be great tyrants to those who want to be honest to their own convictions. But in the struggle of all against all, each individual feels that he has his rightful place, and that he may exercise his rightful influence. If he is beaten, he is beaten in fair fight; if he conquers, he has no one else to thank. No doubt despotic Governments have often exercised the most beneficial patronage in encouraging and rewarding poets, artists, and men of science. But men of genius who have conquered the love and admiration of a whole nation are greater than those who have gained the favour of the most brilliant Courts; and we know how some of the fairest reputations have been wrecked on the patronage which they had to

accept at the hands of powerful Ministers or ambitious Sovereigns.

But to return to Mill and his plea for Liberty. Though I can hardly believe that, were he still among us, he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move, yet the chief cause on which he founded his plea for Liberty, the chief evil which he thought could be remedied only if society would allow more elbow-room to individual genius, exists in the same degree as in his time—aye, even in a higher degree. The principle of Individuality has suffered more at present than perhaps at any former period of history. The world is becoming more and more gregarious, and what the French call our *nature moutonnière*, 'our mutton-like nature,' our tendency to leap where any bell-wether has leapt before, becomes more and more prevalent in politics, in religion, in art, and even in science. M. de Tocqueville expressed his surprise how much more Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another than did those of the last generation. The same remark, adds John Stuart Mill, might be made of England in a greater degree. 'The modern *régime* of public opinion,' he writes, 'is in an unorganised form what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organised; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.'

I fully agree with Mill in recognising the dangers of uniformity, but I doubt whether what he calls the

régime of public opinion is alone, or even chiefly, answerable for it. No doubt there are some people in whose eyes uniformity seems an advantage rather than a disadvantage. If all were equally strong, equally educated, equally honest, equally rich, equally tall, or equally small, society would seem to them to have reached the highest ideal. The same people admire an old French garden, with its clipped yew-trees, forming artificial walls and towers and pyramids, far more than the giant yews which, like large serpents, clasp the soil with their coiling roots, and overshadow with their dark green branches the white chalk cliffs of the Thames. But those French gardens, unless they are constantly clipped and prevented from growing, soon fall into decay. As in nature, so in society, uniformity means but too often stagnation, while variety is the surest sign of health and vigour. The deepest secret of nature is its love of continued novelty. Its tendency, if unrestrained, is towards constantly creating new varieties, which, if they fulfil their purpose, become fixed for a time, or, it may be, for ever; while others, after they have fulfilled their purpose, vanish to make room for new and stronger types.

The same is the secret of human society. It consists and lives in individuals, each being meant to be different from all the rest, and to contribute his own peculiar share to the common wealth. As no tree is like any other tree, and no leaf on the same tree like any other leaf, no human being is exactly like any other human being, nor is it meant to be. It is in this endless, and to us inconceivable, variety of human souls that the deepest purpose of human life is to be realised; and the more society fulfils that

purpose, the more it allows free scope for the development of every individual germ, the richer will be the harvest in no distant future. Such is the mystery of individuality that I do not wonder if even those philosophers who, like Mill, reduce the meaning of the word *sacred* to the very smallest compass, see in each individual soul something sacred, something to be revered, even where we cannot understand it, something to be protected against all vulgar violence, even where we cannot agree with it.

Where I differ from Mill and his school is on the question as to the quarter from whence the epidemic of uniformity springs which threatens the free development of modern society. Mill points to the society in which we move; to those who are in front of us, to our contemporaries. I feel convinced that our real enemies are at our back, and that the heaviest chains which are fastened on us are those made, not by the present, but by past generations—by our ancestors, not by our contemporaries.

It is on this point, on the trammels of individual freedom with which we may almost be said to be born into the world, and on the means by which we may shake off these old chains, or at all events carry them more lightly and gracefully, that I wish to speak to you this evening.

You need not be afraid that I am going to enter upon the much discussed subject of heredity, whether in its physiological or psychological aspects. It is a favourite subject just now, and the most curious facts have been brought together of late to illustrate the working of what is called heredity. But the more we know of these facts, the less we seem able to

comprehend the underlying principle. Inheritance is one of those numerous words which by their very simplicity and clearness are so apt to darken our counsel. If a father has blue eyes and the son has blue eyes, what can be clearer than that he inherited them? If the father stammers and the son stammers, who can doubt but that it came by inheritance? If the father is a musician and the son a musician, we say very glibly that the talent was inherited. But what does *inherited* mean? In no case does it mean what *inherited* usually means—something external, like money, collected by a father, and, after his death, secured by law to his son. Whatever else inherited may mean, it does not mean that. But unfortunately the word is there, it seems almost pedantic to challenge its meaning, and people are always grateful if an easy word saves them the trouble of hard thought.

Another apparent advantage of the theory of heredity is that it never fails. If the son has blue, and the father black, eyes, all is right again, for either the mother, or the grandmother, or some historic or prehistoric ancestor, may have had blue eyes, and atavism, we know, will assert itself after hundreds and thousands of years.

Do not suppose that I deny the broad facts of what is called by the name of heredity. What I deny is that the name of heredity offers any scientific solution of a most difficult problem. It is a name, a metaphor, quite as bad as the old metaphor of *innate ideas*; for there is hardly a single point of similarity between the process by which a son may share the black eyes, the stammering, or the musical talent of his father, and that by which, after his father's death, the law

secures to the son the possession of the pounds, shillings, and pence which his father held in the Funds.

But whatever the true meaning of heredity may be, certain it is that every individual comes into the world heavy-laden. Nowhere has the consciousness of the burden which rests on each generation as it enters on its journey through life found stronger expression than among the Buddhists. What other people call by various names, 'fate or providence,' 'tradition or inheritance,' 'circumstances or environment,' they call *Karman*, deed—what has been done, whether by ourselves or by others, the accumulated work of all who have come before us, the consequences of which we have to bear, both for good and for evil. Originally this *Karman* seems to have been conceived as personal, as the work which we ourselves have done in former existences. But, as personally we are not conscious of having done such work in former ages, that kind of *Karman*, too, might be said to be impersonal. To the question how *Karman* began, the accumulation of what forms the condition of all that exists at present, Buddhism has no answer to give, any more than any other system of religion or philosophy. The Buddhists, as the disciples of the Vedântists, say it began with *avidyâ*, i.e. ignorance [1]. They are much more interested in the question how *Karman* may be annihilated, how each man may free himself from the influence of *Karman*, and Nirvâ*n*a, the highest object of all their dreams, is often defined by Buddhist philosophers as 'freedom from *Karman* [2].'

What the Buddhists call by the general name of

[1] Spencer Hardy, 'Manual of Buddhism,' p. 391.
[2] Ibid., p. 39.

Karman, comprehends all influences which the past exercises on the present, both physically and mentally[1]. It is not my object to examine or even to name all these influences, though I confess nothing is more interesting than to look upon the surface of our modern life as we look on a geological map, and to see the most ancient formations cropping out everywhere under our feet. Difficult as it is to colour a geological map of England, it would be still more difficult to find a sufficient variety of colours to mark the different ingredients of the intellectual surface of this island.

That all of us, whether we speak English or German, or French or Russian, are really speaking an ancient Oriental tongue, incredible as it would have sounded a hundred years ago, is now admitted by everybody. Though the various dialects now spoken in Europe have been separated many thousands of years from the Sanskrit, the ancient classical language of India, yet so unbroken is the bond that holds the West and East together that in many cases an intelligent Englishman might still guess the meaning of a Sanskrit word. How little difference is there between Sanskrit *sûnu* and English *son*, between Sanskrit *duhitar* and English *daughter*, between Sanskrit *vid*, to know, and English *to wit*, between Sanskrit *vaksh*, to grow, and English *to wax!* Think how we value a Saxon urn, or a Roman coin, or a Celtic weapon!

[1] 'As one generation dies and gives way to another, the heir of the consequences of all its virtues and all its vices, the exact result of pre-existent causes, so each individual, in the long chain of life, inherits all, of good or evil, which all its predecessors have done or been; and takes up the struggle towards enlightenment precisely there where they left it.'—Rhys Davids, 'Buddhism,' p. 104.

how we dig for them, clean them, label them, and carefully deposit them in our museums! Yet what is their antiquity compared with the antiquity of such words as *son* or *daughter*, *father* and *mother*? There are no monuments older than those collected in the handy volumes which we call Dictionaries, and those who know how to interpret those English antiquities—as you may see them interpreted, for instance, in Grimm's Dictionary of the German, in Littré's Dictionary of the French, or in Professor Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language—will learn more of the real growth of the human mind than by studying many volumes on logic and psychology.

And as by our language we belong to the Aryan stratum, we belong through our letters to the Hamitic. We still write English in hieroglyphics; and in spite of all the vicissitudes through which the ancient hieroglyphics have passed in their journey from Egypt to Phoenicia, from Phoenicia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England, when we write a capital F  , when we draw the top line and the smaller line through the middle of the letter, we really draw the two horns of the cerastes, the horned serpent which the ancient Egyptians used for representing the sound of f. They write the name of the king whom the Greeks called *Cheops*, and they themselves *Chu-fu*, like this[1]: 

Here the first sign, the sieve, is to be pronounced *chu*; the second, the horned serpent, *fu*, and the little bird, again, *u*. In the more cursive or Hieratic writing the horned serpent appears as  ;

[1] Bunsen, 'Egypt,' ii. pp. 77, 150.

in the later Demotic as 𓏲 and 𓏴. The Phoenicians, who borrowed their letters from the Hieratic hieroglyphics, wrote 𓏲 and 𓏴. The Greeks, who took their letters from the Phoenicians, wrote 𓏲. When the Greeks, instead of writing like the Phoenicians from right to left, began to write from left to right, they turned each letter, and as 𓏲 became K, our k, so 𓏲, vau, became F, the Greek so-called Digamma, the Latin F.

The first letter in *Chu-fu*, too, still exists in our alphabet, and in the transverse line of our H we must recognise the last remnant of the lines which divide the sieve. The sieve appears in Hieratic as 𓏲, in Phoenician as 𓏲, in ancient Greek as 𓏲, which occurs on an inscription found at Mycenae and elsewhere as the sign of the spiritus asper, while in Latin it is known to us as the letter H[1]. In the same manner the undulating line of our capital 𓏲 still recalls very strikingly the bent back of the crouching lion, which in the later hieroglyphic inscriptions represents the sound of L.

If thus in our language we are Aryan, in our letters Egyptian, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonian. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, our minutes into sixty seconds? Would not a division of the hour into ten, or fifty, or a hundred minutes have been more natural? We have sixty divisions on the dials of our watches simply because the Greek astronomer Hipparchus,

[1] Mémoire sur l'Origine Egyptienne de l'Alphabet Phénicien, par E. de Rougé, Paris, 1874.

who lived in the second century B.C., accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians knew the decimal system, but for practical purposes they counted by *ŝossi* and *sari*, the *sossos* representing 60, the *saros* 60 x 60, or 3,600. From Hipparchus that system found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A.D., and thence it was carried down the stream of civilisation, finding its last resting-place on the dial-plates of our clocks.

And why are there twenty shillings to our sovereign? Again the real reason lies in Babylon. The Greeks learnt from the Babylonians the art of dividing gold and silver for the purpose of trade. It has been proved that the current gold piece of Western Asia was exactly the sixtieth part of a Babylonian *mnâ*, or *mina*. It was nearly equal to our sovereign. The difficult problem of the relative value of gold and silver in a bi-monetary currency had been solved to a certain extent in the ancient Mesopotamian kingdom, the proportion between gold and silver being fixed at 1 to $13\frac{1}{3}$. The silver shekel current in Babylon was heavier than the gold shekel in the proportion of $13\frac{1}{3}$ to 10, and had therefore the value of one-tenth of a gold shekel; and the half silver shekel, called by the Greeks a drachma, was worth one-twentieth of a gold shekel. The drachma, or half silver shekel, may therefore be looked upon as the most ancient type of our own silver shilling in its relation of one-twentieth of our gold sovereign [1].

I shall mention only one more of the most essential

[1] See Brandis, 'Das Münzwesen.'

tools of our mental life—namely, our *figures*, which we call Arabic, because we received them from the Arabs, but which the Arabs called Indian, because they received them from the Indians—in order to show you how this nineteenth century of ours is under the sway of centuries long past and forgotten; how we are what we are, not by ourselves, but by those who came before us, and how the intellectual ground on which we stand is made up of the detritus of thoughts which were first thought, not on these isles nor in Europe, but on the shores of the Oxus, the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus.

Now you may well ask *Quorsum haec omnia?*—What has all this to do with freedom and with the free development of individuality? Because a man is born the heir of all the ages, can it be said that he is not free to grow and to expand, and to develop all the faculties of his mind? Are those who came before him, and who left him this goodly inheritance, to be called his enemies? Is that chain of tradition which connects him with the past really a galling fetter, and not rather the leading-strings without which he would never learn to walk straight?

Let us look at the matter more closely. No one would venture to say that every individual should begin life as a young savage, and be left to form his own language, and invent his own letters, numerals, and coins. On the contrary, if we comprehend all this and a great deal more, such as religion, morality, and secular knowledge, under the general name of *education*, even the most advanced defenders of individualism would hold that no child should enter society without submitting, or rather without being

submitted, to education. Most of us would even go further, and make it criminal for parents or even for communities to allow children to grow up uneducated. The excuse of worthless parents that they are at liberty to do with their children as they like, has at last been blown to the winds. I still remember the time when pseudo-Liberals were not ashamed to say that, whatever other nations, such as the Germans, might do, England would never submit to compulsory education. That wicked sophistry, too, has at last been silenced, and among the principal advocates of compulsory education, and of the necessity of curtailing the freedom of savage parents of savage children, have been Mill and his friends, the apostles of liberty and individualism[1]. A new era may be said to date in the history of every nation from the day on which 'compulsory education' becomes part of their statute-book; and I may congratulate the most Liberal town in England on having proved itself the most inexorable tyrant in carrying out the principle of compulsory education.

But do not let us imagine that compulsory education is without its dangers. Like a powerful engine, it must be carefully watched, if it is not to produce, what all compulsion will produce, a slavish receptivity, and, what all machines do produce, monotonous uniformity.

We know that all education must in the beginning be purely dogmatic. Children are taught language,

[1] 'Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognise and assert this truth?'—'On Liberty,' p. 188.

religion, morality, patriotism, and afterwards at school, history, literature, mathematics, and all the rest, long before they are able to question, to judge, or choose for themselves, and there is hardly anything that children will not believe if it comes from those in whom they believe.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic, no doubt, must be taught dogmatically, and they take up an enormous amount of time, particularly in English schools. English spelling is a national misfortune, and in the keen international race between all the countries of Europe, it handicaps the English child to a degree that seems incredible till we look at statistics. I know the difficulties of a Spelling Reform, I know what people mean when they call it impossible; but I also know that personal and national virtue consists in doing so-called impossible things, and that no nation has done, and has still to do, so many impossible things as the English.

But, granted that reading, writing, and arithmetic occupy nearly the whole school-time and absorb the best powers of the pupils, cannot something be done in play-hours? Is there not some work that can be turned into play, and some play that can be turned into work? Cannot the powers of observation be called out in a child while collecting flowers, or stones, or butterflies? Cannot his judgment be strengthened either in gymnastic exercises, or in measuring the area of a field or the height of a tower? Might not all this be done without a view to examinations or payment by results, simply for the sake of filling the little dull minds with some sunbeams of joy, such sunbeams being more likely hereafter to call hidden

precious germs into life than the deadening weight of such lessons as, for instance, that *th-ough* is though, *thr-ough* is through, *en-ough* is enough. A child who believes that will hereafter believe anything. Those who wish to see Natural Science introduced into elementary schools frighten schoolmasters by the very name of Natural Science. But surely every schoolmaster who is worth his salt should be able to teach children a love of Nature, a wondering at Nature, a curiosity to pry into the secrets of Nature, an acquisitiveness for some of the treasures of Nature, and all this acquired in the fresh air of the field and the forest, where, better than in frouzy lecture-rooms, the edge of the senses can be sharpened, the chest be widened, and that freedom of thought fostered which made England what it was even before the days of compulsory education.

But in addressing you here to-night it was my intention to speak of the higher rather than of elementary education.

All education, as it now exists in most countries of Europe, may be divided into three stages—*elementary*, *scholastic*, and *academical*; or call it *primary*, *secondary*, and *tertiary*.

Elementary education has at last been made compulsory in most civilised countries. Unfortunately, however, it seems impossible to include under compulsory education anything beyond the very elements of knowledge—at least for the present; though, with proper management, I know from experience that a well-conducted elementary school can afford to provide instruction in extra subjects—such as natural science, modern languages, and political economy—

and yet, with the present system of Government grants, be self-supporting[1].

The next stage above the elementary is *scholastic* education, as it is supplied in grammar schools, whether public or private. According as the pupils are intended either to go on to a university, or to enter at once on leaving school on the practical work of life, these schools are divided into two classes. In the one class, which in Germany are called *Real-schulen*, less Latin is taught, and no Greek, but more of mathematics, modern languages, and physical science; in the other, called *Gymnasia* on the Continent, classics form the chief staple of instruction.

It is during this stage that education, whether at private or public schools, exercises its strongest levelling influence. Little attention can be paid at large schools to individual tastes or talents. In Germany, even more perhaps than in England, it is the chief object of a good and conscientious master to have his class as uniform as possible at the end of the year; and he receives far more credit from the official examiner if his whole class marches well and keeps pace together, than if he can parade a few brilliant and forward boys, followed by a number of straggling laggards.

And as to the character of the teaching at school, how can it be otherwise than authoritative or dogmatic? The Socratic method is very good if we can find the *viri Socratici* and leisure for discussion. But at school, which now may seem to be called almost in mockery σχολή, or leisure, the true method is, after

[1] See *Times*, January 25, 1879.

all, that patronised by the great educators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Boys at school must turn their mind into a row of pigeon-holes, filling as many as they can with useful notes, and never forgetting how many are empty. There is an immense amount of positive knowledge to be acquired between the ages of ten and eighteen—rules of grammar, strings of vocables, dates, names of towns, rivers, and mountains, mathematical formulas, &c. All depends here on the receptive and retentive powers of the mind. The memory has to be strengthened, without being overtaxed, till it acts almost mechanically. Learning by heart, I believe, cannot be too strongly recommended during the years spent at school. There may have been too much of it when, as the Rev. H. C. Adams informs us in his 'Wykehamica' (p. 357), boys used to say by heart 13,000 and 14,000 lines, when one repeated the whole of Virgil, nay, when another was able to say the whole of the English Bible by rote:—'Put him on where you would, he would go fluently on, as long as any one would listen.'

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin, or Greek literature deposited in our memory during our childhood and youth, and taken up from time to time in the happy hours of our solitude.

One fault I have to find with most schools, both in England and on the Continent. Boys do not read enough of the Greek and Roman classics. The majority of our masters are scholars by profession, and they are apt to lay undue stress on what they call accurate and minute scholarship, and to neglect wide

and cursory reading. I know the arguments for minute accuracy, but I also know the mischief that is done by an exclusive devotion to critical scholarship before we have acquired a real familiarity with the principal works of classical literature. The time spent in our schools in learning the rules of grammar and syntax, writing exercises, and composing verses, is too large. Look only at our Greek and Latin grammars, with all their rules and exceptions, and exceptions on exceptions! It is too heavy a weight for any boy to carry; and no wonder that when one of the thousand small rules which they have learnt by heart is really wanted, it is seldom forthcoming. The end of classical teaching at school should be to make our boys acquainted not only with the language, but with the literature and history, the ancient thought of the ancient world. Rules of grammar, syntax, or metre, are but means towards that end; they must never be mistaken for the end itself. A young man of eighteen, who has probably spent on an average ten years in learning Greek and Latin, ought to be able to read any of the ordinary Greek or Latin classics without much difficulty; nay, with a certain amount of pleasure. He might have to consult his dictionary now and then, or guess the meaning of certain words; he might also feel doubtful sometimes whether certain forms came from ἵημι, I send, or εἶμι, I go, or εἰμί, I am, particularly if preceded by prepositions. In these matters the best scholars are least inclined to be pharisaical; and whenever I meet in the controversies of classical scholars the favourite phrase, 'Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, this,' I generally say to myself, 'No, he ought not.'

Anyhow, those who wish to see the study of Greek and Latin retained in our public schools ought to feel convinced that it will certainly not be retained much longer, if it can be said with any truth that young men who leave school at eighteen are in many cases unable to read or to enjoy a classical text, unless they have seen it before.

Classical teaching, and all purely scholastic teaching, ought to be finished at school. When a young man goes to the University, unless he means to make scholarship his profession, he ought to be free to enter upon a new career. If he has not learnt by that time so much of Greek and Latin as is absolutely necessary in after-life for a lawyer, or a student of physical science, or even a clergyman, either he or his school is to blame. I do not mean to say that it would not be most desirable for every one during his University career to attend some lectures on classical literature, on ancient history, philosophy, or art. What is to be deprecated is, that the University should have to do the work which belongs properly to the school.

The best colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have shown by their matriculation examinations what the standard of classical knowledge ought to be at eighteen or nineteen. That standard can be reached by boys while still at school, as has been proved both by the so-called local examinations, and by the examinations of schools held under the Delegates appointed by the Universities. If, therefore, the University would reassert her old right, and make the first examination, called at Oxford Responsions, a general matriculation examination for admission to the University, not only would the public schools be stimulated

to greater efforts, but the teaching of the University might assume, from the very beginning, that academic character which ought to distinguish it from mere schoolboy work.

Academic teaching ought to be not merely a continuation, but in one sense a correction of scholastic teaching. While at school instruction must be chiefly dogmatic, at University it is to be Socratic, for I find no better name for that method which is to set a man free from the burden of purely traditional knowledge; to make him feel that the words which he uses are often empty, that the concepts he employs are, for the most part, mere bundles picked up at random; that even where he knows facts, he does not know their evidence; and where he expresses opinions, they are mostly mere dogmas, adopted by him without examination.

But for the Universities, I should indeed fear that Mill's prophecies might come true, and that the intellect of Europe might drift into dreary monotony. The Universities always have been, and, unless they are diverted from their original purpose, always will be, the guardians of the freedom of thought, the protectors of individual spontaneity; and it was owing, I believe, to Mill's ignorance of true academic teaching that he took so desponding a view of the generation growing up under his eyes.

When we leave school, our heads are naturally brimful of dogma, that is, of knowledge and opinions at second-hand. Such dead knowledge is extremely dangerous, unless it is sooner or later revived by the spirit of free inquiry. It does not matter whether our scholastic dogmas be true or false. The danger

is the same. And why? Because to place either truth or error above the reach of argument is certain to weaken truth and to strengthen error. Secondly, because to hold as true on the authority of others anything which concerns us deeply, and which we could prove ourselves, produces feebleness, if not dishonesty. And, thirdly, because to feel unwilling or unable to meet objections by facts and arguments is generally the first step towards violence and persecution.

I do not think of religious dogmas only. They are generally the first to rouse inquiry, even during our schoolboy days, and they are by no means the most difficult to deal with. Dogma often rages where we least expect it. Among scientific men the theory of evolution is at present becoming, or has become, a dogma. What is the result? No objections are listened to, no difficulties recognised, and a man like Virchow, himself the strongest supporter of evolution, who has the moral courage to say that the descent of man from any ape whatsoever is, as yet, before the tribunal of scientific zoology, 'not proven,' is howled down in Germany in a manner worthy of Ephesians and Galatians. But at present I am thinking not so much of any special dogmas, but rather of that dogmatic state of mind which is the almost inevitable result of the teaching at school. I think of the whole intellect, what has been called the *intellectus sibi permissus*, and I maintain that it is the object of academic teaching to rouse that intellect out of its slumber by questions not less startling than when Galileo asked the world whether the sun was really moving and the earth stood still; or when Kant asked whether time and space were objects, or necessary

forms of our sensuous intuition. Till our opinions have thus been tested and stood the test, we can hardly call them our own.

How true this is with regard to religion has been boldly expressed by Bishop Beveridge.

'Being conscious to myself,' he writes in his 'Private Thoughts on Religion,' 'how great an ascendant Christianity holds over me beyond the rest, as being that religion whereinto I was born and baptised; that which the supreme authority has enjoined and my parents educated me in; that which every one I meet withal highly approves of, and which I myself have, by a long-continued profession, made almost natural to me: I am resolved to be more jealous and suspicious of this religion than of the rest, and be sure not to entertain it any longer without being convinced, by solid and substantial arguments, of the truth and certainty of it.'

This is bold and manly language from a bishop nearly two hundred years ago, and I certainly think that the time has come when some of the divinity lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge might well be employed in placing a knowledge of the sacred books of other religions within the reach of undergraduates. Many of the difficulties—most of them of our own making—with regard to the origin, the handing down, the later corruptions and misinterpretations of sacred texts, would find their natural solution, if it was shown how exactly the same difficulties arose and had to be dealt with by theologians of other creeds. If some—ay, if many—of the doctrines of Christianity were met with in other religions also, surely that would not affect their value, or diminish their truth;

while nothing, I feel certain, would more effectually secure to the pure and simple teaching of Christ its true place in the historical development of the human mind than to place it side by side with the other religions of the world. In the series of translations of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' of which the first three volumes have just appeared[1], I wished myself to include a new translation of the Old and New Testaments; and when that series is finished it will, I believe, be admitted that nowhere would these two books have had a grander setting, or have shone with a brighter light, than surrounded by the Veda, the Zendavesta, the Buddhist Tripiṭaka, and the Qorân.

But as I said before, I was not thinking of religious dogmas only, or even chiefly, when I maintained that the character of academic teaching must be Socratic, not dogmatic. The evil of dogmatic teaching lies much deeper, and spreads much further.

Think only of language, the work of other people, not of ourselves, which we pick up at random in our race through life. Does not every word we use require careful examination and revision? It is not enough to say that language assists our thoughts or colours them, or possibly obscures them. No, we know now that language and thought are indivisible. It was not from poverty of expression that the Greek called reason and language by the same word, λόγος. It was because they knew that, though we may distinguish between thought and speech, as we distinguish between body and soul, it is as impossible to tear the one by violence away from the other as

[1] 'Sacred Books of the East,' edited by M. M., vols. i, ii, iii; Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1879.

it is to separate the concave side of a lens from its convex side. This is something to learn and to understand, for, if properly understood, it will supply the key to most of our intellectual puzzles, and serve as the safest thread through the whole labyrinth of philosophy.

'It is evident,' as Hobbes remarks[1], 'that truth and falsity have no place but amongst such living creatures as use speech. For though some brute creatures, looking upon the image of a man in a glass, may be affected with it, as if it were the man himself, and for this reason fear it or fawn upon it in vain; yet they do not apprehend it as true or false, but only as like; and in this they are not deceived. Wherefore, as men owe all their true ratiocination to the right understanding of speech, so also they owe their errors to the misunderstanding of the same; and as all the ornaments of philosophy proceed only from man, so from man also is derived the ugly absurdity of false opinion. For speech has something in it like to a spider's web (as it was said of old of Solon's laws), for by contexture of words tender and delicate wits are ensnared or stopped, but strong wits break easily through them.'

Let me illustrate my meaning by at least one instance.

Among the words which have proved spiders' webs, ensnaring even the greatest intellects of the world from Aristotle down to Leibniz, the terms *genus*, *species*, and *individual* occupy a very prominent place. The opposition of Aristotle to Plato, of the Nominalists to the Realists, of Leibniz to Locke, of Herbart to

[1] 'Computation or Logic,' t. iii. viii. p. 36.

Hegel, turns on the true meaning of these words. At school, of course, all we can do is to teach the received meaning of *genus* and *species*; and if a boy can trace these terms back to Aristotle's γένος and εἶδος, and show in what sense that philosopher used them, every examiner would be satisfied.

But the time comes when we have to act as our own examiners, and when we have to give an account to ourselves of such words as *genus* and *species*. Some people write, indeed, as if they had seen a *species* and a *genus* walking about in broad daylight: but a little consideration will show us that these words express subjective concepts, and that, if the whole world were silent, there would never have been a thought of a *genus* or a *species*. There are languages in which we look in vain for corresponding words; and if we had been born in such a language, these terms and thoughts would not exist for us at all. They came to us, directly or indirectly, from Aristotle. But Aristotle did not invent them, he only defined them in his own way, so that, for instance, according to him, all living beings would constitute a *genus*, men a *species*, and Socrates an *individual*.

No one would say that Aristotle had not a perfect right to define these terms, if those who use them in his sense would only always remember that they are thinking the thoughts of Aristotle, and not their own. The true way to shake off the fetters of old words, and to learn to think our own thoughts, is to follow them up from century to century, to watch their development, and in the end to bring ourselves face to face with those who first found and framed both words and thoughts. If we do this with *genus* and

species, we shall find that the words which Aristotle defined—viz. γένος and εἶδος—had originally a very different and far more useful application than that which he gave to them, Γένος, *genus*, meant generation, and comprehended such living beings only as were known to have a common origin, however they might differ in outward appearance, as, for instance, the spaniel and the bloodhound, or, according to Darwin, the ape and the man. Εἶδος or species, on the contrary, meant appearance, and comprehended all such things as had the same form or appearance, whether they had a common origin or not, as if we were to speak of a species of four-footed, two-footed, horned, winged, or blue animals.

That two such concepts, as we have here explained, had a natural justification we may best learn from the fact that exactly the same thoughts found expression in Sanskrit. There, too, we find *gâti*, generation, used in the sense of *genus*, and opposed to âkr*i*ti, appearance, used in the sense of *species*.

So long as these two words or thoughts were used independently (much as we now speak of a genealogical as independent of a morphological classification) no harm could accrue. A family, for instance, might be called a γένος, the *gens* or clan was a γένος, the nation (gnatio) was a γένος, the whole human kith and kin was a γένος; in fact, all that was descended from common ancestors was a true γένος. There is no obscurity of thought in this.

On the other side, taking εἶδος or species in its original sense, one man might be said to be like another in his εἶδος or appearance. An ape, too, might quite truly be said to have the same εἶδος or

species or appearance as a man, without any prejudice as to their common origin. People might also speak of different εἴδη or forms or classes of things, such as different kinds of metals, or tools, or armour, without committing themselves in the least to any opinion as to their common descent.

Often it would happen that things belonging to the same γένος, such as the white man and the negro, differed in their εἶδος or appearance; often also that things belonging to the same εἶδος, such as eatables, differed in their γένος, as, for instance, meat and vegetables.

All this is clear and simple. The confusion began when these two terms, instead of being co-ordinate, were subordinated to each other by the philosophers of Greece, so that what from one point of view was called a *genus*, might from another be called a species, and *vice versâ*. Human beings, for instance, were now called a *species*, all living beings a *genus*, which may be true in logic, but is utterly false in what is older than logic—viz. language, thought, or fact. According to language, according to reason, and according to nature, all human beings constitute a γένος, or generation, so long as they are supposed to have common ancestors; but with regard to all living beings we can only say that they form an εἶδος—that is, agree in certain appearances, until it has been proved that even Mr. Darwin was too modest in admitting at least four or five different ancestors for the whole animal world[1].

In tracing the history of these two words, γένος and

[1] Lectures on Mr. Darwin's 'Philosophy of Language,' *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1873, p. 26.

εἶδος, you may see passing before your eyes almost the whole panorama of philosophy, from Plato's ideas down to Hegel's *Idee*. The question of *genera*, their origin and subdivision, occupied chiefly the attention of natural philosophers, who, after long controversies about the origin and classification of *genera* and *species*, seem at last, thanks to the clear sight of Darwin, to have arrived at the old truth which was prefigured in language—namely, that Nature knows nothing but *genera*, or generations, to be traced back to a limited number of ancestors, and that the so-called *species* are only *genera* whose genealogical descent is *as yet* more or less obscure.

But the question as to the nature of the εἶδος became a vital question in every system of philosophy. Granting, for instance, that women in every clime and country formed one species, it was soon asked what constituted a species? If all women shared a common form, what was that form? Where was it? So long as it was supposed that all women descended from Eve, the difficulty might be slurred over by the name of heredity. But the more thoughtful would ask even then how it was that, while all individual women came and went and vanished, the form in which they were cast remained the same?

Here you see how philosophical mythology springs up. The very question what εἶδος or species or form was, and where these things were kept, changed those words from predicates into subjects. Εἶδος was conceived as something independent and substantial, something within or above the individuals participating in it, something unchangeable and eternal. Soon there arose as many εἴδη or forms or types as

there were general concepts. They were considered the only true realities of which the phenomenal world is only as a shadow that soon passeth away. Here we have, in fact, the origin of Plato's ideas, and of the various systems of idealism which followed his lead, while the opposite opinions that ideas have no independent existence, and that the one is nowhere found except in the many (τὸ ἓν παρὰ τὰ πολλά), was strenuously defended by Aristotle and his followers [1].

The same red thread runs through the whole philosophy of the Middle Ages. Men were cited before councils and condemned as heretics because they declared that *animal*, *man*, or *woman* were mere names, and that they could not bring themselves to believe in an ideal animal, an ideal man, an ideal woman as the invisible, supernatural, or metaphysical types of the ordinary animal, the individual man, the single woman. Those philosophers, called *Nominalists*, in opposition to the *Realists*, declared that all general terms were *names only*, and that nothing could claim reality but the individual.

We cannot follow this controversy further, as it turns up again between Locke and Leibniz, between Herbart and Hegel. Suffice it to say that the knot, as it was tied by language, can be untied by the science of language alone, which teaches us that there is and can be no such thing as 'a name only,' or 'a mere word.' Such expressions ought to be banished from all works on philosophy. A name is and always has been the subjective side of our knowledge, but that subjective side is as impossible without an objective side as a key is without a lock. It is useless to ask which

[1] Prantl, 'Geschichte der Logik,' vol. i. p. 121.

of the two is the more real, for they are real only by being, not two, but one. Realism is as one-sided as Nominalism. But there is a higher Nominalism, which might better be called the Science of Language, and which teaches us that, apart from sensuous perception, all human knowledge is by names and by names only, and that the object of names is always the general.

This is but one out of hundreds and thousands of cases to show how names and concepts which come to us by tradition must be submitted to very careful snuffing before they will yield a pure light. What I mean by academic teaching and academic study is exactly this process of snuffing, this changing of traditional words into living words, this tracing of modern thought back to ancient primitive thought, this living, as it were, once more, so far as it concerns us, the whole history of human thought ourselves, till we are as little afraid to differ from Plato or Aristotle as from Comte or Darwin.

Plato and Aristotle are, no doubt, great names; every schoolboy is awed by them, even though he may have read very little of their writings. This, too, is a kind of dogmatism that requires correction. Now, at University, a young student might hear the following, by no means respectful, remarks about Aristotle, which I copy from one of the greatest English scholars and philosophers:—'There is nothing so absurd that the old philosophers, as Cicero saith, who was one of them, have not some of them maintained; and I believe that scarce anything can be more absurdly said in natural philosophy than that which now is called Aristotle's Metaphysics; or more repugnant to government than much of that he hath said in

his Politics ; nor more ignorantly than a great part of his Ethics.' I am far from approving this judgment, but I think that the shock which a young scholar receives on seeing his idols so mercilessly broken is salutary. It throws him back on his own resources ; it makes him honest to himself. If he thinks the criticism thus passed on Aristotle unfair, he will begin to read his works with new eyes. He will not only construe his words, but try to reconstruct in his own mind the thoughts so carefully elaborated by that ancient philosopher. He will judge of their truth without being swayed by the authority of a great name, and probably in the end value what is valuable in Aristotle, or Plato, or any other great philosopher, far more highly and honestly than if he had never seen them trodden under foot.

But do not suppose that I look upon the Universities as purely iconoclastic, as chiefly intended to teach us how to break the idols of the schools. Far from it! But I do look upon them as meant to freshen the atmosphere which we breathe at school, and to shake our mind to its very roots, as a storm shakes the young oaks, not to throw them down, but to make them grasp all the more firmly the hard soil of fact and truth. '*Stand upright on thy feet*' ought to be written over the gate of every college, if the epidemic of uniformity and sequacity which Mill saw approaching from China, and which since his time has made such rapid progress Westward, is ever to be stayed.

Academic freedom is not without its dangers ; but there are dangers which it is safer to face than to avoid. In Germany—so far as my own experience

goes—students are often left too much to themselves, and it is only the cleverest among them, or those who are personally recommended, who receive from the professors that personal guidance and encouragement which should and could be easily extended to all.

There is too much time given in the German Universities to mere lecturing, and often in simply retailing to a class what each student might read in books often in a far more perfect form. Lectures are useful if they teach us how to teach ourselves; if they stimulate; if they excite sympathy and curiosity; if they give advice that springs from personal experience; if they warn against wrong roads; if, in fact, they have less the character of a show-window than of a workshop. Half an hour's conversation with a tutor or a professor often does more than a whole course of lectures in giving the right direction and the right spirit to a young man's studies. Here I may quote the words of Professor Helmholtz, in full agreement with him. 'When I recall the memory of my own University life,' he writes, 'and the impression which a man like Johannes Müller, the professor of physiology, made on us, I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teachers from whom one learns how thought works on independent heads. Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first-class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life.'

In English Universities, on the contrary, there is too little of academic freedom. There is not only guidance, but far too much of constant personal control. It is often thought that English undergraduates could not be trusted with that amount of

academic freedom which is granted to German students, and that most of them, if left to choose their own work, their own time, their own books, and their own teachers, would simply do nothing. This seems to me unfair and untrue. Most horses, if you take them to the water, will drink; and the best way to make them drink is to leave them alone. I have lived long enough in English and in German Universities to know that the intellectual fibre is as strong and sound in the English as in the German youth. But if you supply a man, who wishes to learn swimming, with bladders—nay, if you insist on his using them—he will use them, but he will probably never learn to swim. Take them away, on the contrary, and depend on it, after a few aimless strokes and a few painful gulps, he will use his arms and his legs, and he will swim. If young men do not learn to use their arms, their legs, their muscles, their senses, their brain, and their heart too, during the bright years of their University life, when are they to learn it? True, there are thousands who never learn it, and who float happily on through life buoyed up on mere bladders. The worst that can happen to them is that some day the bladders may burst, and they may be left stranded or drowned. But these are not the men whom England wants to fight her battles. It has often been pointed out of late that many of those who, during this century, have borne the brunt of the battle in the intellectual warfare in England, have not been trained at our Universities, while others who have been at Oxford and Cambridge, and have distinguished themselves in after-life, have openly declared that they attended hardly any lectures

in college, or that they derived no benefit from them. What can be the ground of that? Not that there is less work done at Oxford than at Leipzig, but that the work is done in a different spirit. It is free in Germany; it has now become almost compulsory in England. Though an old professor myself, I like to attend, when I can, some of the professorial lectures in Germany; for it is a real pleasure to see hundreds of young faces listening to a teacher on the history of art, on modern history, on the science of language, or on philosophy, without any view to examinations, simply from love of the subject or of the teacher. No one who knows what the real joy of learning is, how it lightens all drudgery and draws away the mind from mean pursuits, can see without indignation that what ought to be the freest and happiest years in a man's life should often be spent between cramming and examinations.

And here I have at last mentioned the word, which to many friends of academic freedom, to many who dread the baneful increase of uniformity, may seem the cause of all mischief, the most powerful engine of intellectual levelling—*Examination.*

There is a strong feeling springing up everywhere against the tyranny of examinations, against the cramping and withering influence which they are supposed to exercise on the youth of England. I cannot join in that outcry. I well remember that the first letters which I ventured to address to the *Times*, in very imperfect English, were in favour of examinations. They were signed *La Carrière ouverte*, and were written long before the days of the Civil Service Commission! I well remember, too, that the first

time I ventured to speak, or rather to stammer, in public, was in favour of examinations. That was in 1857, at Exeter, when the first experiment was made, under the auspices of Sir T. Acland, in establishing the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. I have been an examiner myself for many years, I have watched the growth of that system in England from year to year, and in spite of all that has been said and written of late against examinations, I confess I do not see how it would be possible to abolish them, and return to the old system of appointment by patronage.

But though I have not lost my faith in examinations, I cannot conceal the fact that I am frightened by the manner in which they are conducted, and by the results which they produce. As you are interested yourselves at this Midland Institute, in the successful working of examinations, you will perhaps allow me in conclusion to add a few remarks on the safeguards necessary for the efficient working of examinations.

All examinations are a means to ascertain how pupils have been taught; they ought never to be allowed to become the end for which pupils are taught.

Teaching with a view to examinations lowers the teacher in the eyes of his pupils; learning with a view to examinations is apt to produce shallowness and dishonesty.

Whatever attractions learning possesses in itself, and whatever efforts were formerly made by boys at school from a sense of duty, all this is lost if they once imagine that the highest object of all learning is gaining marks in examinations.

In order to maintain the proper relation between teacher and pupil, all pupils should be made to look to their teachers as their natural examiners and fairest judges, and therefore in every examination the report of the teacher ought to carry the greatest weight. This is the principle followed abroad in all examinations of candidates at public schools; and even in their examination on leaving school, which gives them the right to enter the University, they know that their success depends far more on the work which they have done during the years at school, than on the work done on the few days of their examination. There are outside examiners appointed by Government to check the work done at schools and during the examinations; but the cases in which they have to modify or reverse the award of the masters are extremely rare, and they are felt to reflect seriously on the competency or impartiality of the school authorities.

To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries, and fosters a cleverness in teachers and taught often akin to dishonesty. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows *not*, he can hardly ever find out all he knows; and even if he succeeds in finding out *how much* a candidate knows, he can never find out *how* he knows it. On these points the opinion of the masters who have watched their pupils for years is indispensable for the sake of the examiner, for the sake of the pupils, and for the sake of their teachers.

I know I shall be told that it would be impossible to trust the masters, and to be guided by their opinion, because they are interested parties. Now, first of all,

there are far more honest men in the world than dishonest, and it does not answer to legislate as if all schoolmasters were rogues. It is enough that they should know that their reports would be scrutinized, to keep even the most reprobate of teachers from bearing false witness in favour of their pupils.

Secondly, I believe that unnecessary temptation is now being placed before all parties concerned in examinations. The proper reward for a good examination should be honour, not pounds, shillings, and pence. The mischief done by pecuniary rewards offered in the shape of scholarships and exhibitions at school and University, begins to be recognised very widely. To train a boy of twelve for a race against all England is generally to overstrain his faculties, and often to impair his usefulness in later life; but to make him feel that by his failure he will entail on his father the loss of a hundred a year, and on his teacher the loss of pupils, is simply cruel at that early age.

It is always said that these scholarships and exhibitions enable the sons of poor parents to enjoy the privilege of the best education in England, from which they would otherwise be debarred by the excessive costliness of our public schools. But even this argument, strong as it seems, can hardly stand, for I believe it could be shown that the majority of those who are successful in obtaining scholarships and exhibitions at school or at University are boys whose parents have been able to pay the highest price for their children's previous education. If all these prizes were abolished, and the funds thus set free used to lessen the price of education at school

and in college, I believe that the sons of poor parents would be far more benefited than by the present system. It might also be desirable to lower the school-fees in the case of the sons of poor parents, who were doing well at school from year to year; and, in order to guard against favouritism, an examination, particularly *vivâ voce*, before all the masters of a school, possibly even with some outside examiner, might be useful. But the present system bids fair to degenerate into mere horse-racing, and I shall not wonder if, sooner or later, the two-year olds entered for the race have to be watched by their trainer that they may not be overfed or drugged against the day of the race. It has come to this, that schools are bidding for clever boys in order to run them in the races, and in France, I read, that parents actually extort money from schools by threatening to take away the young racers that are likely to win the Derby[1].

If we turn from the schools to the Universities we find here, too, the same complaints against over-examination. Now it seems to me that every University, in order to maintain its position, has a perfect right to demand two examinations, but no more: one for admission, the other for a degree. Various attempts have been made in Germany, in Russia, in France, and in England to change and improve the old academic tradition, but in the end the original, and, as it would seem, the natural system, has generally proved its wisdom and reasserted its right.

If a University surrenders the right of examining

[1] L. Noiré, 'Pädagogisches Skizzenbuch,' p. 157; 'Todtes Wissen.'

those who wish to be admitted, the tutors will often have to do the work of schoolmasters, and the professors can never know how high or how low they should aim in their public lectures. Besides this, it is almost inevitable, if the Universities surrender the right of a matriculation-examination, that they should lower, not only their own standard, but likewise the standard of the public schools. Some Universities, on the contrary, like over-anxious mothers, have multiplied examinations so as to make quite sure, at the end of each term or each year, that the pupils confided to them have done at least some work. This kind of forced labour may do some good to the incorrigibly idle, but it does the greatest harm to all the rest. If there is an examination at the end of each year, there can be no freedom left for any independent work. Both teachers and taught will be guided by the same pole-star—examinations; no deviation from the beaten track will be considered safe, and all the pleasure derived from work done for its own sake, and all the just pride and joy, which those only know who have ever ventured out by themselves on the open sea of knowledge, must be lost.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the brilliant show of examination papers.

It is certainly marvellous what an amount of knowledge candidates will produce before their examiners; but those who have been both examined and examiners know best how fleeting that knowledge is, and how different from that other knowledge which has been acquired slowly and quietly, for its own sake, for our own sake, without a thought as to whether it would ever pay at examinations or not. A candidate, after

giving most glibly the dates and the titles of the principal works of Cobbett, Gibbon, Burke, Adam Smith, and David Hume, was asked whether he had ever seen any of their writings, and he had to answer, No. Another, who was asked which of the works of Pheidias he had seen, replied that he had only read the first two books. That is the kind of dishonest knowledge which is fostered by too frequent examinations. There are two kinds of knowledge, the one that enters into our very blood, the other which we carry about in our pockets. Those who read for examinations have generally their pockets cram full: those who work on quietly and have their whole heart in their work are often discouraged at the small amount of their knowledge, at the little life-blood they have made. But what they have learnt has really become their own, has invigorated their whole frame, and in the end they have often proved the strongest and happiest men in the battle of life.

Omniscience is at present the bane of all our knowledge. From the day he leaves school and enters the University a man ought to make up his mind that in many things he must remain either altogether ignorant, or be satisfied with knowledge at second-hand. Thus only can he clear the deck for action. And the sooner he finds out what his own work is to be, the more useful and delightful will be his life at the University and later. There are few men who have a passion for all knowledge, there is hardly one who has not a hobby of his own. Those so-called hobbies ought to be utilized, and not, as they are now, discouraged, if we wish our Universities to produce more men like Faraday, Carlyle, Grote, or Darwin. I do not say

that in an examination for a University degree a minimum of what is now called general culture should not be insisted on; but in addition to that, far more freedom ought to be given to the examiner to let each candidate produce his own individual work. This is done to a far greater extent in Continental than in English Universities, and the examinations are therefore mostly confided to the members of the *Senatus Academicus*, consisting of the most experienced teachers, and the most eminent representatives of the different branches of knowledge in the University. Their object is not to find out how many marks each candidate may gain by answering a larger or smaller number of questions, and then to place them in order before the world like so many organ pipes. They want to find out whether a man, by the work he has done during his three or four years at the University, has acquired that vigour of thought, that maturity of judgment, and that special knowledge, which fairly entitle him to an academic status, to a degree, with or without special honours. Such a degree confers no material advantages[1]; it does not entitle its holder to any employment in Church or State; it does not vouch even for his being a fit person to be made an Archbishop or Prime Minister. All this is left to the later struggle for life; and in that struggle it seems as if those who, after having surveyed the vast field of human knowledge, have settled on a few acres of their own and cultivated them as they were never cultivated before, who have worked hard and have tasted the true joy and happiness of hard work, who have gladly listened to others, but always de-

[1] Mill, 'On Liberty,' p. 193.

pended on themselves, were, after all, the men whom great nations delighted to follow as their royal leaders in their onward march towards greater enlightenment, greater happiness, and greater freedom.

To sum up. No one can read Mill's Essay 'On Liberty' at the present moment without feeling that even during the short period of the last twenty years the cause which he advocated so strongly and passionately, the cause of individual freedom, has made rapid progress, aye, has carried the day. In no country *may* a man be so entirely himself, so true to himself and yet loyal to society, as in England.

But, although the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within his own bounds,—though such names as Dissent and Nonconformity, which were formerly used in society as fatal darts, seem to have lost all the poison which they once contained,—Mill's principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever in his days.

It has even been maintained that the very freedom which every individual now enjoys has been detrimental to the growth of individuality; that you must have an Inquisition if you want to see martyrs; that you must have despotism and tyranny to call forth heroes. The very measures which Mill and his friends advocated so warmly, compulsory education and competitive examinations, are pointed out as having chiefly contributed to produce that large array of pass-men, that dead level of uninteresting excellence,

which is the *beau idéal* of a Chinese Mandarin, while it frightened and disheartened such men as Humboldt, Tocqueville, and John Stuart Mill.

There may be some truth in all this, but it is certainly not the whole truth. Education, as it has to be carried on, whether in elementary or in public schools, is no doubt a heavy weight which might well press down the most independent spirit; it is, in fact, neither more nor less than placing, in a systematized form, on the shoulders of every generation the ever-increasing mass of knowledge, experience, custom, and tradition that has been accumulated by former generations. We need not wonder, therefore, if in some schools all spring, all vigour, all joyousness of work is crushed out under that load of names and dates, of anomalous verbs and syntactic rules, of mathematical formulas and geometrical axioms, which boys are expected to bring up for competitive examinations.

But a remedy has been provided, and we are ourselves to blame if we do not avail ourselves of it to the fullest extent Europe erected its Universities, and called them the homes of the Liberal Arts, and determined that between the slavery of the school and the routine of practical life every man should have at least three years of freedom. What Socrates and his great pupil Plato had done for the youth of Greece[1], these new academies were to do for the youth of Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany; and, though with varying success, they have done it. The mediaeval and modern Universities have been

[1] Zeller, 'Ueber den wissenschaftlichen Unterricht bei den Griechen,' 1878, p. 9.

from century to century the homes of free thought. Here the most eminent men have spent their lives, not merely in retailing traditional knowledge, as at school, but in extending the frontiers of science in all directions. Here, in close intercourse with their teachers, or under their immediate guidance, generation after generation of boys, fresh from school, have grown up into men during the three years of their academic life. Here, for the first time, each man has been encouraged to dare to be himself, to follow his own tastes, to depend on his own judgment, to try the wings of his mind, and, lo, like young eagles thrown out of their nest, they could fly. Here the old knowledge accumulated at school was tested, and new knowledge acquired straight from the fountain-head. Here knowledge ceased to be a mere burden, and became a power invigorating the whole mind, like snow which during winter lies cold and heavy on the meadows, but when it is touched by the sun of spring melts away, and fructifies the ground for a rich harvest.

That was the original purpose of the Universities; and the more they continue to fulfil that purpose the more will they secure to us that real freedom from tradition, from custom, from mere opinion and superstition, which can be gained by independent study only; the more will they foster that 'human development in its richest diversity' which Mill, like Humboldt, considered as the highest object of all society.

Such academic teaching need not be confined to the old Universities. There is many a great University that sprang from smaller beginnings than your Midland Institute. Nor is it necessary, in order to secure

the real benefits of academic teaching, to have all the paraphernalia of a University, its colleges and fellowships, its caps and gowns. What is really wanted are men who have done good work in their life, and who are willing to teach others how to work for themselves, how to think for themselves, how to judge for themselves. That is the true academic stage in every man's life, when he learns to work, not to please others, be they schoolmasters or examiners, but to please himself, when he works from sheer love of work, and for the highest of all purposes, the conquest of truth. Those only who have passed through that stage know the real blessings of work. To the world at large they may seem mere drudges—but the world does not know the triumphant joy with which the true mountaineer, high above clouds and mountain walls that once seemed unsurpassable, drinks in the fresh air of the High Alps, and away from the fumes, the dust, and the noises of the city, revels alone, in freedom of thought, in freedom of feeling, and in the freedom of the highest faith.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE[1].

THE English Goethe Society which we inaugurate to-day has been founded to promote and extend the study of Goethe's works and thoughts. We do not meet here simply to worship the poetical genius of Goethe, and to call every line he wrote great and beautiful and divine. That kind of slavish idolatry is unworthy of Goethe, and it would be equally unworthy of our Society. The time has passed when Goethe was preached as a new Gospel, the time also when he was sneered at and cursed seems to have come to an end. We think the time has come to study him, and to study him seriously, critically, historically. If worship there must be, we cannot offer better and truer worship to the departed spirits of men of true genius than by trying to understand thoroughly the thoughts which they have bequeathed to us. Such study bestows on them their true immortality, nay, it proves that their spirit never will and never can die.

And never was there a time when it seemed more necessary that Goethe's spirit should be kept alive among us, whether in Germany or in England, than

[1] Inaugural Address delivered before the English Goethe Society by the President, May 28, 1888.

now when the international relations between the leading countries of Europe have become worse than among savages in Africa; when national partisanship threatens to darken all wise counsel and to extinguish all human sympathies; when men are no longer valued by their intrinsic worth, but by their accidental wealth; when philosophy, in its true sense, as a passionate love of wisdom and truth is wellnigh forgotten; when religion has become a dry bone of theological contention, and nothing can be called true, honest, pure, lovely, or sublime without evoking the smiles and sneers of those who profess to be wisest in their generation. The general view of life has become so distorted with us that we can hardly trust our eyes when we turn them on the life which, not more than a hundred years ago, satisfied the desires of such men as Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Life in Germany was at that time what Goethe himself called *idyllisch*[1], the same word, no doubt, as the English *idyllic*, but endowed with a flavour peculiarly its own. The valley in which those poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple, but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They knew the blessings of a *laeta paupertas*, of cheerful poverty, and high aims. As Goethe writes in one of his letters to Carlyle, 'We then thought of nothing but striving, no one thought of asking for rewards, but was only anxious to deserve them[2].' The idea of making money for money's

[1] Idyllisch, see Goethe's Works (1833), vol. xlix. p. 132.

[2] Speaking of the correspondence between himself and Schiller, Goethe writes to Carlyle (July 26, 1829); 'Mögen sie Ihnen als

sake seems never to have troubled them. Politics, too, occupied a very small place in their daily interests, and even those who were statesmen by profession, did not obtrude their opinions on the world at large, any more than an attorney would always talk about the squabbles and lawsuits of his clients, or a medical man of the imprudences and ailments of his patients. To many people the life at Weimar in Goethe's time may seem provincial, narrow, pedantic, mean, and yet I doubt whether at any time in the world's history society, in the best sense of the word, reached a more Olympian height and revelled in more fabulous wealth than at the beginning of our century in the small valley of the Ilm. If you want to measure the gigantic stature of Goethe, go to Weimar and look at the small town, the small street, the small house, the small room in which he lived. Weimar had then about 10,000 inhabitants, London has now nearly 4,000,000. But as 4,000,000 is to 10,000, so was the intellectual wealth of Goethe's Weimar compared to what we could find at present if we ransacked all our clubs and all our palaces. To me, whenever I can afford the time, to plunge once more into Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Lessing—not to forget Jean Paul—is like taking a header into the sea at the end of a sultry day—it is a washing, a refreshing, a complete rejuvenescence all in one. And what it is to me, it will be to others who are wearied with the gaze

Zauberwagen zu Diensten stehen, um sich in die damalige Zeit in unsere Mitte zu versetzen, wo es eine unbedingte Strebsamkeit galt, wo niemand zu fordern dachte und nur zu verdienen bemüht war. Ich habe mir die vielen Jahre her den Sinn, das Gefühl jener Tage zu erhalten gesucht, und ich glaube, es soll mir fernerhin gelingen.'

of fools and pageants of the day. To pass an hour with Goethe now and then will reinvigorate our belief in the much-derided ideals of life, it will make us remember our common humanity, it will lift up our eyes beyond clouds and planets and comets to those fixed stars which, though they may be useless to lighten our streets, lighten up our minds with visions of heavens above heavens, and in the fierce tempests of life remain after all our only true guides to steer our vessel bravely through winds and waves to a safe harbour.

What, then, were Goethe's ideals? I am not so reckless as to try to raise that spirit before you in all his fulness—the old man covered with his mantle, whom no witch of Endor could conjure up. *Many-sided* (*vielseitig*), it has been often said, is an adjective that belongs to Goethe by the same right as *venerable* belongs to Bede, *judicious* to Hooker. I shall confine my remarks to-day to one of his ideals only, one which he cherished with intense devotion, particularly during the closing years of his life, and for which his own countrymen have often rather blamed than praised him. I mean his *cosmopolitan sympathies*, and, more particularly, his constant endeavours after what he called *eine Welt-literatur*, a *World-literature*. You know how much this idea, this dream, as wise people will call it, occupied Goethe's thoughts. When he wrote his preface to the German translation of Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' about two years before his death, he begins by giving his own thoughts on what he means by World-literature.

'Many people,' he says[1], 'have been talking of a

[1] Goethe's Works, xlvi. p. 233.

World-literature for some time, and not without some reason, for all nations, after having been shaken together by the most dreadful wars, and then being left again each to itself, could not but see that they had observed and absorbed many strange things, and had felt here and there certain intellectual wants, heretofore unknown to them. Hence arose a sense of neighbourly relations, and while formerly they had lived secluded, people now felt in their mind a growing desire to be received into the more or less free intellectual commerce of the whole world. This movement has lasted for a short time only, yet long enough to deserve consideration, so that we may derive from it as soon as possible, as in material commerce, profit and delight.'

To see a man like Goethe watching the growth of every literature—not only English, French, Italian, Spanish, but Serbian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Modern Greek, Swedish, nay, Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese—and trying to find out what is true and beautiful in every one of them, is a real treat in an age when most critics imagine that their chief duty is to discover in every work of art not what is good, but what is bad. It sounds quite strange when reading Goethe, to hear in German the warmest praises of French and English literature, while at present no German newspaper, which looks for light from above, would dare to say a kind word of Victor Hugo or of Tennyson. The lesson which Goethe wished to teach was that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian belongs not to one country only, but to the world at large. He belongs, not to the present only, but likewise to the past and to the future. We owe

much of what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility, and in that world-embracing spirit, that Goethe thinks the highest intellectual work ought to be done. It was in communion with the past and with the future, and in sympathy with the whole world, that he himself achieved his greatest triumphs.

And why should this ideal of a universal republic of letters be called a dream? Anyhow, it is a dream that has been dreamt long before Goethe. It is we in the last four centuries of the world who have grown so very narrow-minded, so intensely national. Till about four hundred years ago all really great writers wrote for the world, and not for their own small country only. Nay, I make bold to say that some of the ideas to which Goethe gave such powerful expression, and which have often been called Utopian, stirred more or less consciously in the minds of the earliest writers when they, for the first time, took their chisel to engrave on the walls of temples and pyramids what they had thought and what they had done during their short sojourn here on earth. With us writing has become a habit. But why did people first begin to write and erect monuments which they hoped would last for ever?

I believe it was the same awakening spirit of human sympathy which Goethe preached, the same reverence for a past that was no more, the same faith in a future that was not yet, which led the great historical nations of the world to lay the first foundations of what we now call literature, and what

to them was world-literature, so far as they could realize it. When we look at the Egyptian monuments, ornamented with their beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions, when we examine the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, as it were embroidered with cuneiform writing, we may recognise even there the rudiments of a world-literature. Those ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes were thinking, not of their own time and their own country only, when busily engraving their primitive archives: they were thinking of us. They believed in a future of the human race, and, call it weakness or strength, they wished to be remembered by those who should come after them.

Such a belief in posterity marks indeed a new period in the growth of the human mind, it heralds the dawn of a new life. At first man lives for the present only, from day to day, from year to year. One of the first steps in advance is a regard for the past, so far as he knows it, a worship of his ancestors, a belief in their continued existence, nay, even in their power to reward and to punish him. After that belief in a distant past follows a belief in a distant future, and from these two combined beliefs springs the first feeling of humanity in our hearts, the conviction that we are by indissoluble bonds connected with those that came before us and those who will come after us, that we form one universal family on earth. As these feelings grow up slowly and gradually in our own heart, so they required long periods of growth in the history of the world, but among the most favoured races they asserted their powerful influence at a very early time.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem

to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, an almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscription of Aahmes, a captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, as Champollion says, 'to the whole human race' (*t'et-a en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominibus omnibus*). A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: 'I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death.'

These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I, the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis: 'My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years.'

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donations of Rameses III to the temples of Egypt together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to 'the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations (*hamemet*), the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as the great King of Egypt[1].'

Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscrip-

[1] I have to thank Mr. le Page Renouf, the worthy successor of Dr. Birch at the British Museum, for these and a large number of similar inscriptions found among Egyptian antiquities.

tions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on for ever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world-literature.

And as in Egypt so it was in Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learnt that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding-places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldaea wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive.

Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them.

At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which enclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead, and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by

a famous king, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation: 'Whoever alters the works of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Asshur, Ninib, Ramân, and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe[1].'

The famous inscription of Behistun, a lasting monument of the victories of Darius and of the still more glorious victory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was placed high on a mountain wall, where no one could touch and but few could read it. It was written not in Persian only, not for the Persians only, but in three dialects—an Aryan, a Semitic, and a Turanian, so that the three peoples, nations, and languages might all read and remember the mighty deeds of Darius, the Achaemenian, the King of Kings. And when all is finished and all is said, Darius, the king, adds: 'Be it known to thee what has been done by me, thus publicly, on that account that thou conceal not. If thou publish this tablet to the world, Ormazd shall be a friend to thee, and may thy offspring be numerous, and mayest thou live long. But if thou shalt conceal this record, thou shalt not be thyself recorded. May Ormazd be thy enemy and mayest thou be childless[2].'

It seems to me that such words were written in the prophetic spirit of a world-literature. And the same spirit may be traced in Greece, in Rome, and elsewhere.

When Thucydides writes his history of the Peloponnesian war, he looks back to the past and forward

[1] 'Chaldea,' by Z. Ragozin, p. 116.
[2] Rawlinson, 'Inscriptions of Behistun,' p. 36.

to the future, and then pronounces with complete assurance his conviction that this book of his is to last for ever, that it is to teach future generations not only what has happened, but what may happen again; that it is to be a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a possession for ever.

Few historians now would venture to speak like this, even those who write their works here in London, the centre of the whole world, and with all the recollections of two thousand years behind them. But the Romans had inherited the same spirit. We all admire Horace, but there have been many poets like him, both before and after his time, and it required a considerable amount of self-esteem and a strong belief in the future destinies of Rome and Roman literature to end his odes with the words: '*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*'—

> 'I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
> Soaring more high than royal pyramids,
> Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drops,
> Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy;
> Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered
> Series of ages and the flight of time—
> I shall not wholly die [1].'

Even when we proceed to the literature of the Middle Ages, we seldom find any trace of national exclusiveness. The only literary language was Latin—the language of the Church, the language of law, the language of diplomacy—and what was written in that language was meant to be understood by the whole civilised world. A world-literature, therefore, so far from being a modern dream, was one of the most ancient historical realities. It was not till the

[1] Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

eleventh and twelfth centuries that national literatures arose, and that, as before in the land of Shinar, the language of men was confounded so that they did not understand one another's speech. This dispersion of literatures has had its advantages; it has increased the wealth and variety of European thought. But it had its dangers also. It divided the greatest thinkers of the world, and thus retarded the victory of many a truth which cannot triumph except by the united efforts of the whole human race. It also produced a certain small self-sufficiency among poets who thought that they might accept the applause of their own country as the final judgment of the world. Many writers before Goethe had protested against this provincialism or nationalism in literature. Schiller declared that the poet ought to be a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. But Goethe was the first to give powerful expression to these longings after a universal literature. Goethe was not such a dreamer as to believe in the near approach of a universal language, though even that dream has been dreamt by men of far more powerful intellect than their deriding critics seem to be aware of. Goethe accepted the world as it was, but he endeavoured to make the best of it. What he aimed at was a kind of intellectual free-trade. Each country should produce what it could produce best, and the ports of every country should welcome intellectual merchandise from whatever part of the world it might be sent. Some articles, no doubt, particularly in poetry, would always be reserved for home-consumption only; but the great poets and great thinkers ought never to forget that they belong to the whole human race, and

that the higher the aim the stronger the effort, and the greater the triumph.

When you look at the numerous passages, more particularly in his posthumous writings, you will easily perceive that though Goethe's sympathies were very universal, yet his strongest leaning was towards England. Had he not been nursed in his youth, and reinvigorated in his manhood, by Shakespeare? Was not Sir Walter Scott his favourite food in later life, and did not Lord Byron's poetry excite him even in his old age to a kind of dithyrambic enthusiasm? And England at that time responded with equal warmth to Goethe's advances. 'Line upon line,' as an eminent writer said in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1850—'line upon line, precept upon precept, Goethe's writings have found their way into English literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth.'

No episode, however, during the closing years of Goethe's life is more instructive as to his endeavours after a world-literature than his friendship with Carlyle. Carlyle, as you may remember from reading Mr. Froude's eloquent volumes, learnt German with nothing but a grammar and dictionary to help him, because he wanted to see with his own eyes what those men, Schiller and Goethe, really were—names which, as he tells us, excited at that time ideas as vague and monstrous as the words Gorgon and Chimaera. The first tasks which he set himself was to write a 'Life of Schiller,' and to translate Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.' Carlyle at that time would have seemed the very last person to feel any real sympathy

for Goethe. He was still a raw, narrow-minded, scrappily educated Scotchman, with strong moral sentiments and a vague feeling that he was meant to do some great work in the world. But otherwise his ideals were very different from Goethe's ideals of life. Nor does he make any secret to himself or to his friends of what his true feelings towards Schiller and Goethe were at that time. Schiller, who, we might suppose, would have attracted him far more strongly than Goethe, repelled him by what he calls his *aesthetics*.

'Schiller[1],' he writes, 'was a very worthy character, possessed of great talents, and fortunate in always finding means to employ them in the attainment of worthy ends. The pursuit of the beautiful, the representing it in suitable forms, and the diffusion of feelings arising from it, operated as a kind of religion in his soul. He talks in some of his essays about the aesthetic being a necessary means of improvement among political societies. His efforts in this cause accordingly not only satisfied the restless activity, the desire of creating and working upon others, which form the great want of an educated mind, but yielded a sort of balance to his conscience. He viewed himself as an apostle of the sublime. Pity that he had no better way of satisfying it. One is tired to death with his and Goethe's *palabra* about the nature of the fine arts. They pretend that Nature gives people true intimations of true, hearty, and just principles in art; that the *bildende Künstler* and the *richtende* (the creative and the critical artist) ought to investi-

[1] Froude, 'Thomas Carlyle,' vol. i. p. 196.

gate the true foundation of these obscure intimations, and set them fast on the basis of reason. Stuff and nonsense, I fear it is! .... Poor silly sons of Adam! you have been prating on these things for two or three thousand years, and you have not advanced a hair's breadth towards the conclusion. Poor fellows, and poorer me, that take the trouble to repeat such insipidities and truisms.'

Here we see a Saul, not likely yet to be turned into a Paul. Miss Welsh, too, whom Carlyle at that time was worshipping as a distant star far beyond his reach, could not bear Goethe and poor little Mignon. Carlyle tries to reprove her. 'O, the hardness of man's and still more of woman's heart!' he exclaimed. And yet he gives in. 'Do what you like,' he adds; 'seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel.'

Still, the book told slowly and surely on the rugged, stone-hearted critic; but perhaps more even than the book the personal kindness of Goethe. Goethe was in a good mood when he received Carlyle's translation of 'Wilhelm Meister.' He was thinking of his world-literature, and here, quite unexpectedly, came the first fruits of it. We must remember that at that time a translation of a German book was an event. At present an English translation is generally a mere bookseller's speculation. People do not ask whether the book is good, original, classical, but whether it is possible to sell a thousand copies of it with the help of a few telling reviews. With Carlyle the translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' was a labour of love, and he was probably surprised when an English publisher offered him £180 for the first edition, and afterwards £200 for

every new edition of a thousand copies. 'Any way,' he says, 'I am paid sufficiently for my labours.'

This was in 1824. Goethe was then seventy-five, Carlyle twenty-nine. The correspondence was carried on till the year 1831, Goethe's last letter being dated the 2nd of June of that year, while he died on the 22nd of March, 1832. It may be imagined how Carlyle valued Goethe's letters, how he treasured them as the most precious jewels of his household. I was told that he gave them to Mrs. Carlyle to keep in a safe place. But, alas! after her death they could nowhere be found. It was a painful subject with the old man, and a grievous loss to his biographer. Mr. Froude tells us in his 'Life of Carlyle' that copies of one or two of Goethe's letters, which Carlyle had sent to his brother, were recovered, and these have been translated and published by Mr. Froude.

As soon as I heard that the archives of the Goethe family had become accessible, having been bequeathed by the last of his grandsons, Walther Wolfgang, to Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, I made inquiries whether possibly Goethe, as he was wont to do in his later years, had preserved copies of his letters to Carlyle. I was informed by Professor Erich Schmidt that copies of most of Goethe's letters to Carlyle existed; and on making application for them in the name of my old friend, Mr. Froude, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess gave permission that copies should be made of them, which Mr. Froude might publish in his new edition of the 'Life of Carlyle,' and which I might use for my opening address as President of the English Goethe Society.

It was really the unexpected possession of this

literary treasure[1] which emboldened me to accept your kind invitation to become the first President of the English Goethe Society, and which induced me to select as the subject of my inaugural address Goethe's ideal of a *World Literature*, a subject which I might thus venture to treat with the hope of bringing something new even to such experienced students of Goethe as I see to-day assembled around me. For it is in his letters to Carlyle that this idea finds its fullest expression. Carlyle was the very man that Goethe wanted, for, however different their characters might be, they had one object in common, Carlyle to preach German literature in England, Goethe to spread a taste for English literature in Germany. And how powerful personal influence can be, we see in the very relation which soon sprang up between the mature and stately German and the impetuous Scot. Carlyle, as we saw, was as yet but a half-hearted admirer of Schiller and Goethe, but the nearer he was brought to Goethe and the more he came to know the man and his ideals in life, the stronger grew his admiration and his love of the old prophet, whose name, he says, had floated through his fancy like a sort of spell over his boyhood, and whose thoughts had come to him in his maturer years almost with the impressiveness of revelations. Goethe seems from the first to have trusted Carlyle's honesty, and to have formed a right opinion of his literary powers. Of course, Carlyle was hardly known in England at that time, much less in

[1] There is a rumour that the originals have lately been found in an old box and forwarded to America, to be published by Mr. Charles Norton. See Dr. Eugen Oswald's article in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, April 24, 1886. These letters have since been published by Mr. Charles Norton (Macmillan).

Germany, and there is a curious entry in Goethe's Diary, or, as he calls them, *Concept-hefte*, from which it appears that he made private inquiries about him and his character. In a note addressed to Mr. Skinner who spent some time at Weimar, and died there in 1829 [1], Goethe writes on the 20th May, 1827 :—

'Thomas Carlyle, domiciled at Edinburgh, translator of "Wilhelm Meister," author of a "Life of Schiller," has published lately in four volumes octavo a work entitled "German Romance," containing all tales in prose of any name. I should like much to learn what is known of his circumstances and his studies, and what English and German journals may have said of him. He is in every respect a highly interesting man. If you like sometimes to spend an hour with me in the evening, you are always welcome. There are always many things to discuss and to communicate. Written in my garden, the 20th May, 1827.'

At that time, however, the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle was already progressing. Carlyle tells us himself, in a letter to his brother, with what delight he received Goethe's first letter which was written the 26th of October, 1824 [2]. He was then lodging in Southampton Street, in very bad humour with the world at large, and particularly with the literary world of London, which he calls the poorest part of its population at present. On the 18th of December, he writes to his brother, John Carlyle :—

'The other afternoon, as I was lying dozing in a brown study after dinner, a lord's lackey knocked at the door and presented me with a little blue parcel,

[1] In Goethe's letter dated 25th June, 1829 (8).
[2] Froude, 'Thomas Carlyle,' i. 265.

requiring for it a note of delivery. I opened it, and found two pretty stitched little books and a letter from Goethe. I copy it and send it for your edification. The patriarchal style of it pleases me much [1].

'"Weimar, October 26, 1824.

'"MY DEAREST SIR,

'"If I did not acknowledge on the spot the safe arrival of your welcome present, it was because I was unwilling to send you an empty acknowledgment merely, but I purposed to add some careful remarks on a work so honourable to you.

'"My advanced years, however, burdened as they are with many unavoidable duties, have prevented me from comparing your translation at my leisure with the original text—a more difficult undertaking, perhaps, for me than for some third person thoroughly familiar with German and English literature. Since, however, I have at the present moment an opportunity, through Lord Bentinck, of forwarding this note safely to London, and at the same time of bringing about an acquaintance between yourself and Lord Bentinck which may be agreeable to both of you, I delay no longer to thank you sincerely for the interest which you have taken in my literary works as well as in the incidents of my life, and to entreat you earnestly to continue the same interest for the future also. It may be that hereafter I shall yet hear much of you. I send herewith a number of poems which you will scarcely have seen, but with which I venture to hope

[1] Froude, 'Life of Carlyle,' i. p. 265. The translation has been but slightly altered in one or two places in accordance with the original of Goethe's letter sent to me from Weimar.

that you will feel a certain sympathy. With the most sincere good wishes, your most obedient

'"J. W. GOETHE.'"

After this there seems to have been a long pause, for the next letter from Goethe is dated Weimar, May 15, 1827. This is only a short acknowledgment of a pleasant parcel received from Carlyle, evidently containing his 'Life of Schiller,' and a promise of a fuller letter which is to follow.

'*To* MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, *Edinburgh.*

'I announce hurriedly that the pleasant parcel accompanied by a kind letter, dispatched from Edinburgh on the 15th of April, *via* Hamburg, reached me on the 15th May, and found me in good health and busy for my friends. To my sincerest thanks to the esteemed couple (Carlyle was married by this time), I will add the information that a packet will shortly be dispatched from here, likewise *via* Hamburg, to attest my sympathy and to recall me to your minds. I take my leave with best and sincerest wishes.'

In the meantime Goethe, after reading Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' had evidently taken his young friend's true measure. He thought he had found in him the very man he had been looking for to be the interpreter of German thought in England, and in July of the same year he wrote him a very full letter, which may almost be called an essay on World-literature[1]. In his conversations with Eckermann he speaks of Carlyle 'as a moral power of great

[1] Froude, i. 399.

importance. There is much future in him,' he adds, 'and it is quite impossible to see all that he may do and produce[1].' Before I read you some of the more important passages of this and the following letters, I wish to call your attention to a curious fact which I discovered while examining the copies sent me from Weimar. Several passages seemed to me so familiar that I began to look through Goethe's works, and here, particularly in the volumes published after his death, I found long passages of his letters to Carlyle worked up into short reviews. Here and there Goethe has made slight alterations, evidently intended as improvements, and these, too, are curious as allowing us an insight into Goethe's mind. I also came across several letters of Carlyle's to Goethe, probably translated into German by Goethe himself. These are interesting too, but as the originals have now been found in the Goethe Archives, and will soon be published by Mr. Charles Norton, I need not quote them at present.

In his third letter to Carlyle, after the usual preliminaries, Goethe writes:

'Let me, in the first place, tell you, my dear sir, how very highly I esteem your "Biography of Schiller." It[2] is remarkable for the careful study which it displays of the incidents of Schiller's life, and one clearly perceives in it a study of his works and a hearty sympathy with him. The complete insight which you have thus obtained into the character and high merits of this man is really admirable, so clear it is

[1] Gespräche mit Eckermann, July 25, 1828.

[2] From here to 'his task accomplished,' the text is found in Goethe's Works (1833), vol. xxxvi. p. 230.

and so appropriate, so far beyond what might have been looked for in a writer in a distant country.

'Here the old saying is verified, "A good will helps to a full understanding." It is just because the Scot can look with affection on a German, and can honour and love him, that he acquires a sure eye for that German's finest qualities. He raises himself into a clearness of vision which Schiller's own countrymen could not arrive at in earlier days. For those who live with superior men are easily mistaken in their judgments. Personal peculiarities irritate them. The swift-changing current of life displaces their points of view, and hinders them from perceiving and recognising the true worth of such men. Schiller, however, was of so exceptional a nature that the biographer had only to keep the idea of an excellent man before his eyes, and carry that idea through all his individual destinies and achievements, and he would see his task accomplished [1].'

[1] The next paragraphs are found, with slight alterations, evidently of later date, in Goethe's Works (1833), xlvi. p. 254. Whereas in his draft Goethe wrote *Kenntniss*, he altered it to *Vorkenntniss* in the letter he sent to Carlyle, and retained that word in his notice of 'German Romance.' There is one paragraph added by Goethe, when speaking of the impartiality with which a foreigner treats the history of German literature, which deserves to be translated. In his letter he breaks off after 'he gives individuals their credit each in his place.' In his review of 'German Romance,' he continues: 'And thus to a certain extent settles the conflict which within the literature of every nation is inevitable; for to live and to act is much the same as to form or to join a party. No one can be blamed if he fights for place and rank, which secures his existence, and gives him influence which promises future happy success.

'If thus the horizon is often darkened during many years for those who live within a literature, the foreigner lets dust, mist, and darkness settle down, disperse and vanish, and sees those distant regions revealed in bright and dark spots with the same calmness which we are wont to observe the moon in a clear night.'

After some remarks on Carlyle's 'German Romance,' Goethe is evidently anxious to unburden himself on the subject of World-literature, which was nearest to his heart. Probably he had jotted down his own thoughts on several occasions before, and so he abruptly says to Carlyle—

'Let me add a few observations, which I have long harboured in silence, and which have been stirred up by these present works.'

It is curious that in the published review of 'German Romance,' too, Goethe uses the same artifice. After he has compared the mind of the foreign historian to the calm and brightness of a moonlight night, he writes:

'In this place, some observations, written down some time ago, may stand interpolated, even if people should find that I repeat myself, so long as it is allowed at the same time that repetition may serve some useful purpose.'

Then follow his observations on the advantage of international literary relations, which I shall read to you:

'It is obvious that for a long time the efforts of the best poets and aesthetic writers throughout the world have been directed towards what is universal, and common to all mankind. In every single work, be it historical, mythological, fabulous, more or less arbitrarily conceived, we shall see the universal more and more showing and shining through what is merely national and individual[1].'

[1] Goethe, in his letter to Carlyle, wrote: '*Durch Nationalität und Persönlichkeit hindurch . . . durchleuchten und durchschimmern sehn.*'—In the printed paper he changed *hindurch* into *hin*.

'In practical life we perceive the same tendency which pervades all that is of the earth earthy, crude, wild, cruel, false, selfish, treacherous, and tries everywhere to spread a certain serenity. We may not indeed hope from this the approach of an era of universal peace; but yet that strifes which are unavoidable may grow less extreme, wars less savage, and victory less overbearing.

'Whatever in the poetry of all nations aims and tends towards this, is what the others should appropriate. The peculiarities of each nation should be studied, so that we should be able to make allowance for them—nay, gain by their means real intercourse with a nation. For the special characteristics of a people are like its language and its currency: they facilitate exchange—nay, they first make exchange possible.'

The next paragraph is not in the printed text of Goethe's review; it was meant for Carlyle alone:

'Pardon me, my dear sir, for these remarks, which perhaps are not quite coherent, nor to be scanned all at once. They are drawn from the great ocean of observations, which, as life passes on, swells up more and more round every thinking person.'

A truly Goethe-like sentence, which I must repeat in German:

'Verzeihen Sie mir, mein Werthester, diese vielleicht nicht ganz zusammenhängenden, noch alsbald zu überschauenden Äusserungen. Sie sind geschöpft aus dem Ocean der Betrachtungen, der um jeden Denkenden mit den Jahren immer mehr anschwillt.'

He then continues:

'Let me add some more observations, which I wrote

down on another occasion, but which apply specially to the business on which you are now engaged.'

What follows next, on the advantages of a free literary exchange between nation and nation, has been utilized by Goethe in the same article on 'German Romance':

'We arrive best at a true toleration when we can let pass individual peculiarities, whether of persons or peoples, without quarrelling with them; holding fast, nevertheless, to the conviction that genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that *it belongs to all mankind.* To such intercourse and mutual recognition the Germans have long contributed.

'He who knows and studies German finds himself in a market where the wares of all countries are offered for sale; while he enriches himself he is officiating as interpreter.

'A translator, therefore, should be regarded as a trader in this great spiritual commerce, and as one who makes it his business to advance the exchange of commodities. For, say what we will of the inadequacy of translation, it always will be among the weightiest and worthiest factors in the world's affairs.

'The Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue. Each translator is also a prophet to his people. The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the Gospel to every nation in its own tongue?'

Carlyle felt proud, as well he might, as the recipient

of such letters from Goethe. 'A ribbon with the order of the Garter,' he wrote to his mother, 'would scarcely have flattered either of us more.' In his replies he expressed his warmest sympathy with Goethe's ideas. I wish I could give you some fragments at least of Carlyle's correspondence, but the originals, which are preserved at Weimar, have been confided to much worthier hands, and will soon be published, I hope, by Mr. Charles Norton. In the meantime, all I can do is to try to re-translate one of Carlyle's letters from Goethe's German translation into English—a bold undertaking, I confess, but one for which, under the circumstances, I may claim your indulgence:

'December 22, 1829.

'I have read a second time, with no small satisfaction, the "Correspondence" (between Schiller and Goethe), and send off to-day to the *Foreign Review* an article on Schiller, founded on it. You will be pleased to hear that a knowledge and appreciation of foreign, and particularly of German, literature is spreading with increasing speed as far as rules the English tongue, so that among the Antipodes, even in New Holland, the wise men of your country are preaching their wisdom. I heard lately that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities, which have hitherto been considered the strongholds of our peculiar insular conservatism, things begin to move. Your Niebuhr has found an able translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have sufficient occupation as teachers of their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes, but

no one can doubt of the good results which in the end will arise from it. Let only nations, like individuals, know each other, and the mutual hatred will be changed into mutual help, and instead of natural enemies, as neighbouring countries are sometimes called, we shall all become natural friends.'

In another letter from Goethe to Carlyle, dated August 8, 1828, there are some more interesting remarks on the high functions of the translator. They are called forth by Coleridge's translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' and though they have been used by Goethe in a short review of this work, they deserve to be quoted here in their freshness as addressed to Carlyle[1]:

'The translation of "Wallenstein" made quite a peculiar impression upon me. The whole time that Schiller was working at this drama I hardly left his side; and after I had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the piece, I co-operated with him in putting it on the stage. In this task I met with more trouble and vexation than I might fairly have expected, and I had finally to be present at the successive representations, in order to bring the difficult theatrical presentation to higher and higher perfection. You may imagine, therefore, that this glorious piece became at length quite trivial, nay, even tedious to me. For twenty years I have neither seen nor read it. But now that quite unexpectedly I see it again in the language of Shakespeare, it suddenly appears before me in all its details, like a newly varnished picture, and I delight in it as of yore, but also in a new and peculiar way. Tell this to the translator with my

[1] Goethe's Works, 1853, xlvi. p. 258.

greetings, and do not omit to add that the preface, written just in that same sympathetic tone which I referred to before, gave me great pleasure. Let me also know his name, so that he may stand forth as an individual person in the chorus of Philo-Germans. This suggests to me a new observation, perchance hardly realised, and probably never uttered before—namely, that the translator does not work for his own nation only, but also for the nation from whose language he has transferred the work. For it happens oftener than one imagines that a nation draws the sap and thought out of a work, and absorbs it so entirely in its own inner life, that it can no longer take any pleasure in it or draw from it any nourishment. This is particularly the case with the Germans, who use up all too quickly anything that is offered them, and who, by reproducing and altering a work in many ways, annihilate it to a certain extent. Hence it is very salutary if what is their own appears before them again at a later time, endowed with fresh life by the help of a successful translation.'

With the same warmth with which Goethe greeted Coleridge's translation of 'Wallenstein,' he received Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Napoleon.' In a letter to Carlyle, dated December 27, 1827, he writes:

'If you see Mr. Walter Scott thank him most warmly in my name for his dear, cheerful letter, written exactly in that beautiful conviction that man must be dear to his Maker. I have also received his "Life of Napoleon," and have in these winter evenings and nights read it through attentively from beginning to end. To me it was highly significant to see how

the first master of narrative in this century takes upon himself so uncommon a task, and brings before us in calm succession those momentous events which we ourselves were compelled to witness. The division by chapters into large and well-defined portions, renders the complicated events distinct and comprehensible; and thus the narration of single events becomes, what is most inestimable, perfectly clear and visible. I read it in the original, and thus it impressed me as it ought. It is a patriotic Briton who speaks, who cannot well look on the acts of the enemy with favourable eyes, and who, as an honest citizen, wants to see all political undertakings brought into harmony with the demands of morality, who, in the happy course of his enemy's good fortune, threatens him with disastrous consequences, and is unable to pity him even in his bitterest disgrace.

'And further, this work was of the greatest importance to me, in that it not only reminded me of things which I had myself witnessed, but brought before me afresh much that had been overlooked at the time. It placed me on an unexpected standpoint; made me reconsider what I had thought settled, while I was also enabled to do justice to the opponents who cannot be wanting of so important a work, and to appreciate fairly the exceptions which they take from their point of view. You will see by this that no more valuable gift could have reached me at the end of the year.'

And now follows a truly Goethe-like sentence, which it is difficult to render in English:

'Es ist dieses Werk mir zu einem goldenen Netze geworden, womit ich die Schattenbilder meines ver-

gangenen Lebens aus den letheischen Fluthen mit reichem Zuge heraufzufischen mich beschäftige.'

'This work has become to me a kind of golden net, wherewith I have been busily drawing up in a miraculous draught the shadows of my past life from the flood of Lethe.'

Thus we see Goethe busy day and night in gathering-in the treasures of foreign literature, and establishing friendly relations with the foremost representatives of poetry, art, and science, not only in England, but in every country in Europe. He saw the era of a World-literature approaching, and he did his best in the evening of his life to accelerate its advent.

In a letter of Goethe's dated October 5, 1830, we see how anxious the old man became that the threads which he had spun, and which united him with so many eminent correspondents in different parts of the world, should not be broken after his death. Goethe himself had become an international poet in the full sense of the word. He knew the excellent effects which had been produced, even during his lifetime, from the more intimate relations established between himself and some representative men in England, France, Italy, and Spain, and he wished to see them perpetuated. Thus, when sending Carlyle the German translation of his 'Life of Schiller,' he tells him that he wished to bring him and his Berlin friends into more active and fruitful intercourse. He had Carlyle elected an honorary member of the Berlin Society for Foreign Literature, and requested him to send some acknowledgment in return.

'At my time of life,' he writes, 'it must be a

matter of concern to me to see the various ties which centred in me linked on again elsewhere, so as to hasten the object which every good man desires and must desire, namely, to spread, even unobserved and often hindered, a certain harmonious and liberal sentiment throughout the world. Thus many things can settle down peaceably at once, without being first scattered and driven about before they are brought into some kind of order, and even then not without great loss. May you be successful in making the good points of the Germans better known to your nation, as we, too, are unceasing in our endeavours to make the good points of foreign nations clear to our own people.'

In another letter (dated Weimar, December 27, 1827) Goethe dwells on the softening influence which travelling in Germany, and prolonged stays in German towns, produced on young Englishmen, fitting them to become in later life connecting links between the two countries. As this letter throws some light on the simple, yet refined, life at Weimar, to which I referred in the beginning of my address, I shall give a longer extract from it:—

'While books and periodicals at present join nations, so to speak, by the mail-post, intelligent travellers also contribute not a little to the same object. Mr. Heavyside who visited you (Carlyle never refers to this visit) has brought back to us many pleasant tidings of yourself and your surroundings, and will probably have given you a full description of our life and doings in Weimar. As tutor of the young Hopes, he spent some pleasant and useful years in our modest, yet richly endowed and animated

circle. I hear that the Hope family are quite satisfied with the education which the young men were enabled to acquire here. And, indeed, this place unites many advantages for young men, and especially for those of your nation. The double court of the reigning and the hereditary family, where they are always received with kindness and liberality, forces them by the very favour which is shown them, to a refined demeanour, at various social amusements. The rest of our society keeps them likewise within certain pleasant restraints, so that anything rude and unbecoming in their conduct is gradually eliminated. In intercourse with our beautiful and cultivated women they find occupation and satisfaction for heart, mind, and imagination, and are thus preserved from all those dissipations to which youth gives itself up more from *ennui* than from necessity. This free discipline is perhaps inconceivable in any other place, and it is pleasant to see that those members of our society who have gone from here to try life at Berlin or Dresden have very soon returned to us again. Moreover, our women keep up a lively correspondence with Great Britain, and thus prove that actual presence is not absolutely essential to keep alive and continue a well-founded esteem. And I must not omit that all friends, as, for instance, just now Mr. Lawrence, return to us from time to time, and delight in taking up at once the charming threads of earlier intercourse. Mr. Parry has concluded a residence of many years with a good marriage.'

Goethe, however, was not simply a literary man; he was a man, a complete man, and his interests in a world-literature had their deepest roots in his

strong human heart. 'He was neither noble nor plebeian,' to quote the words of the *Foreign Review* (iii. 87), 'neither liberal nor servile, neither infidel nor devotee, but the best excellence of all of them, joined in pure union, a clear and universal *man*.' Napoleon, too, when he had seen Goethe and conversed with him, could say no more than *Voilà un homme!* His own countrymen, however, often blamed Goethe for his wide human sympathies, and his want of national sentiment—most unjustly, I think, for when the time of trial came, he proved himself as good a patriot as many who tried to be more eloquent than Goethe in their patriotic songs and sermons. Goethe had his faults and weaknesses, but there is one redeeming feature in his character which atones for almost everything—he was thoroughly true. He was too great to dissemble. He could not pretend to be a patriot in the sense in which Arndt, Jahn, and Schill were patriots. 'I should have been miserable,' he says, 'if I had made up my mind ever to dissemble or to lie. But as I was strong enough to show myself exactly as I was and as I felt, I was considered proud.' O that we had more of that pride, and less of the miserable pretence of unreal sentiment! National sentiment is right and good, but we must not forget that national sentiment is a limited and limiting sentiment, particularly to a mind of such universal grasp as Goethe. We were told not long ago by the greatest English orator 'that there is a local patriotism which in itself is not bad, but good. The Welshman is full of local patriotism, the Scotchman is full of local patriotism, the Scotch nationality is as strong as it ever was,

and should the occasion arise—which I believe it never can—it will be as ready to assert itself as in the days of Bannockburn. I do not believe that that local patriotism is an evil. I believe it is stronger in Ireland even than in Scotland. Englishmen are eminently English, Scotchmen are profoundly Scotch, and, if I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to her soil. The Irishman is more profoundly Irish, but,' Mr. Gladstone adds, 'it does not follow that because his local patriotism is keen, he is incapable of Imperial patriotism.'

Nor does it follow that because our Imperial patriotism is keen, our hearts are incapable of larger sympathies. There is something higher even than Imperial patriotism. Our sympathies are fostered at home, but they soon pass the limits of our family and our clan, and embrace the common interests of city, county, party, and country. Should they stop there? Should we for ever look upon what is outside our Chinese Walls as foreign, barbarian, and hateful, we more particularly, the nations of Europe in whose veins runs the same Teutonic blood, and who profess a religion which, if it is anything, is a world-religion? Goethe, feeling at home among the monuments of past greatness, and in harmony with the spirits of all true poets and prophets of the world, could not confine his sympathies within the narrow walls of Weimar, not even within the frontiers of Germany. Wherever he found beauty and nobility there he felt at home; wherever he could make himself truly useful, there was his country. Patriotism is a duty, and in times of danger it may

become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit, nay, even clannishness and family pride. But all these are steps leading higher and higher till we can repeat with some of the greatest men the words of Terence, 'I count nothing strange to me that is human.'

There is no lack of international literature now. The whole world seems writing, reading, and talking together. The same telegrams which we are reading in London are read at nearly the same time in Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York, Alexandria, Calcutta, Sydney, and Peking. The best newspapers, English, French, or German, are read wherever people are able to read. Goethe was struck with the number of languages into which the Bible had been translated in his time. What would he say now, when the British and Foreign Bible Society alone has published translations in 267 languages? Goethe was proud when he saw his 'Wilhelm Meister' in an English garb. Every season now produces a rich crop of sensational international novels. Our very school-books are largely used not only in America, but in Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan. Newton's 'Principia' are studied in Chinese, and the more modern works of Herschell, Lyell, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Lockyer, have created in the far East the same commotion as in Europe. Even books like my own, which stir up no passions, and can appeal to the narrow circle of scholars only, have been sent to me, translated not only into the principal languages of Europe, but into Bengali, Mahratti, Guzerathi, Tamil, Japanese—nay, even into Sanskrit.

A world-literature, such as Goethe longed for, has

to a great extent been realised, but the blessings which he expected from it have not yet come, at least not in that fulness in which he hoped for them. There have been, no doubt, since Goethe's time great thinkers and writers, who felt their souls warmed and their powers doubled by the thought that their work would be judged, not by a small clique of home critics only, but by their true peers in the whole world. Goethe himself points out how much more unprejudiced, how much more pure and sure the opinion of foreign critics has been to him and to Schiller, and the old saying has often been confirmed since, that the judgment of foreign nations anticipates the judgment of posterity.

But the greatest blessing which Goethe hoped for from the spreading of a world-literature—namely, that there should spring up a real love between nation and nation—has not yet been vouchsafed. Of this he speaks in one of his letters to Carlyle with a kind of patriarchal unction.

Goethe had received the early numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and was much pleased with an article on German Literature, on Ernst Schulze, Hoffmann, and the German Theatre, which he ascribed to Carlyle's pen.

'I fancy,' he writes in a letter dated December 27, 1827, 'I recognise in it the hand of my English friend, for it would be truly wonderful if old Britain should have produced a pair of Menaechmi, both equally capable and willing to picture the literary culture of a foreign continental country, divided from their own by geographical, moral, and aesthetic differences; and to describe it in the same quiet, cheerful tone,

and with the same thoughtfulness, modesty, thoroughness, clear-sightedness, perspicuity, exhaustiveness, and whatever good qualities might still be added. The other criticisms, too, in so far as I have read them, seem to me to show insight, mastery, and moderation on a solid basis of national feeling. And though I esteem very highly the cosmopolitan works, such as, for instance, Dupin's, still the remarks of the reviewer on p. 496 of vol. ii. were very welcome to me. The same applies to much that is stated in connection with the religious strife in Silesia.

'I intend in the next number of *Kunst und Alterthum*, to make friendly mention of these approaches from afar, and shall recommend such a reciprocal treatment to my friends at home and abroad, finally declaring as my own, and inculcating as the essence of true wisdom, the Testament of St. John, "Little children, love one another." I may surely hope that this saying may not seem so strange to my contemporaries as it did to the disciples of the Evangelist, who expected from him a very different and higher revelation.'

And yet these last words of Goethe sound strange to us also, stranger even, it may be, than to his contemporaries. The great nations of Europe have been brought nearer together. We have international exhibitions, international congresses, international journals, but of international love and esteem we have less than ever. Europe has become like a menagerie of wild beasts, ready to fly at each other whenever it pleases their keepers to open the grates. Why should that be so? Sweet reason has been able to compose family quarrels. In society at large

people do not come to blows; and duels, though tolerated in some countries as survivals of a barbarous age, are everywhere condemned by the law. Why should it be considered seemly for every country to keep legions of fighting men, ready to kill and to be killed for their country, if it should please emperors and kings, or, still more frequently, ministers and ambassadors, to lose their temper. Goethe did not hope for universal peace, but he certainly could not have anticipated that chronic state of war into which we have drifted, and which in the annals of future historians will place our vaunted nineteenth century lower than the age of Huns and Vandals.

I believe that the members of this English Goethe Society can best prove themselves true students of Goethe, true disciples of Goethe, by helping, each one according to his power, to wipe out this disgrace to humanity. With all the ill-feeling against England that has been artificially stirred up, Shakespeare Societies flourish in all the best towns of Germany. And I have never yet met a Shakespearian scholar who was not, I will not say an *Anglomaniac*, but a friend of England, a fair judge of all that is great and noble in this great and noble race. Shakespeare has done more to cement a true union between Germany and England than all English Ministers and ambassadors put together. Let us hope that Goethe may do the same, and that each and every member of this English Goethe Society may work in the spirit which he, who has often been called the Great Heathen, expressed so well and so powerfully in the simple words of the great Apostle of Love, 'Little children, love one another.' Let Goethe and Shake-

speare remain the perpetual ambassadors of these two nations, and we may then hope that those who can esteem and love Shakespeare and Goethe, may learn once more to esteem and love one another.

And do not suppose that I exaggerate the influence of literature on politics. If Mr. Gladstone had not been so devoted a student of Italian literature, possibly we should not have had, as yet, a united Italy. If our fathers had not been so full of enthusiasm for their Homer, their Sophocles, their Plato, possibly Greece would never have been freed from the Turkish yoke. And whenever I hear that Prince Bismarck knows his Shakespeare by heart, I gather courage, and seem to understand much in the ground-swell of his policy which on the curling surface appears often so perplexing.

Let us hope that we may soon count some of the leading statesmen of England among the members of our Society. If they have once learnt to construe a German sentence, they may learn in time to construe the German character also, which, though it differs on some points from the English, is, after all, bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh, soul of the same soul.

We do not wish that our Society shall ever become a political society, and it would be against the cosmopolitan spirit of Goethe if it were to be narrowed down to English and German members only. There are Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Danes, and Swedes who have proved themselves excellent students of his works. Goethe himself, when speaking of the different ways in which different nations appreciated the character of his Helena, gives credit to the French-

man, the Englishman, and the Russian, for having, each in his own way, interpreted the poet's thoughts. Writing to Carlyle, on August 8, 1828, he says:

'All the more delightful was it to me to see how you had treated my "Helena." You have here, too, acted in your own beautiful manner, and as at the same time there arrived articles from Paris and Moscow on this work of mine—a work which had occupied my mind and my heart for so many years—I expressed my thoughts somewhat laconically in the following way: the Scot tries to penetrate, the Frenchman to comprehend, the Russian to appropriate it. These three have therefore in an unpreconcerted manner represented all possible categories of sympathy which a work of art can appeal to; though, of course, these three can never be quite separated, but each must call the other to its aid.'

Penetrated by the same world-embracing spirit, the Goethe Society calls to its aid all lovers of Goethe's genius, to whatever nation they may belong; and it may promise them that of politics, in the narrow sense of the word, they shall within these walls hear as little as in Goethe's garden at Weimar.

But literature, too, has its legitimate influence, at first on individuals only, but in the end on whole nations; and if we consider what literature is—the embodiment of the best and highest thoughts which human genius has called into being—it would be awful indeed if it were otherwise. Goethe's spirit has become not only a German power, not only a European power: it has become a force that moves the whole world. That force is now committed to our hands, to use it as best we can. But in using it we

must remember that all spiritual influences work by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, and we ought not to allow ourselves to be discouraged, if prejudices, piled up by a thousand busy tongues, are not removed in a day. We must work on like true scholars, *silentio et spe*—in silence and hope—and, depend upon it, our work will then not be in vain.

Our nearest work lies in England. Our Society has been called into life chiefly by Englishmen and Germans. We, both German and English, want to put our shoulders together to study the works and thoughts of Goethe. This may seem a small beginning, but powerful oaks spring from small seeds. Let us hope, therefore, that our young Society may grow stronger and stronger from year to year, and that it may help, according to its talents and opportunities, to strengthen the bonds of blood which unite the English and German nations by the sympathies of the mind, which may become stronger even than the bonds of blood. If these two nations, the German and English, stand once more together, shoulder to shoulder, respecting each other and respected by their neighbours, we may then hope to see the realisation of what Goethe considered the highest blessing of a world-literature, 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men'—yes, towards *all* men.

CORRESPONDENCE[1] BETWEEN SCHILLER

AND THE

DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Edited for the First Time from the Ducal Family Archives.

IF in the noisy deafening hurry of the times in which we live, we are able now and then to win for ourselves a few quiet hours to turn over the pages of the journals of our fathers and grandfathers of about a century back, we find ourselves in a world which seems more like poetry than reality. Not only do the men and women appear to be of a different race, but a different spirit animates their life, their feelings, their thoughts, their deeds. Just as the Greeks talked of a golden age, to distinguish it from the iron age, the present, so we feel that the men of a hundred years since were made of very different stuff from ourselves. Souls like Goethe and Schiller could hardly breathe in our atmosphere—things which

[1] Translated from Schiller's 'Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Friedrich Christian von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg.' Eingeleitet und herausgegeben von F. Max Müller. Berlin, 1875.

Duke Friedrich Christian was the grandfather of the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and it was chiefly due to the exertions of H.R.H. that Schiller's letters, long supposed to be lost, were discovered in the family archives.

were possible in that time are scarcely conceivable to us. The world has become hard and iron—then it was soft and golden. Men had wings, and faith in ideals, and, borne aloft on these pinions, they soared above the rugged path of life, their eyes fixed on the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal. We plod on foot through thick and thin, along the straight dusty highway of our business and calling and our eyes can scarcely perceive the old bridge over which at length, whether we will or no, we pass into the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal.

If any one wishes vividly to realise what a beautiful world lies buried there, how little, yet how great, is the golden age of a hundred years back, let him go, after a crowded party in one of our largest cities, where we have everything which money can buy, everything but true men and women—let him go for once to the old fairy town of Weimar. Remembering the magic pictures of its youth, such as he had drawn from Goethe's and Schiller's own description—let him look for the palaces and villas, the bright windows, the flights of steps, with their niches and pillars, for the art-treasures, the armour, the natural curiosities and books—let him descend into the vault, the richest on earth, where the Duke Karl August rests, with Goethe and Schiller on either side—and he will be filled with astonishment and dismay when he perceives the smallness and poverty of the stage on which those heroes once acted their part. In this small room Schiller lived, in that bed Goethe slept. Now, no servant would be satisfied with such accommodation. And yet here, where everything now seems so small, so quiet, so dull, at one time the

waves of thought foamed and sparkled till their dancing motion, in ever-widening circles, beat on the remotest shores of our globe. Here glowed that beautiful and divine spark, delight in life; here high spirits raged; here love revelled; here genius ran wild, till all philistines closed their eyes in alarm, and stood aside;—and yet here everything before the sun reached its meridian height, became peaceful and clear—a 'wide, still sea, a happy, glorious calm.'

Yes, life was there and then as rich, and sunny, and heavenly as men ever can make it, through themselves, through genius, and art, and love. Shadows and darkness were not wanting even then, for great men cannot always be great, and when they fall, 'great is the fall thereof.'

Goethe had his cold, repellent hours. He could play the Privy Counsellor even towards Schiller. But who could triumph more nobly over his own weaknesses than Goethe, when he recognised in the long-avoided Schiller the long-sought-for equal and friend?

Schiller, too, suffered from attacks of narrow-mindedness. Sometimes he longs for Goethe; then, again, he is miserable when near him. At times he rejoiced in the halo of the court; then, again, he mourned over the self-deception which made him see ordinary things in a false radiance. Schiller's mind suffered from Schiller's body; and how truly and touchingly he expresses the consciousness of his own weakness, the sufferings and struggles of his genius, when he says, 'How difficult it is for a suffering man to be a good man!'

It is true that Wieland in youth, as in old age, was

full of weaknesses; but where do we find now such a delightful old man as he was, bearing everything, ready to forgive even unmerited blame, prizing and praising the old and the past, but at the same time hoping all that was beautiful for the future? How characteristic of him, the favourite of the grandmother, when in his seventy-second year he exclaimed, on the arrival of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, the bride of her grandson, the hereditary Prince of Weimar, 'I thank heaven that I have been allowed to live long enough to enjoy the blessed vision of such an angel in human form. With her a new epoch will surely begin for Weimar; she will, through her powerful influence, carry on, and bring to higher perfection, the work which Amalia began more than forty years ago.'

Herder was proud, often discontented, perhaps not altogether free from that worst of all human passions, envy; but the old giant mind always breaks through; and where have we now a General-Superintendent so ready to recognise the divine afflatus in all poetry, the heavenly spirit in all religions, the Godlike in everything human?

No doubt there are still many 'beautiful souls' as well as mischievous ladies-in-waiting; but where shall we find a gnome like Madlle. Göchhausen? or where a soul formed of such fine-grained marble as Frau von Stein?

German thrones are not wanting in brave and gifted princesses; but where is there an Amalia or Louisa? We have princes who would be more than princes; but where is the robust strength, the life, the truth, the honesty of a Karl August?

Men dared much in those days. Why? Because they trusted themselves, and, still more, they trusted others. They created the greatest from the smallest. The soul still possessed the magic power which imparts to everything earthly a heavenly character, which feels life to be the most beautiful gift of God, that cannot be loved and prized enough, or, as long as it lasts, be enough enjoyed in all its fulness.

In order to estimate this heroic past of the German people at its full value, it is not necessary to depreciate the present or to despair of the future. It is only necessary for the historian to establish the fact that those heroes were of another mould and grain than we are.

Our life has become more quiet, but at the same time more earnest: harder, but also more enduring. We have less kindly light, but also fewer false meteors; less laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps also fewer tears and sighs. Not only the old people, but even the young, and possibly these latter even more than the former, have grown old with the century. Still, let us hope, in spite of all this, as old Wieland did, for a new youth for German genius, more beautiful even than that which dazzles us in the works of our classic writers. And if we ourselves long for youthful courage and vigour, let us draw refreshment, even in these barren days, from the living fountain of history, which revives us as does the memory of the beautiful dreams of youth, and transports all who desire it into a world where weary souls may find rest and cheerfulness and strength.

It is not a hundred years ago since the Danish poet Baggesen got up a festival, the description of which,

whenever we come across it in the numerous accounts of Schiller's life, always appears a mere myth. The enthusiastic Dane had, in the year 1790, on his way home from Switzerland, made a pilgrimage to Jena, in order to make the personal acquaintance of Professor Schiller. Schiller himself was unwell, and somewhat cold towards his overpoweringly enthusiastic Danish visitor. Baggesen, however, formed a close friendship with Reinhold, and from him learnt the narrow circumstances of Schiller and his young wife. On his return to Copenhagen, Baggesen preached Schiller, and nothing but Schiller. How he did it we may picture to ourselves when we read how he jumbled up together 'our philosophical Messiahs, Christ and Kant, and Schiller and Reinhold.' However, he went on preaching, and found listeners, whom he soon converted to his own faith, and among them the Danish minister of state, Count Schimmelmann, and his wife; but above all others, Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Baggesen was not content to read Schiller's works aloud; he bethought himself of a Schiller festival, which should be celebrated in June at Hellebek, a beautifully-situated sea-place, a few miles north of Copenhagen, 'by the thundering ocean.' There the 'Ode to Joy' should be sung, and scenes from Schiller's works read and acted; every one should revel in nature and poetry, as they knew how in those days, not only in Germany, but in Denmark.

But suddenly, just as they were starting, the news reached Copenhagen that Schiller was dead, a report which was widely circulated throughout Germany at the same time. Baggesen, overpowered with grief,

threw himself into the arms of his wife. But the friends would not console themselves at home, they must reach the 'thundering ocean.' All the preparations for the festival were made, and, though the skies seemed lowering, and a storm raged, they all started for Hellebek to transform the festival into a funeral feast.

The sky cleared whilst they were on the road, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the lofty Kullen rose majestically on the Swedish coast, and the friends sat down to feast with sad and solemn feelings. They gradually recovered from their despair. Ministers and poets, with their wives and friends, warmed over the sparkling wine, and when the right moment arrived, Baggesen rose and recited the lost poet's 'Ode to Joy'—'Joy, thou beauteous divine spark'—to the assembled friends. Musical choirs, hidden in the bushes, joined in; and, in conclusion, Baggesen added the following two verses:—

'Take, dead friend, this friendly greeting!
All ye friends rejoice and sing;
Here in our Elysian meeting,
May his spirit round us cling.

CHORUS.

'Lift your hearts and hands in union,
Drink this full and sparkling wine,
Till we meet in new communion,
Thou art ours, and we are thine.'

Even this was not enough. Shepherds and shepherdesses appeared in ballet dress, and executed a round dance; and all this under the blue sky. They read, they sang, they rejoiced, they wept, and knew

not how to separate. The funeral feast lasted three whole days!

Does not this sound like Greek mythology? And yet it is only eighty years ago since ministers of state and their friends could celebrate such a fête in the open air. This festival was much ridiculed, and yet we owe to it the richest, the most perfect fruits of Schiller's genius. Schiller was indeed dangerously ill at that time, and even when he recovered his mind was weary to death. He was nearly dying of starvation in the desert of life. It is true that he returned to Jena, strengthened by *the* Karlsbad, as he calls it; but his sky was overcast with heavy clouds of care, and it seemed as if 'Don Carlos' would be the last effort of his genius. Just at this moment arrived a letter from Baggesen to Reinhold, describing the funeral feast of the yet living poet. The letter was shown to Schiller, and convinced him that he, the unfortunate, the self-desponding, was honoured and loved far and near. 'I doubt,' writes Reinhold, 'whether any medicine could have done him so much good.'

But yet more beautiful and fresh 'blossoms as of nectar' were to bloom for Schiller on the distant Danish shore. Baggesen told the minister all that he had heard of Schiller's miserable circumstances; the minister mentioned it to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and on November 27, 1791, a joint letter was sent to Schiller, which whenever we read it fills us with admiration, not only for the generous liberality, but still more for the exalted, noble minds, the refined tact, and the warm love shown by these two men.

There are plenty of men now who in private make

the same use of their wealth. A large sum was once entrusted to me, in strict confidence, for a like purpose, and I can truly say with a like good result. But where is the duke, where is the minister, who nowadays could write such a letter? And it must not be supposed that this letter was drawn up by some clever private secretary. I give it here for the first time, from the draft in the Duke's own handwriting, without altering the orthography or style of the original. I will only state that some passages are here given for the first time in their correct form. Thus, for instance, in the first sentence the Duke wrote—'the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works.' Like a sensible man, he does not avoid using the same word twice or even three times when the same thought has to be expressed as often. Only a schoolboy would imagine that anything could be gained by substituting another word for the second 'works.' Yet in printing the letter, either 'endeavours,' which has no meaning, was used instead of 'works,' or the word was left out altogether. A paragraph further on has met with still worse treatment. The Duke speaks of a respectful hesitation inspired by Schiller's delicate sensibility. He then goes on: 'This' (i.e. Schiller's delicate sensibility) 'would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason.' This is clearly thought out, and sharply expressed. Instead of this we read in former editions: 'This would frighten us did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even in

virtue to noble and cultivated souls,' &c. This is poor and confused both in thought and in expression.

But here is the whole letter:—

I.

Letter from the DUKE *and* COUNT SCHIMMELMANN *to* SCHILLER.

(From a transcript of the rough draft in the Duke's handwriting.)

'Two friends bound together simply as brothers and citizens of the same world, address this writing to you, noble man. They are both of them unknown to you, but they both of them honour and love you. They both admire the lofty flight of your genius which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works. They found in these works, the disposition of mind, the feeling, the enthusiasm which was the foundation of their own friendship, and they soon accustomed themselves to the idea of looking upon the author as a member of their friendly league. Great therefore was their sorrow at the news of his death, and their tears were not the least abundant among the great number of good men who know and love him. This vivid interest with which you have inspired us, noble and honoured man, will save us from appearing to you as indiscreetly obtrusive. May it also prevent any mistake as to the intention of this letter. We draw it up with respectful hesitation, inspired by your delicate sensibility. This would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason.

'Your health, injured by all-too-hurried efforts and work, requires, so we are told, perfect rest for a while, if it is to be restored and the danger averted, which now threatens your life; but your situation, your circumstances, prevent you from giving yourself this rest. Will you allow us the pleasure of aiding you in the enjoyment of this? We offer you, for this purpose, for three years, an annual present of 1,000 thalers [1].

'Accept this offer, noble man! Do not let the sight of our titles move you to refuse. We know what value to set on them. We only pride ourselves on being men, citizens of the great republic, whose boundaries embrace more than the life of single generations, more than the boundaries of one globe. You are only dealing here with men, your brothers, not with haughty grandees, who in making such use of their wealth indulge in a higher kind of pride.

'Where you will enjoy this rest must depend on yourself. Here, with us, you would not fail in finding what you need for the requirements of your mind, in a capital which is the seat of government and also a great commercial city, and which possesses very valuable libraries. Esteem and friendship would strive on many sides to make the stay in Denmark agreeable to you, for we are not the only ones who know and love you. And if when your health is restored you should wish to enter the service of our country, it would not be difficult for us to gratify such a wish.

'But we are not so selfish and narrow-minded as to make a condition of such a change of abode. We

[1] 150*l.*

leave this entirely to your free choice. We wish to preserve to mankind one of its teachers, and to this wish every other consideration must be subordinate.'

Schiller accepted the offer, and any one who carefully notices Schiller's spirits before and after the receipt of this letter must see clearly that we owe his recovery, his renewed vigour, the fresh development of his creative activity, entirely to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann. We do not by this mean to reflect in the least on the conduct of the Duke of Weimar or of Schiller's friends, and especially of Körner. They did what they could, Körner even more than he could. But in everything they did for him, Schiller felt the burden of obligation. Here the rescue came as from Heaven; nay, better than from Heaven, it came from men who loved and honoured him, who were personally strangers to him, but from men who were just what he, the poet, had imagined in his Marquis Posa. The gift made him rich, not poor. The burden of gratitude did not oppress him, it only roused and incited him to prove himself by fresh work the more worthy of the love of his unknown friends. 'I have to show my gratitude,' he wrote, 'not to you but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift and I my thanks.' What Schiller himself felt at this turning point of his life we hitherto knew principally from his letter to Baggesen, and this, for the sake of completeness, must be reprinted here. It is dated December 16, 1791.

II.

Letter from SCHILLER *to* BAGGESEN.

'JENA, *Dec.* 16, 1791.

'How shall I succeed, my dear and highly-valued friend, in describing the feelings which have arisen in me since I received that letter. Astonished and overwhelmed as I am by its contents, do not expect anything collected from me. My heart alone is still able to speak, and even it will be but badly aided by a head so weak as mine now is. I cannot better reward a heart like yours for the loving interest it takes in the state of my mind than by raising the proud satisfaction which the noble and unique action of your admirable friends must have afforded you, to the purest joy, by the agreeable conviction that their benevolent intention is perfectly fulfilled.

'Yes, my dear friend, I accept the offer of the Prince of H. and Count S. with a thankful heart, not because the graceful manner in which it was made overpowers all other considerations, but because a duty which is above all other considerations impels me to do so. To do and to be that which, according to the measure of power given me, I can do and be, is to me the highest and most indispensable of all duties. But hitherto my outward circumstances have made this altogether impossible, and only a distant and still uncertain future inspires me with better hopes. The generous assistance of your exalted friends suddenly places me in a position to develop all that lies in me, to make myself all that I can become—therefore no choice remains to me. That

the excellent Prince, while deciding of his own accord to amend for me what fate had left to be desired, should by the noble manner in which he does it spare any susceptibility which might have made the decision difficult, that he allows me to obtain this important amelioration of my circumstances without any struggle with myself, increases my gratitude immensely, and makes me at the same time rejoice at the kind heart of its author.

'A morally admirable act like the one which suggested that letter does not derive its worth only from its results; even if it failed entirely in its aim, it would itself remain what it is. But if the act of a large-minded heart is at the same time the needed link in a chain of events, if it alone was wanting in order to make some good possible, if it, the fair offspring of freedom, settles a tangled fate as though it had long been destined by Providence for this very purpose, then it belongs to the fairest phenomena that can touch a feeling heart. I must and will tell you how much that was the case here.

'From the birth of my mind to the moment when I write this, I have struggled with fate, and ever since I knew how to value freedom of thought I have been doomed to live without it. A rash step ten years ago deprived me for ever of the means of living except by literary labour. I had adopted this calling before I understood all it entailed, or perceived all its difficulties. The necessity of pursuing this path was laid upon me before I was fit for it in knowledge or ripeness of mind. That I felt this, that my ideal of literary duties was not restricted within the same narrow bounds in which I was myself

confined, I acknowledge as a favour from Heaven, which thus kept open to me the possibility of higher progress, and yet in my circumstances it only increased my misery. I saw that all that I gave to the world was unripe and far beneath the ideal that lived in me; notwithstanding all presentiment of possible perfection, I had to hurry before the eyes of the public with immature fruit; in need of teaching myself, I had against my will to put myself forward as a teacher of mankind. Under these miserable circumstances, each only moderately successful product made me feel more painfully how many germs fate had smothered in me. The masterworks of other writers made me miserable, because I renounced the hope of ever sharing their happy leisure, through which alone works of genius can come to perfection. What would I not have given for two or three quiet years, free from all literary work, which I might have devoted to study only, to the cultivation of my mind, to the maturing of my ideas. It is impossible in our German literary world, as I now know, to satisfy the strict requirements of art, and at the same time to provide the necessary support for one's literary industry. For two years I have exerted myself to combine both, but doing so even in an imperfect degree has cost me my health. Interest in my work, and some sweet flowers of life, which fate strewed on my path, concealed this loss from me, till early in this year, I was—you know how? aroused from my dream. At a time when life was beginning to show me its full importance, when I found myself just able to join reason and fancy within my mind in a tender and lasting union, when I was girding myself

for a new undertaking in the province of art—death threatened me. This danger passed, but I woke to new life, only to renew the conflict with fate, with weakened powers and diminished hopes. Thus the letter which came from Denmark found me. Forgive, my dear friend, these details about myself. They are only meant to enable you to judge of the effect which the generous offer of the Prince and Count S. produced on me. I see myself, through it, suddenly enabled to realise the plans for myself which my fancy had pictured in its happiest moments. I possess at length the long and ardently desired freedom of spirit, the perfectly free choice of my literary activity. I gain leisure, through which I may regain my lost health; and even should this not be, my illness will not in future be increased by the anxieties of my mind. I look cheerfully on the future; and although it should prove that my expectations as to myself were only pleasant deceptions, by which my oppressed pride revenged itself on fate, at all events my perseverance shall not be wanting to justify the hopes which two admirable citizens of our century have founded on me. As my lot does not permit me to act beneficially in their way, I will try to do so in the only manner that is allowed me– and may the germ which they planted develop itself in me to a fair harvest for the good of mankind!

'I come to the second half of your wish—dear and valued friend; why cannot I fulfil this as quickly as the first? No one can suffer more than I do, from the impossibility of undertaking the journey to you as soon as you wish. You can judge from the longing of my heart for truly good and noble society

which meets with little here to satisfy it, with what impatience I should hasten to the circle of such men as await me in Copenhagen—if it depended only on my own decision. But besides that my still unsettled health would not allow me in the least to fix a time when I could undertake so important a change in my life, and that I must probably next summer again visit the Karlsbad, I am in such a position as regards the Duke of Weimar, whose fault it certainly is not that I do not enjoy more leisure, as obliges me for at least a year to appear as an active member of the Academy, however certain I may be that I can never be a useful one. After that he would certainly not oppose my wish to leave the University for a time. Were I but once with you, the genius which presides over all good things would surely settle the rest.

'Till then, dear friend, let us be as united as fate allows at a distance. To correspond with you, and rekindle my half-dead spirit from your fresh and fiery genius, will be a constant necessity to my heart. Never during my lifetime shall I forget the friendly, the important service which, without this object, you rendered me on my return to life. Hardly had I begun to get better when I heard of the expedition to Hellebek; and soon after Reinhold showed me your letter. It was like fresh flowers, full of nectar, presented by a heavenly genius to the scarcely revivified soul. Oh, I can never tell you what you were to me! And that expedition itself! It was intended for the departed, and the living will never venture to dwell on it. Forgive this long letter, my admirable friend, which unfortunately treats of little but myself. But it may serve as a opening of our correspondence; that

you may once for all become acquainted with me, and then the *I* can henceforth be kept out of sight. Forgive me, too, for having without any preliminaries claimed all the rights of a friendship which I ought to try to deserve by a series of proofs. In such a world as that from whence that letter came, other laws are honoured than the decrees of petty prudence which rule in real life. All hearty greeting to your dear Sophie from my Lottie and from me, and tell her to be ready to listen graciously to a correspondent who means soon to intrude herself upon her. Like two bright visions, you both floated past us swiftly, but never to be forgotten. The forms have long vanished, but our eyes follow them still.

'Ever yours,

'SCHILLER.'

Whenever I came to read this letter, I always felt what a loss it was that the correspondence between the Duke and Schiller was nowhere to be found. It is known that such a correspondence was carried on for a considerable time, and that Schiller's Aesthetic Letters were first of all composed in letters to the Duke. It was said that the whole correspondence had been lost in the fire at the Palace at Copenhagen. But the correspondence was carried on even after the fire. What, therefore, had become of these later letters? I sought in vain for information, until at last, when publishing an Essay on Schiller ('Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. iii, p. 1), I applied to the Duke's grandson, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and begged H.R.H. to permit a search to be made for these letters in the archives of the ducal

family. Prince Christian, as well as his elder brother, the present Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, took the warmest interest in the matter, and I can now present Schiller's admirers with at least a few of the supposed lost letters. Many are still wanting; and it is hoped that here and there letters may yet be discovered. But what has already been found must no longer be kept from the public, and, by permission of the Duke, is therefore here published.

The following is the first letter addressed by Schiller to the Duke and Count Schimmelmann, three days after he had written to Baggesen:—

III.

Letter from SCHILLER *to the* DUKE *and* COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.

'Allow me to address you together, as my revered friends, and thus to join two noble names in one, in that name under which you have joined yourselves in addressing me. The occasion which prompts me to take this liberty is itself so astonishing an exception to all custom, that I must tremble lest I tarnish the pure and ideal relation in which you approach me by too much regard to accidental distinctions.

'At a time when the remains of a serious illness overclouded my soul, and frightened me with a dark and sad future, you, like two protecting genii, stretched out a hand to me from the clouds. The generous offer which you make me fulfils, yes, exceeds my boldest desires. The manner in which you make it frees me from the dread of showing

myself unworthy of your kindness, by accepting this proof of it. I should blush, if in such an offer I could think of anything but the pure love of humanity which prompts it, and of the moral good which it is to effect. I hope that I can accept as simply and nobly as you give. Your intention is to help on what is good. Could I have any feeling of shame about anything, it would be that you have mistaken the instrument you employ to effect that good. But the motive which permits me to accept, justifies me to myself, and allows me, though fettered by the highest obligations, to appear before you with perfect freedom of sentiment. I have to pay my debts, not to you, but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift, and I my thanks. I know, most honoured friends, that the conviction only that I understand you can perfectly satisfy you; for this reason, and for this alone, I allow myself to say this.

'But the great share which your too partial favour towards me has in your generous determination, the prerogative which you give me, in preference to so many others, of considering myself as the instrument of your noble intentions, the goodness with which you descend to the petty wants of a citizen of the world who is a stranger to you, lay me under personal obligations to you, and add to my reverence and admiration the feelings of warmest affection. How proud I feel, that you should think of me in a bond which is consecrated by the noblest of all aims, and which springs from enthusiasm for the good, the great, and the beautiful!

'But how far is the enthusiasm, which shows itself in deeds, higher than that which must limit itself to

family. Prince Christian, as well as his elder brother, the present Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, took the warmest interest in the matter, and I can now present Schiller's admirers with at least a few of the supposed lost letters. Many are still wanting; and it is hoped that here and there letters may yet be discovered. But what has already been found must no longer be kept from the public, and, by permission of the Duke, is therefore here published.

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'But how far is the enthusiasm, which shows itself in deeds, higher than that which must limit itself to

rousing others to deeds. To arm truth and virtue with the victorious power which enables them to subdue the heart, is all that the philosopher and the dramatic artist can effect—how far different is it to realise the ideal of both in a noble life! I must here answer you with the words of Fiesco, with which he dismisses the pride of an artist: "You have *done*, what I could only *paint*."

'But even if I could forget that I am myself the object of your kindness, that I owe to you the happy prospect of the accomplishment of my projects, I should still be indebted to you in no common degree. An apparition such as yours to me, rekindled my faith in good and noble men, destroyed by the numerous examples of the opposite in real life. It is an inexpressible delight to the painter of humanity to meet in real life with the lineaments of that ideal which must exist in his own mind, and forms the groundwork of his descriptions.

'But I feel how much I lose in accepting the great obligations you lay me under. I thus lose the happy power of giving utterance to my admiration, and of praising so disinterested and beautiful a deed with feelings equally disinterested. Your generous help will make it possible to present to you in person him whom you have laid under such deep obligations. I see myself placed by it in a position to regain gradually my health, and to bear the difficulties of a journey, and the difference of life and of climate. At present I am still liable to relapses into an illness which prevents the enjoyment of the purest joys of life, and which will leave me as slowly as it came. Among the many sacrifices which it entails upon me,

it is not the least that it postpones the happy time when living sight and intercourse will bind me, with a thousand bonds that can never be broken, to two hearts, which now, like heaven, bless me from a distance, and which, like heaven, are further than my thanks can reach. To live in this beautiful future, and in thoughts and dreams to anticipate that moment, will till then be the dearest employment of your deeply indebted and ever grateful,

'FRIDR. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *Dec.* 19, 1791.'

The answer of the Duke, then still the hereditary prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, is in the private possession of a collector of autographs, and unfortunately inaccessible to me. It is dated January 7, 1792.

In August of 1793, Schiller received another letter from the Duke, but this letter, as well as Schiller's answer, are lost. Six other letters, written by Schiller in the course of the winter from Ludwigsburg to Copenhagen, have also disappeared, but there is hope that they may be found. The next letter we have is one from Schiller, of June 10, 1794, as an answer to a letter from the Duke of April 4 of the same year, which is in the possession of a collector, and will soon be published. But an earlier letter of the Duke's does not appear to have reached Schiller, and he excuses himself on this point to the Duke.

IV.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS,

'The gracious letter of your Highness to me, of the 4th April of this year, which was enclosed to Councillor Reinhold, was, on account of the departure of the latter from this neighbourhood, despatched to Kiel, and from thence again hither, where it reached my hands only a few days ago. This is the reason, gracious Prince, that I am able to answer its contents only to-day.

'Your Highness mentions in it a letter to me, which I have never answered. This perplexes me, as I know of no later letter from Your Highness to me than the one forwarded after me in August of last year to Swabia. But that this letter was not left unanswered I see from a copy which I kept of my letter, and a series of six other letters which I sent in the course of last winter from Ludwigsburg to Your Highness, containing the continuation of my remarks on the Beautiful and the Sublime. Therefore either my letters, or that of Your Highness to me, must have been lost. The former loss is not very important, the less so as I can replace all my letters from copies; but every line from Your Highness to me, which I fail to receive, is a loss which nothing can repay me.

'The news of the unfortunate fire in Copenhagen, which reduced the royal palace to ashes, has troubled me very much, and all the more so, that I felt how nearly this calamity must have touched Your Highness.

The wise and generous use which you always make of your wealth turns every calamity which you suffer into a misfortune for thousands. But every friend of Denmark, and especially every citizen of the world, must be satisfied with the decrees of Providence, in seeing the good moral effects produced by this physical evil; for the love of a good people for its rulers, shown on this occasion in so splendid a way, is a far greater possession than anything which could fall a prey to the flames. This fine trait in the character of the Danish burghers, and the remarks of Your Highness on it, interested me so much that I should like to ask your permission to make public use of the same, for it contains a good hint for all governments, and is a beautiful testimony to that of Denmark.

'Your Highness' wish to possess the letters from me that are lost is most flattering to me, and I will lose no time in fulfilling it. How willingly would I, did circumstances permit, give up my whole literary activity, in order to devote myself to the agreeable occupation of communicating my thoughts to you without reserve. Everything that I discover or create should take shape in a letter to Your Highness, and in your soul, so sensitive to truth and beauty, I should joyfully store up each creation of my spirit and each thought of my heart—a happiness for which I have often envied Baggesen.

'With sentiments of the purest respect and devotion, I remain

'Your Highness' most obedient,

'FR. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *June* 10, 1794.'

The next letter from Schiller, of January 20, 1795, contains the poet's congratulations on the appointment of the Duke as Minister of Public Instruction in Denmark.

Schiller at the same time asks permission to dedicate to his benefactor in a new and more perfect form the letters he had written to the Duke, and which had been destroyed in the fire.

V.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,

'I have with the liveliest sympathy, which I feel for everything affecting the good of mankind, heard of the happy change which has opened to Your Highness a sphere of activity so suitable to your great merit and so fitted to your beneficent inclinations. The welfare of many is now in your hands, and your large and noble heart, which from its own free impulse was always acting for the good of mankind, has now received from Providence a public charge, and a worthy sphere for such activity. How highly should I extol the fate of my German fellow-citizens, if it were always committed to the guidance of such a Prince; and with what surety might one answer for the fulfilment of all that happiness of the people, which hitherto, alas! is only an idea of the philosopher and a dream of the poet.

'The consideration I am bound to show to the delicacy of your feelings does not permit me to enlarge the picture which my prophetic imagination

promises itself from the rule of a prince as full of feeling as of philosophic thought. But my heart has spoken in the characters of Don Carlos and Posa, and what I then only dreamt as a poet I here, as the contemporary of Frederick Christian, utter with the firmest conviction that all the good that circumstances can make possible will be realised by you and in your sphere of work.

'It has long been my wish to give public expression to the feelings of veneration and gratitude with which Your Highness has in so high a degree inspired me; but I would only do so in a work that should not be unworthy of your honoured name. All my powers have long been directed to this work, and unless I utterly fail in carrying out to some degree the ideal which I have set before me, I shall beg Your Highness for the gracious permission to crown such a work with your name.

'When I began last year to prepare a copy of my letters lost in Copenhagen, I perceived so many imperfections in them, that I could not allow myself to place them again in Your Highness' hand in their first form. I therefore began a revision, which led me further than I expected, and the wish to produce something worthy of your approbation induced me not merely to give a totally new form to those letters, but also to enlarge the plan of them considerably.

'Of this new edition a few letters are printed in the volume which I respectfully enclose to Your Highness, that I may learn the opinion of a judge before putting the last touch to the whole. May you, gracious Prince, perceive in this slight specimen my earnest endeavour to impart to a work, which

I venture to address to you, all the perfection possible.

'With deepest devotion and veneration, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'F. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *Jan.* 20, 1795.'

The Aesthetic Letters, which appeared in the *Horae*, were sent regularly to the Duke, and the next letters from Schiller are little more than an accompaniment to them.

VI.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,

'I ventured a few weeks ago to send in all submission to Your Highness the first part of my monthly work, containing the beginning of my Aesthetic Letters. Allow me now, most gracious Prince, to lay at your feet the continuation of this work, to which I can wish no better success than that it may be worthy of Your Highness' approval.

'I know that higher affairs than these literary occupations now claim your attention; but when your mind, after more important business, looks around for refreshment, the Muses may venture to approach you, and you will find in the enjoyment of truth and beauty a pleasure that is reserved only for the most noble souls.

'May I have offered to the mind and heart of Your Highness something not quite unworthy of you.

'With boundless devotion and respect, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'F. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *March* 4, 1795.'

There is said to be a letter from the Duke to Schiller of March 10, 1795, in the private collection before mentioned; but the following is the answer to Schiller's letter accompanying the continuation of the *Horae*:—

VII.

Letter of the DUKE *to* SCHILLER.

(*From the draft in the Duke's handwriting.*)

'COPENHAGEN, *March* 19, 1795.

'I have received the first two parts of the *Horae*, and the letters accompanying these two parts. I owe you indeed an apology that I have not till now, dear Hofrath, told you that I had received them; but constant occupations and frequent indisposition have made me through the whole winter an idle correspondent. My thanks, though late, are not the less warm and sincere. They are due to you for the opinion which you entertain of me. May I only in some degree deserve it.

'I was delighted to find your Aesthetic Letters again in the *Horae*. But through my ignorance of the terminology, and indeed of the meaning of the critical philosophy, they contain much that is dark to me, which can only disappear by repeated readings: therefore. I would rather at present remain silent as to these letters. In the summer, in the country, with more leisure and fewer interruptions, I shall again take up this study. It is no small pleasure to me to find in your thoughts on what constitutes the wants of mankind so much agreement with my own convictions. Improvement in the circumstances of mankind

must originate from man. If this is not the case, every political erection, however beautiful it may be, must soon fall to pieces, and serve, it may be, as a still more convenient refuge for unbridled and wild passions. It depends less on the form than on the spirit through which this form receives life. If this spirit is the spirit of humanity, then improvement will follow, be the outer form what it will. It has fallen to your lot, noble man, to awaken, to sustain, to spread abroad this spirit of humanity, and I hope and expect that your latest literary undertaking, as well as some of your former works, will serve for its advancement. My interest and my wishes will always attend you.'

To this Schiller answered by a letter of April 5, 1795, which contains some striking remarks on the difficulties of the German language.

VIII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,

'In the letter of the 19th March, with which Your Highness honoured me, I find the encouraging assurance that the first parts of my new journal were not displeasing to you; that indeed your own convictions accord with the principal contents of my Aesthetic Letters. I now pursue the work with more courage, and only ask your most gracious permission to send you each new number of this periodical. Your Highness's remarks with regard to the difficulty of style are well founded, and it requires, of course, the

greatest care on the part of the author to unite the necessary profoundness and depth of thought with an intelligible style. But our language is not yet quite capable of this revolution, and all that good writers can do is to work towards this goal of a more perfect form. The language of the more refined society, and of conversation, is still too much afraid of the sharp, often subtle precision, which is so necessary to the philosopher, and the language of the scholar is not capable of the lightness and life which the man of the world is right in desiring. It is a misfortune to Germans that their language has not been allowed to become the organ of refined society, and it will long continue to feel the evil effects of this exclusion.

'Should I, however, but succeed a little in helping to spread philosophical ideas in the circle of the fashionable world, I should consider every effort which my undertaking costs me as richly repaid.

'With deep devotion, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'F. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *April* 5, 1795.'

On the 9th June of the same year Schiller writes again, sending the Duke the fifth part of the *Horae*, and announcing the sixth, with eleven new Aesthetic Letters.

IX.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,

'How greatly do I hope that the *Horae*, of which I lay the fifth part at Your Serene Highness' feet, may

not be found unworthy of your further attention. My zeal in collecting good writings wherever they can be found does not diminish, but, rich as Germany is in journals and writers, it is poor in good authors, and in the fresh, healthy productions of genius, and of philosophical minds. I own I never realised this want so much as since the publication of my journal, in which so large and influential a society takes part, and where it is, nevertheless, so difficult always to find something satisfactory to lay before the public It is indeed to the honour of the nation that it is more difficult to please; but it is to be desired that the cleverness of the authors might answer to these high requirements.

'I have employed myself all this time, as far as my health allowed, in continuing my Aesthetic Letters. and the sixth part, now in the press, will contain eleven new Letters. Could I but hope that this entertainment might enliven a few hours to Your Highness during your present visit to the country, I should find in this a sweet reward.

'With feelings of the deepest devotion and gratitude, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'F. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *June* 9, 1795.'

The sixth part of the *Horae* is also accompanied by a letter from Schiller, in which he excuses himself to the Duke for the free tone, opposed to conventional decency, of Goethe's 'Elegies,' printed in it.

X.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,

'It is not without embarrassment that I venture to lay the sixth part of the *Horae* before Your Serene and Ducal Highness.

'The "Elegies" which it contains are perhaps written in too free a tone, and perhaps the subject which they treat should have excluded them from the *Horae*. But I was carried away by the great poetical beauty of their style, and then I confess that I believe they only offend conventional and not true and natural decency. I shall, in a future number of the journal, take the liberty of stating in detail my creed as to what is allowable or not allowable to the poet with regard to propriety. May the continuation of my letters on aesthetic education, of which this part contains a large instalment, be read by Your Serene Highness not without interest. In it I approach ever nearer to my goal, and hope that I have unfolded many things which were left doubtful in my former letters.

'In the deepest devotion and reverence, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'F. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *July* 5, 1795.'

For the ninth part of the *Horae* we have again an accompanying letter in Schiller's hand. His hopes as to the successful effects of his periodical are again in the ascendant, and the high aim which he placed

before himself and his coadjutors, the union of deep thought, with clearness and elegance of diction, appears to him as not unattainable. His self-reliance is firmer. He will win the approbation of the best people, let the common herd say what they like.

XI.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,

'Though the numbers of the *Horae* which have hitherto appeared have often, from their speculative contents, been very tiresome and unproductive, this ninth part, which I humbly venture to send to Your Ducal Highness, is perhaps more entertaining. Various philosophical ideas are veiled in it under a free poetical covering, and may perhaps in this form commend themselves to lovers of the beautiful.

'After a long separation from the poetic muse, I have again ventured to make some attempts in this realm, and may I have succeeded in reconciling the taste of Your Highness and of the whole cultivated world to my former metaphysical lucubrations. By every means, in every form, I strive always and ever after the same end—Truth. Should I not succeed in finding her in everything, or in procuring admission for her when found, I can at least hope from a heart like yours for recognition of my good intentions and honest zeal.

'With feelings of deepest devotion, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'FRIDRICH SCHILLER.

'JENA, *Oct.* 5. 1795.'

The last number of the first annual issue of the *Horae* was sent to the Duke on January 9, 1796, and in the annexed letter Schiller expresses his dissatisfaction with the execution of this undertaking, which he had begun with such enthusiasm. The thought consoles him that he had attempted something good and great; but he does not appear to have made it quite clear to himself that those who seek for the good and the great must not reckon on the applause of the small and the bad.

XII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,

'The monthly number which I here humbly send to Your Ducal Highness completes the first year of my periodical, and in looking over the finished course, I feel vividly how far what has really been attained falls short of the rightful expectations of good judges.

'I am afraid, Most Gracious Prince, that you have found many of our philosophical inquiries far too abstract and scientific, and many of our lighter conversations not interesting enough; but it is not to be attributed to my want of zeal and good will that your expectations of both were not more gratified. The demands of the learned, and the wishes of readers of refined taste, are too often opposed to each other; the former require depth and solidity, which easily beget obscurity and dryness; the latter demand a light and elegant style, which may easily lead to

superficiality. The great difficulty of steering safely between the two rocks must in some measure be the cause for the defects in our work.

'I confess to you, my gracious Prince, that in this periodical I set before myself this aim—with all my might to fight against shallowness of thought and that insipid, lax taste in poetry and art, which have gained ground in our days, and to drive away the reigning spirit of frivolity by more manly principles. My undertaking may fail, but I can never regret having attempted it.

'Could I but flatter myself, most noble Prince, that the continuation of this journal is not indifferent to you, I should begin the new publication with all the more courage and confidence.

'With deepest devotion, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'FR. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *Jan.* 9, 1796.'

As yet only one other letter from Schiller has been found. It is dated February 5, 1796, and shows that the Prince in this year still sent Schiller the annuity, at first promised for three years only.

XIII.

SCHILLER *to the* DUKE.

'MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,

'The repeated proof of your Highness' gracious sentiments towards me which I received a few days ago, through Privy Councillor Kirstein, from Copenhagen, renews in me the feeling of deep and great

obligation, and recalls vividly to my mind all that I owe to your generosity. As there can be no greater reward to a heart like yours than the conviction of having effected real good, and of having truly attained a noble end, I may venture, without danger of indiscretion, to assure your Serene Highness that your benevolent intentions towards me have not missed their aim. The independence and leisure which I owe till now to your generosity have made it possible for me, notwithstanding my extremely shattered health, to devote my powers steadfastly to one important design, and to effect as much for my own cultivation as the limits of my strength allowed. Without your generous support, I must either have given up this design or sunk under it.

'The progress that I have made in the last four years towards the goal which I have before my soul, is more rapid and important than all I had hitherto been able to make, and whom must I thank for this happiness but you, most excellent Prince. and your noble friends? I write this with a grateful heart, and the deep feeling of all I owe you will ever live in my soul.

'With boundless devotion and reverence, I remain,

'Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,

'FR. SCHILLER.

'JENA, *Feb.* 5, 1796.'

Notwithstanding repeated searches in different places, till now no further letters have been found in the archives of the Ducal family. I have to thank Professor Goedecke for the information that Schiller, according to his printed diary, sent the following

letters to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg:—1795, August 3, November 6, December 11; 1796, March 11, April 22, May 27, July 4, October 21, November 25; 1797, January 16. The three letters of the Duke mentioned before, of January 7, 1792; April 4, 1794; and March 10, 1795, are in a private collection, as well as several other letters from Baggesen and Count Schimmelmann to Schiller, and it is to be hoped they may soon be given to Schiller's admirers.

Schiller died on May 9, 1805; and the Duke nine years later, June 14, 1814. His name stands high in the history of Denmark, and will always occupy an honourable position in the glorious annals of his own house. He it was who, when chosen as the successor of Charles XIII, declined the royal crown of Sweden. Little did the noble prince imagine, when, following the dictates of his heart, he gave an annuity to the impoverished Professor Schiller in Jena, that he was thus engraving his own name on the tablets of the world's history; or, what is of far more importance, that his simple generous act would, like a refreshing breeze, quicken the latest posterity to like deeds, that it would continue to produce fair fruit, and, like a grain of corn, spring up to a rich harvest.

So powerful is the influence of an individual, if he will use it, if he will follow the first impulse of his heart, if he has faith in himself and his fellow-men. In my Essay on Schiller, written in 1859 ('Chips,' vol. iii, p. 1), it was my principal object to prove clearly how Schiller's development as a man and poet was principally determined by the influence of the great minds with whom it was his good fortune to

come in contact. Attempts have been made to deny this, and what cannot be denied? But Schiller himself felt it, and clearly acknowledged it once, in a letter of November 23, 1800, to Countess Schimmelmann, the wife of the Danish minister. 'Whatever of good may be in me,' he writes, 'was planted in me by a few excellent men: my happy fate brought me in contact with them at the most decisive periods of my life; my friends, therefore, are the history of my life.'

The unexpected and generous intervention of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg marks certainly one of the decisive moments in the development of Schiller's genius, and it is impossible to deny that without this intervention the career of the poet would have been totally different. It is true that a poet is born, but he is also made; he is made by his countrymen who understand and love him. Where love and sympathy are wanting in a people, poetry flourishes as little as the rose will yield its fragrance without sunshine. In this sense each great poetical work is a national poem. It is quite true that a nation makes no national songs, but it makes the poet, who sings to it out of the abundance of his heart and soul. A national song arises only from a combination of creative thought and receptive understanding; so does a national literature. The poet is himself the child of his age, and must understand his age and his people; he must have sympathy with the Past and the Present, and a prophetic insight into the Future. He must advance firmly, without looking behind him, but his people must be able and willing to follow, or he will vanish like a shadow, as many a true poet has vanished.

It was one of the noblest characteristics of the golden age of Weimar that men still professed the art of discovering the beautiful and of overcoming the unlovely. They knew how to enjoy. They loved and praised the beautiful, and because they knew how difficult art is, they did not shake their head at every false note, as men do now, just to prove how true their ear is. How rare the gift of admiring, how difficult the art of praise is, those men do not appear to imagine by whose fault the name of critic has become almost synonymous with that of censurer. When Baggesen and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann admired the high flight of Schiller's genius, and wished to give energetic expression to their admiration, there were doubtless witty ladies-in-waiting and literary secretaries of legation in Copenhagen who said, 'But think, Your Highness, what you are doing. Schiller is certainly very popular in certain classes of society in Germany. But it is in reality only wild students and eccentric maids of honour who rave about him; competent judges consider his works a failure. He is no classical writer, like Gellert or Klopstock; and then, Your Highness, his political and religious opinions! He is said to be a democrat, an atheist. Would it not be better to wait, and get more accurate information about the author of "The Robbers"?' This is the mildew which blasts all fresh emotions; whilst honest admiration and sympathy, like spring showers and sunshine, bring out the hidden buds of genius at all points into blossom and fruit. There is no doubt that the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg might have deceived himself. Schiller's spirit might

have succumbed to his bodily sufferings, without having produced a 'Wallenstein,' a 'William Tell.' But what then? Better be deceived a hundred times in admiration and love, than lose the power of admiring and loving. It is this power in which we are wanting. We are not wanting in objects of admiration, but in the talent of admiring. We have great poets, great artists, great savants, great statesmen, great princes, but we no longer have a great and generous people.

Schiller and Goethe appear to us now as surrounded by a classic halo. We think it is perfectly natural that such literary heroes should have attracted attention and admiration. But let us only read the journals of their time, and we can easily see that even Schiller and Goethe had to be discovered. Frederick the Great spoke of 'Goetz von Berlichingen' as '*ces platitudes dégoûtantes.*' Goethe put Schiller's 'Robbers' and 'Fiesco' in the same class with Heinse's 'Ardinghello.' And even later, when Goethe and Schiller had formed their literary duumvirate, and tried to exercise a critical dictatorship through the *Horae*, the educated mob attacked them mercilessly in the German newspapers. It is known that Cotta, the publisher of the *Horae*, ordered favourable notices of that new periodical in the then influential Jena literary newspaper. It appears to us impossible that a man like Schiller could condescend to such a pitiful action. But so it was, and naturally an undertaking supported by such means came to a miserable end, in spite of Schiller, in spite of Goethe. Schiller complains of the pert, incisive, cutting, and prejudicial style of the criticism directed against him,

chiefly by the party of Schlegel. He raves like modern poets about general emptiness, party feeling for the extreme of mediocrity, eye-service, cringing, emptiness, lameness, &c., and naturally receives the same coin in return. I mention all this only to show that when what is truly great has once been discovered, every one can admire it; but that two powers are necessary to everything really great, one creative, the other receptive. The world is still rich; the precious stones are there, but of what good are they, when the fowls only look for grains of corn? Is the sea beautiful to the herring-fisher? Is the desert grand to the camel-driver? Are the mountains imposing to the foot-messenger? What we are wanting in is sympathy, compassion, power of rejoicing and suffering with others. We shall perhaps never learn to be enthusiastic again like the noble Duke of Holstein, like Count Schimmelmann, Baggesen, and his friends. But what the present generation can and ought to learn, the young as well as the old, is spirit and perseverance to discover the beautiful, pleasure and joy in making it known, and resigning ourselves with grateful hearts to its enjoyment; in a word—love, in the old, true, eternal meaning of the word. Only sweep away the dust of self-conceit, the cobwebs of selfishness, the mud of envy, and the old German type of humanity will soon reappear, as it was when it could still 'embrace millions.' The old love of mankind, the true fountain of all humanity, is still there; it can never be quite choked up in the German people. He who can descend into this fountain of youth, who can again recover himself, who can again be that which he was

by nature, loves the beautiful wherever he finds it; he says with Schiller, 'For all that, life is beautiful;' he understands enjoyment and enthusiasm, if not by the 'thundering ocean,' yet in the few quiet hours which he can win for himself in the noisy, deafening hurry of the times in which we live.

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S CARITÀ.

ANDREA DEL SARTO, 'the faultless painter,' has been a friend of mine for many years. I met him first, when I was a boy, in the Dresden Gallery, where his picture of 'Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac' left a lasting impression on my memory. There was also in the same gallery 'The Betrothal of St. Catherine,' which exercised a perplexing fascination on my youthful brain. But what made me feel a more personal interest in this contemporary and rival of Rafael and Michel Angelo was his Biography, by Alfred Reumont. The learned author was a friend of Bunsen, and in Bunsen's house, many years ago, I made his acquaintance, and was led to read his interesting sketch of Andrea's life, first published in 1835. It is a sad life; on many points a most bewildering life. Browning has tried to solve its riddle in his own way, but much remains dark in the grey twilight which his thoughtful poem has shed over it. Andrea's life is soon told. He was born at Florence in 1488, though, of course, there is the usual doubt about the exact date of his birth, some placing it ten years earlier, in 1478. Brought up to be a goldsmith, he, like many others of his trade, took to painting, became soon known as a rising star of the first magnitude, fell in love with

a beautiful woman, married her after her husband's death, and became her slave for life. Called to Paris by Francis I, a brilliant future opened before him, but fondness for his wife made him sacrifice everything. He returned to Florence, broke the solemn promise given to the King to return to Paris, squandered, it would seem, the money entrusted to him by the King, and spent the last years of his life in the production of the greatest masterpieces of art, but under a dark shadow that never left him again. He died at Florence in the year 1530, forsaken by most of his friends, uncared for, it is said, even by his wife —a great, but a poor and unhappy man.

Rafael, Michel Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto have long been considered the three greatest painters of the greatest period in the history of Italian art, though of late poor Andrea has not been fortunate in his friends and admirers. What Michel Angelo said of him may be legend, but legends cannot spring up without some foundation of truth. I quote Michel Angelo's words, as interpreted by Browning:—

> 'For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
> Said one day Angelo, his very self,
> To Rafael. . . . I have known it all these years—
> Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
> Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
> Who, were he set to plan and execute
> As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
> Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours.'

Why should Rafael's life have been so bright and joyous, that of Michel Angelo so noble and majestic, and that of Andrea del Sarto so sad and almost ignoble? In spite of all that his own pupil Vasari says against him and against his wife Lucrezia, his

sins do not seem to have been so very much greater than those of many of his contemporaries. Vasari, in later editions of his work, had to withdraw or suppress some of the charges he had brought against his master, and his anger, even in the first sketch of his life of Andrea, is directed far more against his wife than against him. If Andrea's relations with Lucrezia before their marriage were blameworthy, he suffered rightly. But there is no certain evidence of that, and the chief anger of his friends dates from the time when, after her first husband's death, he married her. She seems to have drawn him away from his parents and friends, and to have been considered a vain and cold-hearted woman. But all this does not explain why, particularly in the light buoyant atmosphere of Italian artist life at the time of the Reformation, Andrea del Sarto should have been ostracised, when much more serious faults were forgotten and forgiven, particularly in artists. His behaviour towards Francis I was inexcusable, but it is not on this breach of faith, not even on the appropriation of the King's money, that Andrea is generally arraigned, but on his infatuation for Lucrezia, while still the wife of Carlo di Domenico, and on his marriage with her after her husband's death in 1512.

We know very little, and we shall never know much more, to enable us to gain an insight into Andrea's true self. What we know of him are his pictures, and, taking them all in all, they reveal to us a beautiful soul. In none of them is there anything vulgar, offensive, or unclean. The spirit is good, even though the flesh is sometimes weak. Vasari's testimony against him is not above suspicion. He

evidently hated Lucrezia, and could not understand how an artist like Andrea del Sarto could have sacrificed his friends for such a woman. But that she was beautiful even Vasari does not deny, and beauty is a mystery that tells on an artist's soul in many ways undreamt of by the vulgar. 'La forza d' un bel volto al ciel mi sprona,' so sang Michel Angelo[1]. And why should not Andrea have seen in Lucrezia's face something that drew him away from earth and lifted him up to heaven, there to enjoy a grace seldom granted to mortal man, 'grazia ch' ad uom mortal raro si dona?' There is hardly a picture of Andrea's over which that face does not shed its luring witchery. Take away that face and you take away the very life out of Andrea's art.

There are men with one ideal in life, and that ideal satisfies all their desires. Why should not the living revelation of the Beautiful, even if hidden behind sombrous clouds, have satisfied all wishes of Andrea's loving heart? Such a devotion deadens all other desires for pleasure, comfort, wealth, and glory. It leaves the one desire of purifying and glorifying the vision that rises from its earthly tomb before the poet's eye. Such seems to have been Andrea's fated devotion. He gave all his work, all the power of his genius, in order to elaborate and to perpetuate the glorious vision of the Beautiful with which his life had once been blessed. That was his call and his apostleship. For that he was willing to leave father and mother, and everything else on earth. To us he seems as if in a trance, as if dreaming a dream laden

[1] 'Rime di Michelangelo Buonarotti,' Milano, 1821, p. 2.

with the memories of a former life and come true once more in the face of Lucrezia, 'a mad blind man who sees.'

What do we know of the Beautiful, after all that has been written about it? Whence does it come? How does it touch us? Whither is it meant to carry us? It is easy to say that the Beautiful is harmonious like music, bright like the dawn, sweet like violets, pure like snow, innocent like childhood. But is it no more than all that?

Is the Beautiful without us, or is it not rather within us? What we call sweet and bitter is our own sweetness, our own bitterness, for nothing can be sweet or bitter without us. Is it not the same with the Beautiful? The world is like a rich mine, full of precious ore, but each man has to assay the ore for himself, before he knows what is gold and what is not. What then is the touchstone by which we assay the Beautiful? We have a touchstone for discovering the Good. Whatever is unselfish is good. But that applies to moral beings only, to men and women, not to Nature at large. And though nothing can be beautiful, whether in the acts of men or in the works of Nature, except what in some sense or other is good, not everything that is good is also beautiful. What then is that something which, added to the good, makes it beautiful, that heavenly grace, that θεσπεσίη χάρις which the gods alone can shed over the head and shoulders of man? The gods may know what it is, man can only see and feel that it is. Some say that what we call beautiful is the Good, as seen through the golden veil of Mâyâ; others hold that what we call good is the Beautiful, hidden in the

Holy of Holies, but seen by the true priest in the glory of Nature, and heard by the true prophet in the still small voice of the heart. It is a great mystery. It is so to us as it was to Plato. We must have gazed on the Beautiful somewhere in the dreams of childhood, or, it may be, in a former life, and now we look for it everywhere, but we can never find it—never at least in all its brightness and fulness again, never as we remember it once as the vision of a half-forgotten dream. Nor do we all remember the same ideal—some poor creatures remember none at all—and where we see glimpses of the Beautiful, they see nothing but what is pleasing and sweet. The ideal therefore of what is beautiful is within us, that is all we know; how it came there we shall never know. It is certainly not of this life, else we could define it; but it underlies this life, else we could not feel it. Sometimes it meets us like a smile of Nature, sometimes like a glance of God; and if anything proves that there is a great past and a great future, a Beyond, a higher world, a hidden life, it is our faith in the Beautiful. Here on earth we can only surmise and divine it, as we surmise the sun behind the golden dawn, and the moon behind silvery clouds; and because we ourselves are the diviners, because what is beautiful in heaven or earth, or in the human face, is our own making, our own remembering, our own believing, therefore we welcome it, love it, and call it lovely, whether loving or loved—therefore we lose ourselves, and find ourselves in it, in contemplation, meditation, and distant worship. But he who sees it once too near, face to face, eye to eye, blest as he may feel in his own soul, soon grows blind to everything

else. The world calls him dazed and foolish, and Andrea was one of those blest dazed mortals.

> 'Von Schönheit ward von jeher viel gesungen,—
> Wem sie erscheint, wird aus sich selbst entrückt.'

Think of a young painter called to Paris by Francis I, enjoying the luxuries and revelling in the honours bestowed on him by the most brilliant Court of the time. There was wealth for him as much as he desired. There was sweet flattery from royal lips, smiles from bewitching eyes, a welcome from all that was fair, and gay, and fashionable. And in the midst of all this, Andrea, like a fool, sat reading the letters which his wife sent him to Paris, and the vision of her face and the presentiment of her grace left him no peace. In order not to be unfaithful to the idol which he had learnt to worship, he became unfaithful to everything else, threw away his chances, left the Court, and, still clad in his courtly frippery, appeared before Lucrezia, to lead henceforth the life of an exile from society, but at the same time the life of a devotee, a devotee to his art and to the beautiful ideal of his love.

I have known men of a similar temperament, absorbed by one idea, satisfied with one vision, careless of life, of applause, of wealth, of honour, and devoting all their powers to the working out of what they thought their own salvation. For all we know, they may be fools; but, at all events, if the outcome of their folly is something as glorious as Andrea's art, they have a right to our sympathy, nay, to our gratitude.

Florence is full of Andrea's works; the churches, the monasteries, the academies and galleries have pre-

served magnificent specimens of his art. There is one place, however, where the whole history of the artist may be studied to the greatest advantage, and which is but seldom visited by travellers, I mean the Collegio dello Scalzo. It is troublesome to get admission. One has to find the key and a guide at the Convent of San Marco, and most people have so much to do in Florence that they forget how interesting a collection of Andrea's frescoes is still to be seen in that old quadrangle. I say still to be seen, but, in spite of all that the Government does for the preservation of the antiquities and art-treasures of the country, it cannot do everything, and Andrea's frescoes are perishing by slow decay.

'Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wears,
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains:

One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.'

These lines express my feelings as I walked last autumn (1885) past the sixteen frescoes of Andrea in the Collegio dello Scalzo. The outlines have faded, the fresco peels and drops. Much is lost; and what is left, exposed as it is to wind and weather, will not, I fear, resist much longer. These frescoes were the first great work of Andrea's. They formed the pedestal of his fame at Florence. He was still young, about twenty-two, and had not yet been called upon to perform any great public work, when the Compagnia dello Scalzo—so-called because in their pro-

cessions the bearer of the Crucifix had to walk barefoot—invited him to cover the walls of their court with frescoes. Their Patron Saint being St. John the Baptist, the frescoes were to represent scenes from his life. Andrea was young, and, though the remuneration offered him was very small, he was glad of the opportunity of showing in a public place what he was capable of. He determined to paint the frescoes in grey or *chiaroscuro*, and the first which he finished (1510 ?) represented 'St. John the Baptist Preaching.' Reumont speaks of 'The Baptism of Christ' as Andrea's first picture, but that was surely the work of Francabigio. Andrea was accused of having copied in this figure some of Albrecht Dürer's figures, a charge which to a true artist is almost unintelligible. No doubt Albrecht Dürer's drawings were at that time well known in Italy, and they may have impressed themselves on Andrea's memory. But to accuse him of plagiarism is like accusing Mendelssohn of having copied Händel or Mozart, because, forsooth, he did not suppress every bar in his own compositions that might remind us of those great masters.

The next picture, ascribed to the year 1511, was 'St. John, Baptizing the People.' In this, too, similarities have been pointed out between Andrea and Albrecht Dürer, and still more between Andrea and Domenico Ghirlandajo. No doubt they are there, but in my eyes they do not in the least detract from the originality of Andrea's compositions, nor do they in any way affect his honesty as an artist.

These two pictures attracted much attention at Florence, and Andrea found himself at once honoured and courted as a painter of great promise. The walls

in the Chiostro of the Annunziata had to be painted, and Andrea was invited to undertake the work. He accepted; for though the payment was miserable—ten scudi, according to the records of the monastery; ten ducati, according to Vasari, for each picture—it was another opportunity of showing his fellow-citizens that a new painter had arisen among them. This was about 1511. Andrea finished five pictures, but, 'as the pay was too small for the very great honour,' he left off, promising to paint two more at some future time.

At this time Andrea had become acquainted with Lucrezia, and as her husband died in 1512, it is most likely that Andrea married her soon after, say in 1513, when he was twenty-five years of age. It is generally supposed that her portrait appears for the first time in 'The Birth of the Virgin Mary,' painted in 1514, but we shall see that there may possibly be an earlier and more youthful sketch. This picture of 'The Birth of the Virgin Mary' may be seen in the Annunziata, being one of the two which Andrea had promised to finish, and which he did finish sooner than was expected, perhaps because the monks had commissioned his colleague Francabigio to carry on the frescoes, when Andrea seemed little inclined to finish them. His last contribution to the pictures in the Annunziata was 'The Epiphany.'

After these works became more widely known, Andrea's success was secured, and his pictures became so popular that the youthful King of France, Francis I, invited him to Paris in 1518. There he spent some time in the full enjoyment of an artist's life, producing some of his greatest pictures, among the rest the glorious 'Carità,' now in the Louvre, and

establishing his fame as the worthy rival of Rafael. But the image of Lucrezia, as we saw, left him no rest, and he exchanged luxury, wealth, and the glory of Paris for poverty and contempt at her feet. Poor as he was now again, he had to look out for work, and I believe it is chiefly to his poverty that we owe the continuation of his frescoes of St. John the Baptist, in the Collegio dello Scalzo. During his absence two of these frescoes had been entrusted to Francabigio, 'The Meeting of Christ and John' and 'Christ, Baptized by John[1].'

Andrea now resumed his work, and soon finished 'The Imprisonment of St. John,' 'The Feast of the Tetrarch with the Daughter of Herodias,' 'The Beheading of St. John,' and 'The Presentation of the Head of St. John to Salome.' These five pictures are assigned by Reumont to the year 1520.

After this there was a fresh pause, and for several years the cloisters remained unfinished, until about the years 1523 to 1525, when Andrea supplied three more frescoes, one representing 'Zacharias in the Temple,' the other, 'The Meeting of the Virgin Mary and St. Elizabeth,' and a third, 'The Birth of St. John the Baptist.' I am uncertain as to the date of the fourth fresco, 'The Blessing of St. John by his Parents,' which Reumont ascribes to Francabigio, but which I venture to claim for Andrea del Sarto.

[1] Reumont ascribes this fresco to Andrea, and 'The Blessing of St. John by his Parents' to Francabigio. This must be a mistake, as the latter fully displays Andrea's style, while the two pictures of Francabigio show his usual weakness. In the engravings by Eredi and Cecchi, 'The Meeting of Christ and St. John' and 'The Baptism of Christ' are rightly ascribed to Francabigio, the rest to Andrea del Sarto.

Thus the work of his youth, the great work of his life, seemed finished at last. But Andrea had from the beginning left room for four symbolical figures, representing the divine virtues, Faith, Hope, Justice, and Charity. They are supposed to have been executed in fresco in 1525, after the whole cycle of the larger frescoes had been finished; but the sketches probably date from a much earlier time. One of these sketches, Faith, was for a time in the possession of Don Gaspero d'Haro e Guzman, Marchese del Carpio, Spanish Ambassador in Rome; the others seemed to be lost. Ludwig, the King of Bavaria, bought whatever could still be discovered in Italy, at the beginning of this century, of Andrea's drawings and sketches, and they may be seen at Munich.

I must now return to my visit to Florence last autumn, when I determined to see what remained of this curious collection of Andrea's frescoes. I found them injured and faded, in some places hopelessly destroyed, still sufficiently clear and visible to give one an idea of what these grey silvery outlines must have been when fresh from the hand of the artist. They ought certainly to be copied carefully before it is too late, and, if well engraved, they would indeed be a treasure. I only possess the engravings by Eredi and Cecchi, Firenze, 1794, and they certainly give one but a poor idea of the originals.

To me, for various reasons, the most attractive picture was that of the 'Carità,' clearly the portrait of Lucrezia, and, so far as I can see, the first, the most youthful and graceful portrait which he has left us of her. The expression of the eyes and mouth together

is marvellous. Did Browning mean that expression when he wrote:

'While she looks no one's: very dear, no less'?

Yes, that is the true reading of that face. She is no one's, she is hardly of this earth. She is conscious of her beauty, but she seems to submit rather to the admiration which it excites than to enjoy it. Well might Andrea, while trying to transfer that revelation of beauty on to the paper, while lost between the feelings of the artist and the lover, have exclaimed:—

'With that same perfect brow
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare. . . .'

No doubt that 'Carità,' at the Collegio dello Scalzo, is the gem of the whole collection, and it was known to be so long ago. Reumont (p. 146), when describing it, says: 'One of his most perfect compositions is the "Carità." She is represented as a youthful woman. Her look turns full of love to a charming boy, who lays hold of her hand and smilingly looks up to her. She carries a second boy on her arm, while a third, holding her dress, hides himself behind it. On her head burns the divine flame. With regard to the grouping the picture is superior to the "Carità" which Andrea painted at Paris.'

When I left the Collegio dello Scalzo, I tried to carry away a true copy of that face in my memory. None of the engravers seems to me to have even guessed its meaning. It was a rainy day, and I lost my way through some of the few old narrow streets which are left at Florence between the Collegio dello

Scalzo and the Lung-Arno. As one passes along, one cannot help looking at the old shops and the hideous pictures which are for sale everywhere, none of them showing a trace of what is beautiful or even careful. Whatever is only tolerable or inoffensive has long been snapped up by Jews or artists. However, while passing one of these shops I saw against the wall, the rain streaming over it, the face of Lucrezia. Yes, silver-grey, placid, and perfect. And there was the boy holding her hand, and the other boy on her arm, and the third hiding behind her dress. It was a copy of the 'Carità,' and whoever copied it had been able to read Lucrezia's face rightly:

'Yes, she looks no one's: very dear, no less.'

I had no difficulty in buying the picture for a mere nothing, less even than Andrea received for his frescoes. It was so deplorably spoiled that at first I thought I could save nothing of it except the head. But when I came home and examined it more carefully, I was struck by the perfection of the feet and hands, the fingers and the toes. I went carefully over it, and the more I examined it the more I felt convinced that this was a copy executed by no mean master.

After a time, however, I was startled more and more. It was, no doubt, Andrea's 'Carità,' but there were strange discrepancies. My copy was the picture of a real woman. In the fresco Andrea had given her a kind of pentagonal glory, with a flame—the divine flame of charity—issuing from it. Then there were slight discrepancies in the head-dress, in the fingers, in the drapery, and the more I looked the

more I felt convinced that no copyist would have dared to take such liberties.

Was it then Andrea's own sketch? Did his right hand really pass over this very picture while the youthful Lucrezia was for the first time sitting to him as his model, turning her eyes away from the artist, an unwilling martyr to her own beauty? I do not like to jump at conclusions, but I confess that thought made me more inquisitive. I examined the back of the picture. It was on paper, on very old paper, not on one large piece (the picture is five feet two-and-a-half inches by two feet ten inches), but on a number of small sheets carefully pasted together. In one place, where it has been patched very roughly, as if by a paper-hanger, the paste had almost obliterated a few words in Italian, written in a hurried hand, and with some effort still legible as '*Abbozzo di Andrea del Sarto*'—the first sketch of Andrea del Sarto. This, of course, would have solved many difficulties[1]. A copyist would hardly have ventured to leave out the characteristic glory and the *fiamma della Carità*. An artist, striving with all his heart to throw the living likeness of Lucrezia on his paper, would shrink from spoiling it by that unnatural pentagonal design which has been added to every one of the four symbolical figures, when transferred to the walls of the Chiostro. Again, the artist when at a later time transferring his cherished *abbozzo* to the fresco, might please himself. No one could blame

[1] *Abbozzo*, like the French *ébauche*, means the first plan or sketch of an artist. Diez derives it from *bozzo*, a roughly cut stone; while the French *ébauche* is derived from *balco*, *ébaucher* signifying to set up the *balcos* of a building.

him for altering, it may be improving, the hair and the riband round Lucrezia's head. If three fingers and half of a fourth seemed to show too much of her left hand, who would prevent the artist from slightly departing from his own *abbozzo*? Besides, if it had been a *copia*, not an *abbozzo*, would not an early copy have been considered far more valuable, as a marketable article, than an *abbozzo*? Why then call it an *abbozzo*? That it is an early drawing, no one who looks at the patched-up paper can doubt. The very handwriting of the words, 'Abbozzo di Andrea del Sarto,' is certainly not of this century. More and more I felt driven to the suspicion that this was really a genuine relic of Andrea's love and of Lucrezia's beauty, and when I began to examine my treasure more keenly, I discovered behind a horrible patch of thick modern paper, another writing: '*Dono d . . . Marchellini, Nel* 1848, *per ricordo, Carrara.*'

This was puzzling again. Could anybody have given this picture, as an original *abbozzo* of Andrea's, and evidently as a cherished remembrance, to a gentleman at Carrara so late as 1848, and could such a treasure, when known so late as 1848, have found its way, in these times of art-hunger, into a miserable shop at Florence? Besides, the writing is old-fashioned, and almost obliterated. I looked once more, and I saw that the first 8 differed most decidedly from the second, that it was indeed the old 6, only with the central stroke carried a little too far. I should for some reasons have preferred 1848, for this date would have implied a better warrant of the genuineness of the *abbozzo*, coming from a far more

critical age. But taking the whole evidence together, I think the friend at Carrara must have written his inscription in 1648.

After that I surrendered. Andrea's pictures were much copied, no doubt, but are there extant any copies of his grey-in-grey frescoes of the Collegio dello Scalzo? Certainly there is no *abbozzo* of the 'Carità' among Andrea's drawings at Munich. Secondly, supposing it was a copy, why should any copyist in 1648 have degraded his copy to an *abbozzo*, for at that time a careful copy of the original would probably have commanded a higher price than a mere sketch. Thirdly, would any copyist have dared to take such liberties with the original, and yet have been able at the same time to reproduce that indefinable witchery of the original which no one ever understood except the loving artist himself? My mind was made up. I felt as if my old friend himself had sent me this memento as the true key of his mysterious passion. Look at this, he seemed to say, and you will understand my life's frenzy.

I do not profess to be an art critic, and I know so little of the various styles of drawing and painting adopted by Andrea del Sarto during different periods of his career, that I should not venture to assign this 'Carità' with any confidence either to his earliest or to his latest period. If connoisseurs who have made a special study of Andrea del Sarto's works should tell me that the *abbozzo* could not come from his hand at all, I should bow to their judgment so far as internal evidence is concerned, but I should call upon them, at the same time, to explain the external evidence,

the nature of the paper, the inscription, the date, the style of the writing, and, above all, the discrepancies between the drawing and the fresco. If we take the drawing as a copy of Andrea's fresco, executed before 1648, or even before 1848, we cannot reconcile, as far as I can see, the general faithfulness of the copy with the strange discrepancies between it and the original. If we take the drawing as an early sketch, carried out at a later time, when Andrea's hand had acquired its full mastery of brush and pencil, all seems to become intelligible, except the strange fatality that such a drawing, marked as an *abbozzo* in 1648, or even in 1848, should have escaped the lynx eyes of collectors, particularly in such a town as Florence. That the inscription was put where we now see it, on the back of the picture, with perfect good faith, no one who is a judge of handwriting will fail to see. That it was pasted over, and has nearly become invisible, is another proof that the picture has never passed through the hands of dealers or operators. Criticism based entirely on internal evidence has perhaps, of late years, been too much discredited by students of art. If I can tell the age of a MS. by the shape of one letter, why should not an artist, familiar with the works of Andrea del Sarto, be competent to say, with perfect assurance, that the style of the drawing is not Andrea del Sarto's style? But, however willing we may be to listen to internal evidence, external evidence is a stubborn thing. If it could be shown, for instance, that the notorious palimpsest of Uranius had been in the hands of Eusebius, we could not have helped ourselves. We should have had to admit, though much against the grain, that the shape of the letter

M had changed at an earlier time than had been hitherto supposed.

My cartoon of the 'Carità' has been seen by eminent judges, both in Italy and in England. That it is a gem, they all admit; that the evidence of its being Andrea's own handiwork is strong, most admit; that the evidence is irresistible, some deny; but they base their denial on very different grounds.

One of the most trustworthy judges in England holds that the very perfection of the drawing is against its being an *abbozzo*, because great artists never finished their sketches as this is finished. Granted; but was not this an exceptional sketch? This was probably Andrea's first opportunity of fixing Lucrezia's features on paper. Was it not natural that he should have done his very best to please himself, and, even more, to please her who as yet hardly knew what her unknown admirer could achieve? Might he not have said to her, while trying to master her beauty, what Browning makes him say:—

> 'I can do with my pencil what I know,
> What I see, when at the bottom of my heart
> I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
> Do easily, too—when I say perfectly,
> I do not boast perhaps.'

In one word, was not the sketch made *con amore*, and does not that suffice to explain both its life-like truthfulness, unspoiled by any symbolism, and its remarkable finish?

Another artist, however, and an excellent judge of artistic manipulation, declares quite positively that, after carefully examining the drawing and

comparing it with a photograph of the fresco, he is convinced that the two cannot have been executed by the same hand. 'The drawing,' he writes, 'is tediously and timidly finished up in a method that no artist of Andrea's capacity would employ. That kind of finish does not constitute perfection of drawing; it is mere neatness and tidiness.'

Let it be so, but let us remember how often even more confident critical judgments, based on internal evidence only, have had to yield to one single historical document. If we may trust Vasari, Giulio Romano, the pupil of Rafael, would not believe that a copy made by Andrea del Sarto of a picture by Rafael was not the original, till he saw a mark which Andrea himself had put on it. Even then, with the art-critic's usual stubbornness, he declared that Andrea's copy was far better than Rafael's original. It is well known how of late years nearly all the catalogues of our greatest galleries have been revolutionised, and this owing mainly to a more careful study of historical or external evidence.

However, I do not wish to plead; I only wish to state with perfect frankness the opinions that have been advanced for and against the idea that the drawing which I discovered at Florence came from Andrea's own hand. To me personally the belief that this picture stood once between Lucrezia and Andrea—was, it may be, the first confession, as that in the Pitti may have been the last sigh of his love for her—has its value. But that is mere sentiment. It does not add to the beauty of the picture which I saved from certain destruction, and which to me seems far more expressive, far more successful in

rendering the deep meaning of Lucrezia's face, than the copy which Andrea later in life executed in fresco, and which may now be seen in the Chiostro dello Scalzo. My cartoon, call it copy or *abbozzo*, is now the only trustworthy record of Andrea's first and last passionate ideal of the Beautiful, and while the fresco at Florence peels and drops, this drawing, I hope, as repaired and resuscitated, not retouched, by the hand of a true master, will for ever remain the monument of a deep passion unrewarded, it may be never even comprehended—

'For she looks no one's: very dear, no less.'

OXFORD, *July*, 1886.

The following is a letter from Robert Browning, to whom I had sent a copy of my paper on Andrea del Sarto:—

19 Warwick Crescent, Feb. 27, 1889.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

It was indeed good of you to think of my old feeling for Andrea, when you might well have been solely occupied with your own signal godsend—as the cartoon seems likely to prove.

I sympathize with your well-deserved fortune, for it always struck me as remarkable that the wrong picture should so seldom escape notice, while the right man perhaps was daily pacing some *calle* where, hidden by rubbish, such a prize as the one in question eluded him. All thanks for the beautiful little notice, full of the true spirit of appreciation.

Ever yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BROWNING.

BUDDHIST CHARITY[1].

A PROMISE, even if it has been rashly and somewhat thoughtlessly given, must be kept. This is my apology for standing here to-day to inaugurate a course of lectures on *Charity*, as viewed and practised by the followers of the principal religions of the world.

The subject was to my mind most attractive, but even more so the object for which these lectures are intended—namely, to strengthen the hands of our excellent friends who have formed themselves into an association for befriending young servants in this vast metropolis. Think what that means! Think of the courage it requires, and think also of the expenditure, not only of time and energy, but also of money, which is necessitated by such an undertaking. Such work is difficult enough even in a small town like Oxford. But in London, in this bewildering chaos of human toil and suffering, it seems almost hopeless. It seems like trying to arrest an avalanche with our outstretched arms.

Now let me tell you what I admire more than anything else in this labyrinth of London, and what

[1] The first of a course of lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Charity,' delivered at the Town Hall, Kensington, April 24, 1884.

stirred my sympathy with this 'Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants.'

It is the courage to do small things. All honour to those who undertake to do grand things, who are willing to lead a whole nation through the Red Sea of sorrow and despair to the Land of Promise. In a great battle the very drummer-boy becomes a hero without being aware of it.

But to go every day to some task, quietly and unobserved, a task which, the more you work at it, seems only to grow more difficult, more unmanageable, more hopeless—that is what I call true courage.

This hopeless, and yet hopeful, work which is carried on by this Association reminds me of a child's story, which I shall try to tell you as well as I can. A little girl was taken to the sea-side, and her heart was delighted with the smooth pebbles, and the bright shells, and the graceful sea-weeds scattered all over the beach. She began to collect till her lap was full, and she could hardly carry her precious load. Then the nurse told her that she must go home, because the sea would soon come and cover the whole beach. But the more the nurse warned the child, the more eager it grew, picking up pebble after pebble, shell after shell, weed after weed. And as the waves came nearer and nearer, howling and dashing and crashing along the coast, the child began to rush about wildly, trying to rescue every darling pebble from the fangs of that ugly monster, the sea. Then the nurse had to take her up in her arms; and while she was carried home, pebble after pebble, shell after shell, weed after weed dropped from her lap. At last she was brought to her mother, and well

scolded for having disobeyed her nurse and for being so silly as to try to pick up every pebble on the beach. But the child did not mind the scolding, and when she had dried her tears she held up one small pebble with an air of triumph and said to her mother: 'Mother, I have saved *one* from that ugly sea.'

This seems to me, indeed, the right spirit in which we should go to work, and in which you are working, in trying to save, if only *one* young servant, from that ugly sea that is breaking over them in the ebb and flow of London life. And when I heard of this, and was told by a friend of mine, who is spending herself with a childlike enthusiasm and faith on this noble work, that I might be of some use in helping you to pick up if only one soul on the very brink of ruin, I could not say 'No.'

But apart from this excellent object, the subject, too, on which I was asked to speak—'Buddhist Charity'—had great attractions for me. My dear friend the late Dean of Westminster said: 'I remember the time when the name of Gautama, the Buddha, was scarcely known, except to a few scholars, and not always well spoken of by those who knew it; and now—he is second to One only.'

Now this shows after all that we are not standing still, that our horizon, in religion also, is growing wider, and our hearts, I believe, growing larger and truer.

There was a time when it was almost an article of faith that you could not be a true believer in your own religion unless you also believed that all other religions were false; and false, not on certain points only, but altogether false, altogether mischievous, the

very work of the devil. They might teach the same doctrine, they might use almost the same words: still the one voice was supposed to come from heaven, the other from the very opposite region.

Nor was this a prejudice peculiar to Christians only. As they divided the world into true believers and heathens, the Âryas of India looked upon themselves only as twice-born, or regenerate, upon all the rest of mankind as mere Mlekkhas. The Jews knew of one chosen people only, all the rest were Gentiles; while the Mohammedans spoke of all, of Hindus, Jews, and Christians, as mere Kafirs or unbelievers, and declared that they only were the true Muslim, that is, the people who trust and submit themselves to God.

At present all the great religions of the world, all the dialects in which man has tried to speak of God and to God, are treated with perfect equality. The stronger the faith in one's own religion, the stronger also the readiness to judge of other religions with kindness and tenderness, nay almost with indulgence. This strikes me as one of the most characteristic tendencies of our century—I might almost say, of our age. Formerly a student of theology was expected to have read the Old and the New Testament, and possibly, if he was very learned, he might try to read the Qorân. But as to reading the sacred books of other religions, the Vedas, the Avesta, the Tripiṭaka, the Kings of the Chinese, it was never dreamt of, and to suppose that they could teach us anything would have been considered an insult. At present the University Press at Oxford has just finished the first series of translations of the

'Sacred Books of the East,' consisting of twenty-four large octavo volumes; and as the result, so far as the interest of the public is concerned, has not been discouraging, a second series has been started which is to comprise as many volumes again. Surely there is an increasing purpose perceptible in all this, and we may feel that we have not altogether laboured in vain. This very meeting bears witness to the same spirit. We all believe in the duty and the delight of charity. We know what is meant by Christian charity. But we are not satisfied to know what Christ taught on charity. We want to know whether we stand alone in our belief in charity, and whether Christianity alone inculcates that sacred duty. It is not that we have any doubt as to the supreme duty of charity, but, knowing that the same heart beats in all human breasts, we want to know what the Buddha taught on almsgiving, what Mohammed taught, what the best among the Greeks and Romans taught. And we want to know all this, not as a matter of mere curiosity, but as a matter of the deepest human concern.

If men had been originally wild beasts, then, no doubt, it would have required an angel from heaven to persuade them to give up a bone which they were gnawing and to share it with their starving fellow-creatures. Then, no doubt, that religion only would be true which, by some supernatural authority, could frighten human beings into doing what is so unnatural as to give up a bone. But if the witness of truth was present in the hearts of men at all times and in all places, in the hearts of the lowest savages as well as of the highest sages, then this general recognition

of the duty of charity in all religions serves as a confirmation of our own faith, or, at all events, as an admonition to fulfil a duty so universally recognised as charity, more faithfully and more zealously than the followers of any other faith.

There has been so much written of late on Buddhism that I ought to make it quite clear from the very beginning that when I speak of Buddhism, I mean real, historical Buddhism, not Esoteric, Exoteric, or any other kind of fashionable Buddhism. Historical Buddhism took its rise about 500 years B.C., and it can be studied in historical documents, the date of which admits of little doubt.

We have, first of all, the inscriptions which King Asoka had graven on rocks and pillars scattered all over India from Afghanistan to Orissa. These records date from the third century B.C., and are as intelligible now as the old Latin inscriptions of the Scipios. Nothing can shake their historical value as attesting the existence of Buddhism as the State religion in the kingdom of Asoka in the third century B.C.

Secondly, we can study historical Buddhism in its canonical books. These books exist in two collections, the one written in a peculiar kind of Sanskrit, the other in one of the Prâkrit or popular dialects of India, commonly called Pâli. The Pâli canon was reduced to writing during the reign of Vatta-Gâmani, who began to reign in 88 B.C.[1] Before that time the sacred books had been preserved by oral tradition only. We are told that the first collection of the

[1] See 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. xiii. p. xxxv.

doctrines of the Buddha was made at the First Council [1], and shortly after the death of Gautama in 477 B.C. During the century which elapsed between the death of the Buddha and the Second Council, 377 B.C., considerable additions had been made to the sacred literature of the new religion, and whatever could claim canonical authority was collected, at the Second Council, in what is called the *Three Baskets*, the Tripitaka, the Bible of the Southern Buddhists. By Southern Buddhists I mean chiefly the Buddhists of Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam.

A second collection of sacred writings was made by the Northern Buddhists, those who spread their doctrines from India to Tibet, China, Mongolia, and Japan. It is written in Sanskrit, partly in prose, partly in poetry, and often in very corrupt dialects, commonly called Gâthâ dialects. The date when this collection was made is more difficult to determine, but as we know of Chinese translations of some of its books dating from the first century after Christ, we may safely suppose that some kind of canon of the Northern Buddhist Bible also existed before the beginning of the Christian era.

It should be remembered that the Southern and Northern canons share much in common, sometimes whole chapters literally the same, a fact which seems to point to the existence of a body of sacred texts previous to the compilation of the Southern and the Northern collections.

Buddhism, no doubt, has changed enormously, according to the character of the people by whom

[1] See 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. xiii. p. 12.

it was adopted, and to whose intellectual capacities it readily adapted itself. The Buddhism of the metaphysical Hindu is not the Buddhism of the matter-of-fact Chinaman, or of the stolid Mongolian, as little as the Christianity of Bishop Berkeley is the Christianity of a ploughboy who can neither read nor write. Still, whenever we speak of historical Buddhism, we mean one Buddhism only—namely, that which in its two aspects of Southern and Northern Buddhism can be studied in its recognised canonical writings, as we study historical Christianity in the New Testament, and historical Mohammedanism in the Qorán.

I have no time to say more on this subject to-day, but I may refer those who wish to study historical Buddhism in trustworthy and scholarlike books to the great work of Burnouf, 'Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme,' and to the more recent works of Spence Hardy, Childers, Rhys Davids, Kern, and Oldenberg; also to several volumes in the 'Sacred Books of the East,' containing literal translations of canonical texts, both Pâli and Sanskrit.

To my mind, having approached Buddhism after a study of the ancient religion of India, the religion of the Veda, Buddhism has always seemed to be, not a new religion, but a natural development of the Indian mind in its various manifestations, *religious*, *philosophical*, *social*, and *political*. As to-day I have to speak of Buddhist charity, it is Buddhism chiefly in its social aspect which we shall have to consider. Now Buddhist charity is, as it were, the full bloom of that more ancient charity which was preached in the Veda, and practised during the Vedic age. It has always

struck me as exceedingly strange that in a country like India there should be any call, any room for charity. Nature in India is so kind a mother, and man is a child so easily satisfied there, that one wonders how anybody could have been poor. In ancient India, anybody might have land who would clear it. The game belonged to him who stuck the first arrow into it. The rivers were full of fish, the trees full of fruit. There was enough, and more than enough, for everybody, and yet there were the poor begging at the doors of the rich. Just think that even at present, with all the new artificial wants that have sprung up, a man in an Indian village may live decently on a shilling a week, and a woman on even less. Fancy a married couple living contentedly on £5 a year! And yet with their small wants—say a mud cottage, a few rags for clothing, some rice, milk, and, as a great luxury, butter—the Hindus, from the times of the Veda to the present day, have always complained of poverty, amounting to starvation, and have always praised liberality or charity as one of the first duties, and one of the highest virtues. Among the hymns of the Rig-veda there is one (X, 117) ascribed to Bhikshu. Bhikshu means a beggar, and is the name assumed in later times by the Buddha himself, and by every member of his brotherhood. In that hymn it is said that the gods do not wish that men should die of hunger, but that the rich should give to the poor. He who is charitable, the poet says, will never know want. Men are reminded that fortune changes, and that we are meant to be different. This at least seems to be the purport of the last verse, which says:—

'Even the two hands, though the same, do not act in the same way:
Two cows of the same mother do not yield the same milk:
Even twins have not the same powers:
Even close kindred do not give the same gifts.'

The same idea runs through the whole Veda. He who gives liberally is beloved by the gods; he who does not give is actually called impious, an unbeliever, a heretic. Nothing perhaps shows so clearly the difference between our modern society and the society of ancient India than that, whereas with us begging is punished by the law, the beggar in India was recognised as a legitimate member of the community, protected by the law—nay, watched over by the gods.

No doubt we should remember that we know very little of the state of society in India during the Vedic period, except from sacred or priestly sources. All may not have been exactly as the Brâhmans thought that it ought to be. Whatever we see, we can see through Brahmanic glasses only, and we have not even the means to correct their angle of vision, except by a kind of general scepticism. But, for all that, we may look on the ancient Vedic Law-books which have lately been discovered, and which are certainly anterior to the so-called Laws of Manu, as giving us, if not a faithful record of human failures in ancient India, at all events the ideal of what, according to the notions of their authors, life *ought* to be. And for a true insight into a man's character, are not his ideals often far more instructive than his failures?

If I dwell for a moment on this ideal of ancient Vedic society, as supplied to us in the ancient Law-books, it is because I hope to show that Buddhist society, as we know it from the sacred writings of the

Buddhists, is far more the fulfilment than the denial of the ancient schemes and dreams of the Brahmanic law-givers.

Society, at least in the twice-born, the regenerate, and, in our sense, the upper classes, consisted in ancient times of four stages, called âsramas. The first stage was that of the pupil. When a boy had reached the age of eight, he was initiated, or apprenticed to a Brâhman, lived in his house, and was educated and taught by him. The boy was under the strictest moral discipline, and had to perform every kind of menial service for his master. What is important for our purpose is that every day the pupil had to go round the village begging for food, which he handed to his master before he was allowed to touch it. This was *charity*, but hardly voluntary. It was, in our sense, an educational rate levied not only on the parents of the children, but on the whole community.

When his education was finished—hardly ever before the age of twenty—the young man was expected to marry and found a household. During this second stage the householder was still under very strict religious discipline. He had to perform constant sacrifices, every one of which involved charitable gifts to the Brâhmans; and one of the five Great Sacrifices, which had to be performed every day, consisted in charity and hospitality to all who wanted it. Even animals had a right to daily gifts.

This second stage lasted till a man's children had grown up and his own hair had grown grey. Then, according to the old law, the father was expected to retire from the village into the forest with or without

his wife. His property went to his family. He himself was released from performing any but the simplest sacrifices, but he was expected to mortify the flesh by the most painful penances, and to meditate on the highest problems of life.

During that third stage, the dweller in the forest, the Vânaprastha, or Vaikhanasa, was entitled to receive charity if he wanted it, but he was likewise expected in his humble way to show hospitality to all who claimed it.

The final stage was that of the hermit, the solitary saint, the Sannyâsin, or, as he was also called, the beggar, the Bhikshu, who had no longer any fixed home, not even in the forest, except during the rainy season. He knew nothing of the world, and, while engaged in meditation on the vanity of all earthly things, he looked forward to death as the moment of release. It is important to observe that, like the Buddhist mendicant, the Bhikshu, or beggar, was expected to shave his head, and that he also depended for his life on the *charity* of the people.

This was the Brahmanic ideal of life, and you will discover how entirely it depended on the recognition of the duty of charity in every stage. We may doubt whether this ideal was ever fully realised during the ancient Vedic period, but what we cannot doubt is that Buddhism achieved, in one sense, the full realisation of this Brahmanic ideal. This will require some explanation. I have already pointed out how during the first and second stages of life the pupil and the householder were both completely under priestly sway. Every word of the Veda which the pupil learned from the mouth of his teacher was to be

accepted as revelation; every sacrifice which the householder was expected to perform was considered as the fulfilment of a divine command. But as soon as a man entered on the third stage, as soon as he left his village, his house, his family to dwell in the forest, first as an ascetic, and finally as a hermit, all was changed. He was not only released from nearly all sacrificial and ceremonial fetters, but he was expected to know the vanity, the uselessness, or even the mischievous nature of all ceremonies and sacrifices. And when all sacrifices and prayers, addressed to the gods with a hope of reward, had once been recognised as selfish acts, productive of evil rather than of good, the old belief in the numerous gods of the Veda also had to be surrendered, at first for a belief in one god, Pragâpati, the lord of all living, and at last for a belief in what we should scarcely call a god, Brahman, or the highest Self. We should think that a system apparently so self-contradictory could hardly be maintained for any length of time. Yet it is presupposed during almost the whole of the Vedic period. And what to my mind proves its historical reality more than anything else is this, that the whole social system of Buddhism is evidently built up upon its ruins. Even during Vedic times we hear the murmurings of an approaching storm. Thinkers, both young and old, ask the question—'Why, if all the gods of the Veda are mere names, if all discipline is unnecessary torture, if all sacrifices are a deceit, all domestic cares and affections a snare, all penance mere cruelty, why should the best part of our life on earth be wasted on such things?—why should we not enter at once into the freedom of thought which all who have entered on the third and

fourth stages praise as the highest blessing on earth?' Answers of various kinds were given. First of all it was said to be impossible for the human mind to perceive the highest truth before the body had been disciplined, the passions subdued, and the mental atmosphere rendered calm and serene. Secondly, the domestic cares and affections, though for a time drawing away our thoughts from the highest objects, were represented as a debt due to our forefathers, and as a necessary condition of the continuance of human society. The belief in a number of personal gods was defended as harmless, because all these mythological names were really intended for the one God, or for that which is even beyond all gods.

Such explanations may have answered for a while, but the doubts of the few and the dissatisfaction of the many grew stronger and stronger, till at last the old dams and dykes of Brahmanism were swept away by that strong tidal wave which we call Buddhism. Buddhism, in one sense, was simply the carrying out, or the practical realisation, of the half-uttered thoughts of Brahmanism. If sacrifices, particularly those which involve the killing of animals and extravagant expenditure, are not only useless but mischievous, Buddha said, 'Let them be forbidden.' If the Vedas have no claim to a revealed character, let them be treated like any other book, but do not waste your whole youth in learning them by heart. If the Vedic gods are mere figures and names, let us look for something which is more than figure and name. If penances, particularly those excessive penances of the dwellers in the forest, benefit neither the spirit nor the flesh, but produce only bodily

decrepitude and spiritual pride, let them be abolished, or at all events rendered less severe. Lastly, if he who leaves home, and wife, and children, or who never knew what a home was, is nearer to heaven than the best of householders, let all who can, leave their homes as soon as possible and become 'homeless,' the very name which Buddha gave to the members of his fraternity.

It is true that Brahmanism already tolerated certain exceptions. A pupil, if he did not wish to marry and become a householder, might remain for life as a perpetual pupil and under strict discipline in the house of his master. Now and then, also, we hear of a householder who, without passing through the penances of the third stage, became at once a hermit, fully enlightened, fully emancipated from all fetters. But what formed the exception before became the rule when the Buddhist fraternity had once been established. That fraternity was a new society. It was open to all, though it did not condemn those who refused to enter, if only they were willing to support the fraternity by regular alms, as they had formerly supported the mendicants, whether as students or as hermits. Here we see the Buddhist solution of the old social problem. All who were poor, miserable, heavy-laden, were welcome to enter the fraternity. No brother or friar possessed anything, and even the rich young man who wished to follow Buddha had to give up all his wealth and all outward distinctions before he could become a real disciple. Again, we see from the large numbers that flocked to join Buddha's new brotherhood how much poverty, how much misery, wretchedness, and sin, must have existed in that country which seems to

us an earthly paradise. Rules had soon to be laid down to guard the brotherhood from unworthy applicants, but once admitted, his head having been shaved, a man was safe in his yellow dress. He belonged, not only to a new society, but to a new state within the State, recognised by the State and supported by the people at large. Though private property ceased within the brotherhood, the brotherhood itself soon became rich and influential. It possessed the privilege that once or twice a day the friars were allowed to go from house to house collecting alms. These collections were a kind of voluntary tax for the support of the poor, and as every kind of contribution might be given, from a handful of rice to large tracts of land, the wealth of the Buddhist fraternities all over India became soon very considerable.

This social side of Buddhism is but seldom taken into account, though the social revolution it represents has but few parallels in the history of the world. Most people are attracted by the doctrines of Buddhism, by its moral code, its parables, and its metaphysical teaching. But as one of the many solutions of the problem of poverty, or as an attempt at constructing a society in which no one should stand alone or feel himself forsaken, in which, in fact, each neighbour should love his neighbour as himself, not only in word but in very deed, I think it deserves the attention of all who are interested in the historical development of charity. Those who wish to know more of the organisation of the Buddhist fraternities will find the fullest information in the translation of the 'Vinaya Texts' by Professor Rhys Davids and

Professor Oldenberg, in the 'Sacred Books of the East,' numbers xiii, xvii, and xx, containing the very statutes of these fraternities, as settled at the First and Second Councils.

You will now understand what I mean by saying that in one sense Buddhism and charity are synonymous terms. The Buddhist brother lives on the charity of his brotherhood, or of the monastery or college to which he belongs. The brotherhood lives on the charity of what we may call the laity, the Upâsakas, those who, though they do not join the brotherhood, support it as a religious duty by their alms. Charity, therefore, is the very life and soul of Buddhism: or, as it has been expressed by a Buddhist, 'Charity, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot[1].'

But charity with the Buddhists is not confined to giving alms; charity with them is one of the six, or ten, highest perfections, what they call pâramitâs, and then becomes complete self-surrender, carried to such an extreme that to our Western minds it becomes unreal and almost grotesque. The six pâramitâs are: charity, morality, long-suffering, earnestness, concentration, wisdom, and prudence. On every one of these virtues I might speak to you, not for hours, but for days, and it is this abundance of material which makes it so difficult to speak or write of Buddhism.

However, I must try to follow the good example of our friends here, who, in grappling with an immensity of misery by which they find themselves surrounded,

[1] Childers, 'Whole Duty of a Buddhist Layman,' *Cont. Review*, p. 418.

are satisfied to do what they *can* do, who have the courage to do a little, and not to leave everything undone, because they cannot do everything they would wish to do.

Buddhism is very fond of parables: in fact, most of the fables and parables of European literature come from the East. Again a subject of immense proportions which we must leave aside[1]. Instead of long philosophical or moral discussions, the Buddhist Scriptures constantly give us a short parable. And there is a very peculiar class of parables which are called *Gâtakas*, or stories of former lives. Strange as they seem to us, they are quite natural in Buddhism. No Hindu, whether Brâhman or Buddhist, was ever so foolish as to imagine that his real existence began with this life of his on earth. How this idea could ever have taken possession of the Western mind would be a curious subject of study—but, again, we can only look and pass on.

Now while much of our moral teaching is based on a belief in rewards and punishments in a future life, the Buddhist morality was based on a belief in rewards and punishments in this life.

When *we* ask, and ask in vain, why a man whom we know to be good is overwhelmed with misery, while another whom we know to be bad enjoys every blessing that life can give, the Buddhist is never at a loss. It is so, he says, because the man had done good or evil in a former life, which is now bearing fruit. It cannot be otherwise, according to the Buddhist views of the world, and according to the Buddhist belief in the continuity of good and evil

[1] See 'Migration of Fables,' in 'Selected Essays,' vol. i. p. 500.

for all time. And the moral effect is much the same. The unhappy man is told that he is suffering here justly for his former misdeeds, and that, knowing now the wages of sin, he must strive continually to lay up a better store for the life to come. A happy man is told that, having once tasted the happiness which can only be the reward of good works, he ought to strive all the more to secure his further progress towards the highest perfection.

No one is exempt from the law of cause and effect, not even the Buddha himself, at least before he became Buddha, that is, 'fully enlightened.' Before he could reach Buddhahood, which is a rank higher than that of all the gods, he had to work his way from the lowest to the highest stage, and had to pass through many existences before finding himself, or his true Self, and thus reaching the highest beatitude.

The Buddha, when fighting on earth his last fight with the powers of darkness, with Mâra, the lord of death, the spirit of evil, challenges Mâra by saying: 'To me now belongs the throne which was occupied by former Bodhisattvas after they had practised the ten perfections. Or canst thou produce any witness as to thy having practised the high virtue of charity?' Then the Spirit of darkness stretched out his hand and called upon his followers, saying, 'All these are my witnesses.' And a shout arose from the people, crying, 'We testify, we testify!' Then Mâra, the evil spirit, said, 'And thou, Siddhârtha[1], who can bear

[1] The name given to the Buddha by his parents. It means 'he in whom or by whom all desires are fulfilled.' The father of Mahâvîra was likewise called Siddhârtha. See 'Kalpa-Sûtra,' translated by Jacobi, 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. xxii. p. 241.

witness to thy acts of charity?' The Buddha replied, 'Thou hast living witnesses here. I have none. But I call upon the Earth, though she is unconscious, to bear witness that during my last existence, I, as Visvântara' (in Pâli, Vessantara), 'have performed seven hundred great acts of charity, to say nothing of acts of mercy performed in earlier existences.' Then he drew his right hand from under his cloak and stretched it forth to the Earth. And a voice arose from the Earth, saying, 'I can bear witness to thy charity.' And such was the thunder of that voice that it crushed the host of the enemy. The followers of Mâra fled, and heavenly voices shouted, 'Mâra, Death, is conquered! Prince Siddhârtha has triumphed!'

The story of the Buddha's last life as Visvântara, to which the Buddha himself here appeals as the crowning achievement in his endeavours to become a Buddha, is one of the most popular stories of the Buddhists in all parts of the world. It exists in the Northern as well as in the Southern canon. We see it represented on some of the earliest Buddhist sculptures, and we shall probably not be wrong in looking upon it as the earliest attempt at telling the history of the Buddha, previous to his last life on earth. The story is rather long, and I shall have to shorten it if I mean to keep within the limits assigned to this lecture. Much in it will sound strange and repellent to your ears. But in spite of Eastern fervour and Eastern extravagance you will easily discern behind the theatrical veil the high ideal of charity which enlightened the minds and warmed the hearts of the early followers of the Buddha, as it

enlightened the minds and warmed the hearts of the early followers of the Christ.

'There ruled in remote times in the city of *G*ayaturâ (the capital of the Sivis) a king called Sanda. His wife, Phusati, had desired during many years to become the mother of a Buddha.

'At last she had a son, whom they called Vessantara. From the moment of his birth—for he could speak at once—he gave proof that his heart was full of charity. When he had arrived at manhood, he married the beautiful princess Mâdrî. His father ceded the kingdom to him, and during the few years of their happy married life two children were born to them, called *G*âliya and K*r*ishn*â*g*i*nâ.

'At this time there was a famine in Kalinga, and the king of that country, hearing that Vessantara possessed a White Elephant who had the power to cause rain (most likely intended at first for a cloud), sent eight Brâhmans to ask for it. When they arrived, King Vessantara was just riding on the White Elephant on his way to the public alms-hall to distribute the royal bounty. He asked the Brâhmans what they wanted, and when he heard their request, he expressed his regret that they did not ask for more: for his eyes and his very life would have been at their service, if by such generosity he might in the future become a Buddha. The people, however, were displeased at the departure of the White Elephant, and requested the father of King Vessantara to punish his son for his reckless generosity. The father consented, and the next morning King Vessantara was banished to the rock Vankagiri. The young king accepted his punishment gladly. He told

his wife that she might remain at Court to watch over their children; but his wife declared she would rather die than leave him. They then collected all their treasures and distributed them among the beggars. Their treasury was thrown open to the people, who swarmed in like bees flying to a forest covered with lotus-flowers newly blown. When the king and queen had given away all their valuables, elephants and horses, jewels and pearls, they took leave of their parents and departed towards the north in a chariot, the young queen taking her daughter in her arms and her son by the hand.

'The queen-mother sent after them a thousand waggons filled with useful and valuable things, but they gave them all away.

'Soon after their departure two Brâhmans, who knew of Vessantara's charity, came to ask alms from him, and when they found he had left the city they followed him and asked him for the horses of his chariot.

'Vessantara gave them at once, but Indra, the king of the gods, immediately replaced them by four divine horses. They had hardly proceeded a few steps further, when another Brâhman beggar cried out, "Sir, I am old, sick, and weary; give me your chariot." Vessantara descended from his chariot, gave it to the beggar, and proceeded with his wife and children on foot. Though the road was rough, and they had now to live on the fruits of trees and water from the ponds, their minds were full of happiness, from the remembrance of the alms they had bestowed on the beggars.

'On their way north they had to pass through the

kingdom of the father of Mâdri, Vessantara's queen. They were persuaded to stay with him seven days, enjoying all the luxuries of his court, but they then proceeded further on their painful journey to the rock Vankagiri. When they had arrived there, they found two huts, built for them by the architect of the gods. They now assumed the dress and adopted the life of ascetics. Vessantara dwelt in one hut, his wife and children in the other. Only when the mother went into the forest to collect fruits, the two children came to stay with their father.

'When they had thus spent seven months in the solitude of the forest, an old Brâhman, who wanted a slave for his young wife, came to Vessantara's hermitage. During the night, while the old Brâhman was in hiding in the forest, the mother had a frightful dream. She saw a black man, who cut off her arms and tore out her heart. The next morning she went, as usual, though with a heavy heart, to gather fruits for the children, and while she was away the old Brâhman came to Vessantara, demanding as an alms his two children. The father rejoiced at this new sacrifice. True, he first tried to persuade the Brâhman to wait till the mother had come back to bid a last farewell to her children, and he then asked him to take the children to his father's court, where they would be ransomed with boundless treasure. But when the Brâhman insisted on carrying off the children as his slaves, the father yielded assent. The children, on hearing the conversation, became frightened, ran away, and hid themselves under the leaves of a lotus growing in a pond near their cottage. The Brâhman accused the father of having himself sent

the children away. Then Vessantara cried aloud, and when the little boy heard his father's voice, he said, "The Brâhman may take me, I am willing to become his slave. I cannot remain here and listen to my father's cries." He then tore the lotus-leaf which covered him in two. His sister did the same, and both children stood crying and clinging to their unhappy father. At last the father, seeing that thus only he could become a Buddha and save all beings from the misery of repeated births, poured water on the heads of the Brâhman, thus delivering the children to be his property and his slaves.'

More harrowing scenes follow. The children escape from the old Brâhman and run back to their father. The boy wants to see his mother once more; and then he wishes to go alone, because his little sister is too tender and unfit to walk on the hard stones. Soon, however, the old Brâhman, looking like an executioner, returns and claims the children once more, ties them together by a withy, and drives them along with a stick. When the father saw the blood trickling down their backs, his heart began to fail him once more; but it was too late.

The poet now describes how the children passed along the shady places where they had often played together, and the cave in which they had been accustomed to make figures in clay, and the trees growing by their favourite pond. 'Fare ye well,' they said, 'ye trees that put forth your beautiful blossoms, and ye pools in whose waters we have dabbled; ye birds that have sung us sweet songs, and ye nymphs that have danced before us and clapped your hands. Tell our mother that we have given you all a parting fare-

well. You dear spirits, and ye animals with whom we have sported, let our mother know *how* we have passed along this road.'

Enough of this, for even much worse is to follow. The poor mother, frightened by her dream and by other ominous signs, returns home, rushes into her husband's cottage, and asks, 'Where are the children?'

The father remained silent for a time, but at last he had to confess that he had given the children away because a Brâhman had demanded them as an alms. On hearing this the mother falls to the ground senseless. Her husband sprinkles her with water, and at last she revives. Then her husband explains to her that even the surrender of his children was necessary for obtaining the Buddhahood; and she exclaims, 'The Buddhahood is better than a hundred thousand of children—only let the reward for this act of charity be shared by the whole world.'

Husband and wife were now left alone in the forest, and the very gods began to be afraid of what might follow—namely, that Vessantara, if asked, would part even with his beloved wife. Indra therefore, the chief of the gods, assumed the shape of a Brâhman mendicant, and begged Vessantara to give him his wife to be his slave. Husband and wife look at each other, and say, 'Yes, let it be so, if thus only Vessantara can become the Buddha, the saviour of the world.' Then the earth shook, and Indra showed himself in his real character, telling Vessantara that his wife was to remain with him, and that as she now belonged to another, namely to Indra, he had no right ever to part with her.

After this, of course, all ends well. The old Brâh-

man dies from over-eating. The children, Vessantara's father and mother, all their old friends, even the White Elephant, come to the hermitage to conduct the two hermits back to their capital and their throne; and, after a prosperous reign, Vessantara ascends to the world of the Blessed, to be re-born once more only, as Gautama, the Buddha, the founder of what we call historical Buddhism, in the fifth century B.C.

Here you see what the Buddha meant by charity, not simply giving of alms, not simply giving out of our abundance, giving, in fact, what we ourselves do neither want nor miss, but a readiness to give up everything, even what is dearest to us; not only our jewels and our land, but our life, nay, even more than our life, our wife and children, that so we may obtain what is called Buddhahood, and be able to save ourselves and our brethren from ignorance, misery, sin, and eternal transmigration.

I said before that Buddhism and charity are synonymous. It was charity, as preached and practised in his last life, that enabled Gautama to reach the highest perfection in his life, when he preached and practised the *Law*. There is one more Buddha to come, who is called Maitreya, the teacher of Maitrî or *Love*. That love is described in the following words:— 'As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let there be love without measure among all beings. Let love without measure prevail in the whole world, above, below, around, unstinted, unmixed with any feeling of differing or opposing interests. Then the saying will be fulfilled: "Even in this world holiness has been found."'

Will Buddhists ever learn that this Buddha of the

future, this Maitreya, this teacher of love, not of the law, *has* appeared? Or is it really true that he has not appeared yet, and that we ourselves are living, like Gautama, five hundred years before Christ?

I told you before that in speaking of Buddhist charity I was speaking of Buddhism in its social aspect only. No doubt Buddhist charity has a religious and metaphysical character also; but there is no time to speak of all that to-day.

Buddhism teaches in the very words of Christianity that we should love our neighbours as ourselves. And why? Not from any enthusiasm of humanity, but simply because they are like ourselves; because they suffer as we suffer, and rejoice as we rejoice.

The Indian philosopher, however, goes a step further. He would show that we are all mere sparks or rays of light from one common source, perceptive glances of one common mind; that we all are ONE, as soon as we know ourselves, and have found our true self in the Highest Self. Having reached that point, we recognise ourselves in others, and others in ourselves. We not only love our neighbours like ourselves;—we know and love them as ourselves.

But even as a mere social duty, as a solution of social difficulties, charity, as enjoined by the Buddha, has its deep significance for us. Poverty and misery must have reached the same climax in India in the days of the historical Buddha which they have reached with us. On the one side absurd wealth, on the other hideous, hopeless penury. We read of a man who, when he wanted to buy a piece of land to present to the Buddha, was able to cover every inch of it with pieces of gold. We read of beggars who came to the

Buddha asking for a rag and a few grains of rice. What was the Buddha's remedy? He did not invent poor laws, or workhouses, or out-door relief. He did not say to the poor, 'Might is right,' 'Property is theft,' 'Take what you can.' He turned to the rich and said, '*Give!* Give, not only one tithe; give, not only what you do not want; but give all that is wanted to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to teach the ignorant, to nurse the sick, to save the sinner. Give, because nothing belongs to you, nothing can belong to you, neither land nor treasure, not even your own body. Give, because life is a fleeting shadow, which will soon pass away from you with all that you now call your own. Give, because what you leave to your own children, and not to all, is more often a curse than a blessing to them.'

We all admit that the present state of things, what we see every day in our clubs and in our slums, in St. James's and in St. Giles's, cannot be right, and cannot last. Social philosophy and political economy stand by the deathbed of society, and with all their statistics and all their learning they stand helpless. They have nothing more to prescribe. Is there no remedy, then? Do the words that 'the poor shall never cease from the land' really mean that there must always be squalor, starvation, and sin on one side of the street, and gorgeous extravagance, sensuality, and hypocrisy on the other? Was this life really meant to be nothing but a struggle for life, in which might is right, and the weakest are trampled under foot?

Buddha saw what we see, Buddha saw what Christ saw, and he knew that there was a remedy for all this misery, the misery of the rich quite as much as the

misery of the poor. One of the Buddha's many names was the Good Physician. And what did he prescribe? Something that required one grain of faith in another and a better world, one grain of love, or, as he called it, pity for those who are our neighbours, our brethren, nay even more than our brethren: one grain of nobility to feel that the hoarding of unnecessary wealth is mean, and one grain of wisdom to see that a bow which is bent too far will snap. The medicine which he mixed out of all these ingredients was called Charity, and if we may judge by the number of those who have taken that medicine, or by the new life which it once instilled into a dead or dying society all over Asia, charity, and charity alone, true Buddhist charity, true Christian charity, will be, I believe, the remedy for all the evils of which our society suffers. We have heard its bitter cry. In England that cry may be hushed by royal commissions, in Germany it may be stifled by a state of siege. But there is one sweet remedy for that bitter cry—royal charity, such as it was practised by the young and fair prince of Kapilavastu whom we call the Buddha, and Christian charity, such as it was preached by the Christ Himself, though few of His disciples have had the courage to interpret His words as He meant them.

However, I did not come here to-day to preach grand things, but to ask you to help those who have the courage to do small things. Remember all living seeds are small. Gautama, the Buddha, had at first five disciples only. He now commands the allegiance of the majority of mankind, and, if I may quote once more the words of my departed but never absent friend—'he is now second to One only.'

THE INDIAN CHILD-WIFE.

WHEN we hear of child-wives or of child-widows in India, we almost shrink from realising all that is implied in these words. Our thoughts turn away in pity or disgust. We think of our own children, and to imagine them as wives when ten years old, or as mothers of children when twelve, sends a shiver through our hearts. Even the Hindus themselves are ashamed, when questioned about these infant marriages. They know that as long as the existence of such horrors as have now and then been brought to light can be suspected in their own families, no real trust or fellowship or friendship is possible between Hindus and Englishmen. And yet they feel offended. They know that the reality is not so bad as outsiders imagine. They know that a criminal treatment of young wives is the exception as much as brutal treatment of wives is the exception in England. They resent interference in the sanctuary of their domestic life. 'Leave us alone,' is what even the most enlightened among them seem to say. 'Leave us alone, and we shall soon adapt ourselves to the new conditions of life. We shall in future have to give to our children a more complete, and, therefore, a more protracted, education,

and the result will be that they themselves will object to early engagements and premature marriages. All will come right in time, only do not force us to do what we are quite willing to do ourselves.'

This is by no means to be considered as a real argument against the measure which the Indian Legislature has taken in raising the age of consent. If what the best representatives and leaders of public opinion in India tell us is true, then this measure does no more than give a legal sanction to what was the recognised custom in well-conducted families, while, on the other hand, it will have opened the eyes of thoughtless people to the fact that any disregard of such custom is not only wrong in the eyes of their own Svâmis, but criminal in the eyes of the law.

But while every lover of India must congratulate the people of that country on the passing of that much-debated Bill, it is only fair to them to listen to what they have to say on the real state of their domestic life. We cannot, of course, imagine anything like what we ourselves mean by love between man and woman, as possible between children of ten and twelve years of age. But Nature is wonderfully kind even towards those who seem to us to disregard her clearest intimations. There is such a thing as loving devotion even among children, and the absence of all passion surrounds those early attachments with a charm unknown in later life. If, as we learn from the biographies of some of our greatest men, these childish or boyish attachments are not unknown among ourselves, why should we be so determinately incredulous as to the possibility of a pure attachment

between children under the warmer sky of India? Those who have lived much with little children know the transport of love with which some cling to their mothers, or sisters to brothers, or boys to some pretty child of their acquaintance. There can be no doubt of children being capable of the strongest fervour of devotion, not even unmixed at times with bitter jealousy. We should remember that in India the childlike devotion of a young girl is concentrated from the first on one object only, never dissipated, never frustrated by any early disappointments. A husband, though a mere boy, is accepted by the young bride, as we have to accept father and mother, sister and brother. He is her own, for better for worse, for this life and for the next. Heaven has ordained it so. A husband is not chosen, he is given, and to repudiate such a gift seems as unnatural to them as to repudiate father and mother, sister and brother, would seem to us. Some natives who speak at all of the mysteries of their heart dwell with rapture on the days of their boyhood and boyish love as the most blissful of their whole lives.

It is difficult to remove the veil that covers all the happiness, and, no doubt, all the misery also, of a Hindu family. It is the exception if that veil is ever lifted and we are allowed an insight into the sanctuary of wedded life. Such a case happened not long ago at the death of Srimati Soudamini Ray, the wife of one of the prominent members of the Brahmo Samâj, Babu Kedar Nath Ray. Do not let us mind these long and awkward names. They may cover human souls as simple, as pure, as brave as any known to us under more familiar names. Let us call

her Srimati, which means the blessed, or Soudamini, which means a lightning-flash, and let us learn what bright light she shed in her short life on all around her, and what a blessing she was to the husband of her childhood, her youth, and her womanhood. She was born in 1858, in the village of Matla, in the district of Dacca. I quote now chiefly from communications which appeared after her recent death in Indian papers. As an infant, we are told, she used to cling to her grandfather, preferring his to all other society. She had but few playfellows, but those who were once her friends remained so for life. Her father was poor, but so fond was he of his little daughter that till she married there was a new suit provided for her every Sunday. She married when she was only nine years old, her husband being about twelve at the time. They were as happy as children all day long, and yet their thoughts were engaged on subjects which form but a small portion of the conversation even of more mature married couples in England. Young as they were, they were old enough to think of serious subjects. They soon felt dissatisfied with their religion, and after two or three years of anxious thought they determined to take a step the full import of which few people who do not know Indian life are able to fathom. Her husband joined the followers of Rammohun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, and other reformers of the old Indian religion, and she, as a faithful wife, followed his example. They surrendered all idolatry, all superstitious practices. Their faith was henceforth summed up in a few simple articles. They held 'that God alone existed in the beginning, and that He created

the universe. He is intelligent, they say, infinite, benevolent, eternal, governor of the universe, all-knowing, omnipotent, the refuge of all, devoid of limbs, immutable, alone without a second, all-powerful, self-existent, and beyond all comparison. They believe that by worshipping Him, and Him alone, they can attain the highest good in this life and in the next, and that this true worship consists in their loving Him and doing His works.'

This may seem a very harmless kind of creed. But to adopt this creed of the Brahmos meant for the young husband and his wife complete social degradation. They might have kept up the appearance of orthodoxy while holding in their hearts these simple and more enlightened convictions. It is so easy to find an excuse for being orthodox. The temptation was great, but they resisted. The families to which she and her husband belonged occupied a prominent position in Hindu society. Much as she and her husband had been loved, they were now despised, avoided, excommunicated. The allowance on which they had to live was reduced to a minimum, and in order to fit himself for gaining a livelihood the husband entered as a student in one of the Government colleges, while his little wife had to look after their small household.

Soon there came a new trial. Her husband's father, who had renounced his son, died broken-hearted, and the duty of performing the *Srâddha*, or funeral ceremonies, fell on his son. To neglect the performance of those ceremonies means to deprive the departed of all hope of eternal life, and this belief is so deeply ingrained in the mind of the Hindus that, however

sceptical they may be about all the rest of their religion, they always cling to their Śrâddha. Kedar Nath Ray, the son, was quite ready to perform on this occasion all ceremonies which were not clearly idolatrous, but no more. All his relations and friends, the whole village to which he belonged, urged him to yield. His little wife alone stood bravely by his side, and when the time of the funeral ceremony came she helped him to escape by night from his persecutors. His father's brothers thereupon stopped all allowances, and wrote to him: 'It now rests with you to support your wife and mother. The income of the ancestral property is swallowed up by the religious endowments of our forefathers. Your family will get only Rs. 8 per month for their maintenance.' With this pittance Srimati managed to maintain herself, her husband's mother, who had become insane, his little sister, and a nurse, while her husband was at the Presidency College in Calcutta to finish, if possible, his studies. This, however, proved an impossibility, on account of the expense. He had to go to Dacca to prosecute his studies there, being assisted by a maternal uncle. They all lived together again, and though they often were almost starving, Srimati considered those years the happiest of her life. She herself attended the Adult Female School, and so rapid was her progress that, on one occasion, she was chosen to read an address to Lord Northbrook when he visited Dacca.

The rest of her life was less eventful. Her husband after a time secured a certain independence, and though their life was always a struggle, and though their relatives never forgave them for their apostasy,

their small home, blessed with healthy children, was all that she desired on earth. Her household seems to have been managed in the most exemplary way. Her friends tell us how her few servants loved her and would never leave her. Overkindness to them sometimes brought on irregularity, and her husband had to complain that she was not severe enough with them. But she said: 'Why should I lose patience and thereby my peace of mind? It is better that I should suffer a little by their conduct.'

Her love for her children was most ardent. She was not only a fond mother, but watched over her children and guided them with a firm hand through all the temptations of their childhood and youth. Her highest desire, however, was the happiness of her husband. She twined round him, as her friends used to say, like a creeper, but it was the creeper that gave strength to him, and upheld him in all his trials and all his aspirations.

Such a life may be called uneventful, without excitement, without social triumphs. This quiet couple did their daily round of duty in the village which had been the home of their ancestors. They did not travel to see distant towns. They hardly knew the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of great works of art. What we call society did not exist for them. No theatres, no concerts, no dinners, no balls. Nature supplied them with all the objects of their admiration, and religion lifted their souls to the sublimest happiness. Many a delightful moonlight night they passed together in calm contemplation of Nature and of the Great Spirit who liveth and worketh in all. They well knew the rapture

that springs from feeling a divine presence in everything, in the soft breezes of the evening, in the whisper of the leaves, in the silver rays of the moon, and most of all in the deep, silent glances of two loving eyes. Every morning and every evening the happy wife prayed with her husband, and later in life she conducted the domestic service for her children and servants. When at last her health began to fail, young and happy as she was, she was quite willing to go. She complained but little on her sick-bed, and her only fear was that she disturbed her husband's slumber and deprived him of the rest which he needed so much. She watched and prayed, and when the end came, she quietly murmured: 'Dayâmaya,' 'O All-merciful.' Thus she passed away, a true child-wife, pure as a child, devoted as a wife. and yearning for that Father whom she had sought for, if haply she might feel after Him and find Him—and surely He was not far from her—nor she from Him.

AN INDIAN CHILD-WIDOW[1].

STRIKE the iron while it is hot is very good advice, nor should the warning of the Eastern proverb be neglected, that it only makes a hideous clatter to strike the iron when it is not hot. There was a time when the iron—that is, the heart of England—was hot over the cruelties inflicted on the miserable child-widows of India, and something was done to prevent child-marriages and to protect the little girls who had become widows before they had been wives. Mr. Malabari, the true friend of these poor widows, went home to India trusting that the heart of England would not forget them. He had done all that one man could do; he had sacrificed his time, his money, his friendships—ay, his prospects in life. He had done what he called his duty, and he wanted no thanks. But he had forgotten that customs which have lasted for hundreds of years cannot be rooted out by one pull. They spring up again and again, at first timidly, at last as if they had a right to exist, and as if nothing could ever touch them. The accounts that reach us from India are very disheartening. Pandita Ramabai had founded a refuge for Indian child-widows at Poona. She had collected money in England and in America. She educated

[1] Letter to the *Times*, May, 1894.

these poor waifs and strays, and fitted them, as far as possible, for earning their livelihood or for becoming in time real wives and mothers. But the law did not protect her. On the contrary, young girls who had taken refuge with her, after escaping from the cruelties inflicted on them in their own families, had to be given up when discovered and claimed by their relatives. A woman in India always belongs to somebody. She cannot exist by herself. In her youth, it is said, she belongs to her father; if her father dies, to her brother; if she is married, to her husband; if her husband dies, to his family. It was found to be impossible to protect these unhappy creatures against their natural or unnatural masters, who had a right to their services, whatever services they might require. Poor Ramabai might weep over her protegées, but she could not protect them against the law. Besides, she had made herself obnoxious to her own countrymen by embracing Christianity, and though she conscientiously abstained from proselytising among her wards, it was impossible that her silent example should not tell on her young friends, and make them feel anxious to be of the same religion as their kind benefactress. When this became known, her native supporters left her, most of her pupils were taken away from her, and a general outcry was raised against what was supposed to be a new kind of missionary enterprise.

As it always happens, a number of natives of the better sort came forward to maintain that the newspaper accounts of cruelties inflicted on young widows in India are very much exaggerated. Who would deny that there are thousands of well-conducted families in India in which the young widow of any

member of the family is treated with respect and kindness—nay, with a mixture of pity and reverence? No doubt they are made to work, and in many cases the work which was formerly done by them without demur, appears now, particularly if they have received a better education, irksome and degrading to many of them. To say that all widows, and more particularly all child-widows, are ill-treated by relatives or encouraged to lead a disreputable life, is certainly a falsehood, and a falsehood that could find no credence amongst people acquainted with the true Indian character, and with the very strong family feeling that prevails among the better classes. But admitting all this, it cannot be denied that there are frequent exceptions, and that the law provides no remedy for them. On the contrary, the law recognises the right of each family to claim the widows who have run away from their homes, however intolerable their treatment may have been. Nor can the results of this system be denied. The number of young widows who are driven to a more or less disreputable mode of life is considerable, and though it is difficult to get evidence as to cruelties exercised within the sacred precincts of a private house, cases of runaway widows and cases of suicides among them crop up again and again in the records of the police courts. These cases may be exceptional, but they may also be symptomatic of a widespread disease which it is nowhere more easy to conceal than in India. Pandita Ramabai as well as Baboo Sasipada Banerjee, who have both for many years maintained a refuge for widows, could tell, and have told, heart-sickening stories. The last case that has attracted attention in

India is sad, but very simple. A young widow, after the death of her husband last January, was so depressed in spirits at the thought of the life she would have to live that she refused to take any food. On the regular fast-day for Hindu widows, when they are not allowed even a drop of water, she retired to her room saying that she was going to observe the day as a close fast. At 4.40 p.m. she was found unconscious, and there being no one in the house, information was sent to her brother. The latter came with two doctors, but she was dead before their arrival. Some narcotic poison seems to have accelerated her death. Who is to blame? it will be said. Was it not simply a case of suicide from grief, which may happen in any country, and not in India only? Not quite so. It was the humiliation and the austerity of a Hindu widow's life which proved too much for her, as for other young widows. Death seems preferable to a life of continual misery. If there were a life, if not of happiness, at least of usefulness, left open to them, they would as little think of starving themselves to death as the widows in any other country. In all these cases the law seems impotent. Who can prove that a person who starves herself to death did not die a natural death? Who has a right to enter a house, or to examine the ladies of a zenana, in order to carry on in India the work which in England is so nobly done by the Society for Preventing Cruelty towards Children? If there is a country where such a society ought to exist, and would find plenty of work to do, it is India; only it would have to protect not children only, but that strange product of India and of India only, the child-widows, children

who are formally married to elderly men belonging to good families, who often never see their husbands, but who, when their husbands die, are doomed for life to an existence which in the best cases is one of joyless drudgery, excluding all hope of renewed happiness, and fully accounting for the eagerness of Indian widows in former times to die on the same pile with their husbands; or, as the law does no longer allow this, to end their life by slow starvation, or by jumping into a well. It is well known by this time, and admitted, I believe, by the Brâhmans themselves, that there never was an authority in the Vedas for widows being burnt with their dead husbands. It was simply a forgery. But even if it had not been so, surely with the change of life the law must change, and the law has made the burning of widows criminal. Cannot the people of India themselves, so enlightened and kind-hearted as many of their leaders are now, combine to wipe off the blot on their national honour, and make the lot of all widows, whether young or old, not only tolerable, but honourable, useful, and, in the end, happy and joyful?

P.S.—A case has lately been brought before the public in India of a young girl who, in order to save her parents from the disgrace of having an unmarried daughter, was driven to marry an old man, and he a leper[1].

[1] Indian Magazine, Aug. 1894, p. 430.

ON THE

PROPER USE OF HOLY SCRIPTURES[1].

I HAVE seldom felt so unworthy of an honour conferred upon me by my friends and fellow-labourers as when you elected me President of your Society. What right have I to prophesy among the prophets? It might have been different in former years. There was a time when I studied the Old Testament, but after the days of Gesenius, Ewald, and Tuch, my Hebrew studies came to an end, and when lately I tried to take them up again, I found my memory in such a state of *tohu va bohu* that I had to give it up in despair. With regard to the New Testament also, such has been the rapid advance of minute critical scholarship that what in my youthful days I learnt and accepted as the latest results of modern research, has by this time become completely antiquated; and though antiquated does not necessarily mean exploded, yet the whole atmosphere of New Testament scholarship has so completely changed that I feel as if I could no longer breathe in it. Many things that formerly seemed doubtful are now taken for granted, and many things that were taken for

[1] Address delivered by Professor F. Max Müller as President of the Society of Historical Theology at Oxford, Nov. 23, 1893.

granted are now considered as extremely doubtful; and he must indeed be a giant in strength who for fifty years can take his stand unmoved in the eddying stream of New Testament criticism. How then could I have dared to accept your kind invitation, and ventured to occupy a chair which has been occupied by the most learned, the most advanced, the most authoritative theologians of our University? Let me tell you frankly, that it was partly because I was taken by surprise, and had not presence of mind enough at once to decline your kind proposition. But there was another reason which kept me from reconsidering my promise, and that was the name and character of your Society. Our Society is not called a *Society of Theology*, nor a Society of exclusively *Christian Theology*, but a *Society of Historical Theology*.

To my mind there is a great deal in that name. It shows that you wish to see theology treated, not merely as a system of ready-made dogmas, such as professional theologians delight in, but as history—as a continuous growth of human thought, to be studied in its manifold manifestations in every part of the inhabited world, and during every period of historical time. From this point of view I may perhaps venture to call myself a theologian, for if I look back on the fifty years during which I have been allowed to labour in the field of ancient literature, I find that, either directly or indirectly, all my labours have been intended to illustrate the history of theology, and to help to spread a more accurate and authentic knowledge of the manifestations of the perception of the Infinite or the Divine in the

ancient religions of the world. Historical is a word of different meanings. It generally means true or authentic, as when we speak of historical facts; but when we speak of historical theology, what is meant is not so much a study of positive, ready-made, and well-established dogmas, as an account of the history, that is to say, the origin, the antecedents, and the subsequent development of every dogma. True history is never a bare statement of facts, but an attempt to account for facts, by discovering the causes of events, by tracing the influence of earlier upon later stages, and, if possible, by bringing to light the unbroken chain which holds the scattered links together, and in the end discloses a purpose running through the ages of the world. It is the same with historical theology. Its highest aim is not a mere statement of dogmas or articles of faith; its highest aim seems to me to get at the root of every dogma, to discover its antecedents and to understand the circumstances under which a small and almost invisible germ bursts forth and becomes a tree, nay in the end a giant among the trees of the forest.

But how is that to be done? How are we to study the principal religions of the world in their nascent form, nay, if I may say so, in their as yet formless state? The natural answer would seem to be that Historical Theology must study the historical documents of every religion, or at least of every religion which possesses such documents in the shape of *Sacred Books*. No one would dispute this, so far as it goes, and it was for that very reason that, as you know, I invited a number of my friends and fellow-labourers to assist me in bringing out an English translation of

all the Sacred Books of the East. I need not have said of the East, for there are no Sacred Books except in the East. That a study of these sacred books is a *sine quâ non* for a historical study of theology is self-evident.

But do they enable us to study the real history, the origins, the hidden roots, the distant strata from which the feeders of every religion spring, or through which they have to pass before they emerge on historical ground? I doubt it, and I am not likely to underestimate the value of books to which I have devoted the greater part of my life. Yet it is easy to understand why the Sacred Books of the principal religions of the world should so often fail us, and tell us so little or nothing at all about the real antecedents or about the birth of a new religion. Sacred Books represent almost always a secondary growth. They are hardly wanted till a religion has assumed a certain consistency, they are seldom meant for the first generation of disciples, but for the second and third, when personal recollections were growing scant and faint, and when oral tradition was no longer sufficient to enable mothers to teach their children what to believe and what not to believe.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that none of the founders of the great historical religions of the world has deemed it necessary to write a book or a single line on which their religion should rest, or by which their followers should be guided. In our time, when the *book* and *religion* are almost synonymous, this may seem incredible; still the facts are there, and if we come to consider the case more carefully, and from a purely historical point of view,

we shall see that it could hardly have been otherwise.

There are three classes of religion, called *ethnical*, *national*, and *individual*. The first class comprises religions that have sprung up, before the families or tribes that believe in them had grown together into nations, and had gained that sense of unity and common responsibility which holds, for instance, the Greeks and Romans together from the earliest times when we know anything of them and of their religion. To this class belong the religions, if indeed they deserve that name, of the uncivilised tribes of Africa, America, and Polynesia. We know them chiefly from the more or less trustworthy accounts of travellers and missionaries. They are full of perplexing variations and contradictions, being very much exposed to the influence of personal fancies or local peculiarities, and almost entirely without any central or controlling power. It would be useless to ask for the founders of such ethnical forms of belief and religious customs, still more, to expect any code of sacred writings, recognised as authoritative among a larger number of tribes. It is true, nevertheless, that certain customs, more or less religious, are sometimes met with among cognate tribes, cognate chiefly in language, though widely scattered, and apparently entirely dissociated from each other for many generations. This is particularly the case in Australia, but there is no evidence to show that it was due to common historical tradition or to the former existence of common songs and common laws.

The second class, the *national religions*, have no doubt sprung from the first class, but they can and

should be distinguished as having become the common property of a whole nation, nay as forming in many cases the strongest bond of union by which the members of a nation are held together. These national religions are often, though not always, in possession of Sacred Books, such as the ancient *Indian*, the *Persian*, the *Chinese*, and the *Jewish* religions, but in no case do we know their real founders, still less the authors of the books which they call sacred, and by which they profess to be guided. No one can tell who was the founder of the Vedic religion, and though names are assigned to the authors of the numerous Vedic hymns, these names are either imaginary, or if they are not, they are nothing but names, and give us no information of those who bore them.

The ancient Persian religion is ascribed to Zarathustra, and has sometimes been classed as an individual religion. But among critical scholars Zarathustra has long been recognised as a purely mythical name, and all that tradition tells us about him is now acknowledged to be of very late origin.

We can certainly recognise in the Avestic religion the working of an individual spirit, and of a personal will opposing itself to opinions and customs that prevailed before him and around him, but we have no longer any right to call Zoroaster the author, still less the writer of the Avesta, not even of its most ancient parts, the so-called Gâthas, which, if Prof. Darmesteter is right, would in their present form not be older than the first century of our era.

In these Gâthas Zarathustra is already the centre of a mythical cycle. He belongs to a family, the family of Spitama. He is the husband of Huogvî,

the daughter of Frashaoshtra, and the father-in-law of Jâmâspa, who was the husband of Zoroaster's own daughter, Pourusishta. All these names presuppose a mythical cycle, but the Gâthas give us no further details about it.

In the later prose literature of the Avesta the miraculous birth of Zoroaster is fully described. We are told that a ray of the Divine Majesty descended into the womb of Dughdo, and that Zoroaster's Frohar or genius was enclosed in a Homa plant. This Homa plant was absorbed at a sacrifice by Paurushaspa. From the union of Paurushaspa and Dughdo, Zoroaster was born. He escaped many dangers till he was thirty years of age, when he began his conversations with Ahura, and received from him his revelations. During ten years he had but one disciple, Maidhyomâonha. Afterwards he converted two sons of Hogva, Jâmâsp and Frashaoshtra; and at last king Vishtâspa himself was gained over to Zarathustra's religion by his queen Hutaosa.

We are likewise told that when Zarathustra had been killed in battle, his work was carried on by his three sons, Ukhshyat-areta, Ukhshyat-nema, and Saoshyant, each born in a miraculous way at the beginning of the three millenniums (*hazâr*), and the last, Saoshyant, at the final resurrection and the beginning of the reign of eternal bliss and felicity—the true millennium.

What seems to me to show the working of an individual spirit in the Avesta is not so much the change of the Devas into Devils, as the transition from the original belief in *one* supreme God, Ahura, coupled with a belief in certain gods of nature, like the Devas of

the Veda[1], to a belief in two powers, opposed to each other, *Speñta Mainyu* and *Añgra Mainyu* or *Ahriman*, and the elaborate system of the Amshaspands.

The same applies to the ancient national religion of China. Here we have the direct and often repeated declaration of Confucius himself, that he was not the author of the Chinese religion, nor of the teaching contained in the Sacred Books of China, but that he only collected and restored what had existed from time immemorial.

If we see this state of things in India, Persia, China, we shall be less surprised if among the Jews also we find a national religion without any personal author, and a sacred code the component parts of which can in few cases only be ascribed to any well-known historical personalities. We come to see that such a state of things is not only natural, but almost inevitable. Religious belief and religious customs spring up like dialects, the work no doubt of men, though not in their individual, but in their corporate capacity. No single individual could make a dialect, and even if he did, it would require the co-operation of many, before it could become a national speech. It is the same with religion. In order to be not only the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a national religion must have its hidden seeds in hundreds, nay in millions of human hearts, so as to elicit a natural response, and to seem not the result of a dictation or revelation, but the genuine outburst of spontaneous convictions, the sudden birth of thoughts long accu-

[1] Sun, Moon, Earth, Fire, Water, Winds; Herod. i. 131: Θύουσι δὲ ἡλίῳ τε καὶ σελήνῃ καὶ γῇ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ὕδατι καὶ ἀνέμοισι. Darius invokes Auramazda as the creator of the world, and as the greatest of the gods. Cf. Darmesteter, III, p. 67.

mulated and slowly matured in the minds of the people at large.

But while in the cases which we have hitherto examined, we saw national religions in the possession of sacred books, though evidently deriving their real life from much more ancient sources, in fact entirely independent in their origin from the books which in later times were accepted as authoritative, there are other cases where national religions arose and flourished for many centuries without anything that we should call Sacred Books. The Greek religion was a national religion, and we may study it in Homer and Hesiod, possibly in Pindar and the sayings of ancient Greek sages; but we should never call the Homeric poems or the Theogony, or the Olympian hymns of Pindar, or the sentences of Heraclitus, *Sacred Books*. They spring from the Greek religion, the Greek religion does not spring from them.

We have thus established one fact, viz. that, like the ethnic religions, the ancient *national* religions also existed long before and independent of any Sacred Books. We have now to consider the case of *individual religions* which glory in having real historical personages for their founders, and are apt to consider the sacred books which they possess as the sole source and warrant of their religious dogmas. The most important of these individual religions are Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. It should be observed that they are each called after their founders, and not simply after the country or the nation to which they belonged. With regard to these religions it would seem indeed that they should be studied chiefly in their Sacred Books, in

the Tripiṭaka of the Buddhists, the New Testament of the Christians, and the Qurân of the Mohammedans. Nor can it be denied that a knowledge of these books is essential for a real and scholarlike knowledge of Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. All I maintain is that, as these books were not written by the founders of these religions (the case of the Qurân is peculiar, and will have to be considered by itself), we cannot expect to find in them the antecedents from which the new religions sprang, or a statement of the personal motives which impelled their founders to create a new religion. At all events we can get at their deepest thoughts at second-hand only, we cannot expect to find more than an image, it may be a blurred image, of the minds of the founders reflected on the minds of their disciples.

I said just now that the case of the Qurân is peculiar, and a closer consideration of its origin may help to throw light on the origin and the gradual growth of other sacred books also. The Qurân then was certainly not written by Mohammed, for the simple reason that Mohammed could neither read nor write. It was collected after the prophet's death. Still we have no reason to doubt that many of his inspired utterances had been accurately preserved in the memory of friends and admirers, or actually written down by them, though in a fragmentary form. There is an interesting account in the famous collection of traditions by Al Bukhari, about 200 years after the Flight. He reports how Zaid ibn Sâbit had related the circumstances which led to the first collection of Mohammed's utterances and the writing down of the Qurân. He, Zaid ibn Sâbit, was called

to see Abu Bakr (afterwards the first Caliph) at the time of the battle with the people of Yamâmah. 'I went to him,' he said, 'and found Omar (afterwards the second Caliph) with him, and Abu Bakr said to me: "Omar came to me and said, Verily a great many readers of the Qurân were slain on the day of the battle with the people of Yamâmah; and really I am afraid that if the slaughter should be great much will be lost from the Qurân, because every person remembers something of it; and verily, I see it advisable for you to order the Qurân to be collected into one book."' Here we see that even these early fragments of Mohammed's utterances which existed in the memory of his adherents were called Qurân. 'Then,' Zaid ibn Sâbit continues: 'Abu Bakr said to Omar, "How can I do a thing which the Prophet himself has not done?"' We see therefore that the Prophet had not collected his speeches, or the Qurân. 'But Omar said: "I swear by God this collecting of the Qurân is a good thing." And Omar used to be constantly returning to me (Abu Bakr) and saying: "You must collect the Qurân," till at length God opened my breast so to do, and I saw what Omar had been advising. Then Abu Bakr said to me: "Zaid ibn Sâbit, you are a young and sensible man, and I do not suspect you of forgetfulness, negligence, or perfidy; and verily you used to write for the Prophet his instructions from above; then look for the Qurân in every place and collect it." . . . Then I sought for the Qurân,' says Zaid ibn Sâbit, 'and collected it from the leaves of the date, from white stones and the breasts of people that remembered it, till I found the last part of the chapter entitled

Repentance[1]. . . . These leaves (collected by Zaid ibn Sâbit) remained in the possession of Abu Bakr until God caused him to die, after which Omar had them in his lifetime; after that they remained with his daughter Hafsah; after that, Othmân (the third Caliph) had them compiled into one book.'

I have quoted the whole of this passage, because it is instructive, if only as a parallel. We see here that many people knew certain portions of Mohammed's Logia by heart, probably even in the form of Sûrahs, or chapters, and that when they died there was great fear that the teachings of the Prophet might be lost altogether. We see too how one person, in our case Omar, the second Caliph, who succeeded Abu Bakr in A.D. 634, and was assassinated in A.D. 644, suggested to another, to Abu Bakr (the first Caliph), the father-in-law of the Prophet, that something should be done to collect the fragments which had formerly been learnt by heart and recited by certain people. This first collection was written down on leaves by Zaid ibn Sâbit, who had known Mohammed, and his written leaves passed through the hands of Abu Bakr, Omar, and his daughter Hafsah, before Othman, the third Caliph (A.H. 23–35), gave them back to Zaid ibn Sâbit, and ordered him and some associates to settle the text in the Quraish dialect. At that time people were shocked at the different readings of the Qurân; it was said that 'they differed in the Book of God just as the Jews and Christians differed in theirs[2].'

[1] This is the 9th Sûrah of the Qurân, the latest in time, according to Sir W. Muir, the last but one, according to Jalâhiddîn.

[2] This is curious evidence as to the unsettled state of the text of the Bible in the seventh century.

To prevent this scandal we are told that Othman sent copies of the new recension into every country where Islam prevailed, and had all other manuscripts burnt, so that his text has remained ever since the authorised and unchanged text of the Qurân.

It is clear from all this that, as compared with other Sacred Books, the Qurân was collected under very favourable circumstances. Though there is no evidence of Mohammed ever writing anything himself, still what was remembered and recited of his utterances, and had casually been written down before, was collected by a man who had known Mohammed, who had acted as a kind of secretary to him, and who, we are told, was neither forgetful, nor negligent, nor perfidious. What he wrote down at first was carefully preserved in the prophet's family, and was finally settled by the same person with the assistance of some others who were better acquainted with the dialect spoken by the prophet himself, namely the Quraish dialect. We seldom find such evidence for the authenticity of a Sacred Book anywhere else. But even thus we cannot expect to find in the Qurân more than the image of the prophet, as reflected in the minds of his disciples. We may have in the Qurân whatever had struck his hearers most forcibly, but we can have it only at second hand, and after it had passed through the memory of various people. These people may have failed to apprehend the exact meaning of Mohammed, as we know was several times the case with the Apostles, nor is it quite certain that nothing was left out and nothing added by those who finally consigned to writing all they could lay hold of among their friends. We can thus understand why

we find considerable variety, if not contradiction, in statements ascribed to Mohammed in the Qurân as we possess it. In several places the Qurân is actually quoted in the Qurân, as if it had been known as an independent book, not only as a fragment [1], nor as the eternal word of God, preserved under his throne (see Lane-Poole, 'Speeches of Mohammed,' p. 186, note).

Still, with all these reserves, it must be admitted that the authenticity of Mohammed's teaching is far better established than that of the Logia of Christ or the Sûtras of Buddha. What would not Christian theologians give if they could prove that the New Testament was written down by one who had been the friend and secretary of Christ, and that nothing had been altered in it afterwards. It may be said that we have traditions that Christ and Buddha were both able to write, while Mohammed confessedly was not; but no one has ever maintained that we possess anything of their own writing, nay any *ipsissima verba* written down when they were spoken. Therefore in their case also the Sacred Books can give us no more than an image reflected on other minds, and minds confessedly unable in many instances to understand the simplest parables of their teachers. From an historical point of view this may be regretted, and may seem to diminish the value of Sacred Books even in the case of individual religions. But it has one very great advantage also, because whenever the spirit of truth within us protests against certain statements in these books as unworthy of the high

[1] See Sûrah XVII, Say: Surely if mankind and the Jinn united in order to produce the like of this Qurân, they could not produce its like.

character of the founders of these religions, we can claim the same liberty which even the ancients claimed with regard to the fables told of their gods, namely that nothing could be true that was unworthy of the gods.

It is surprising to see the efforts that are made in order to make it likely that the Gospels were written down at least before the end of the first century, when people were supposed to have been living who were present at the events recorded in these documents. It seems to me that if that could be done we should lose far more than we should gain. As it is now, it is always open to us to say, whenever we read of anything that is incredible or unworthy of Christ, as we conceive Him, that it came from His disciples who confessedly had often failed to understand Him, or that it was added by those who handed down the tradition before it was written down, and who thought that the more miraculous they could render the true works and wonders of Christ the more they would raise Him in the eyes of the multitude. The true interests of the Christian religion would be better served by showing how much time and how many opportunities there were for human misunderstandings to creep into the Gospel story, just as many stumbling-blocks have been removed by a critical collection of the innumerable various readings that crept into the text of the New Testament after it had been written down.

All this is not meant to belittle the value of the Sacred Books of any religion, but only to warn us against exaggerating their importance. They are certainly a *sine quâ non* for the student of religion,

and there is no historical evidence that brings us nearer to the founders of any religion than the canonical books. We hardly ever get any independent contemporary evidence;—naturally, for to the outside world a nascent religion does hardly exist. During the first generation, a new religion has a purely subjective existence; it lives in the thoughts and conversations of the original disciples, and so long as the first teacher and his disciples are alive, there is no call for anything else. The first necessity for anything written is felt in the second, or even the third generation, when mothers want some trustworthy guidance for teaching their children according to what they themselves had gathered in their intercourse with the first or second generation of disciples. There is generally no supply till there is a want or a demand, and it is to the natural want or demand of manuals for the instruction of children, that many Sacred Books, and particularly the Gospels, seem to me to owe their origin. They were written, as we are distinctly told, that pupils and converts might 'know the certainty of those things in which they had been instructed.'

If then historical honesty requires us to make this deduction from the value of Sacred Books as authorities for the origin or the antecedents of a new religion, there is another confession or concession that has to be made before we can use them as sources of information even in later times, after they had been invested with full canonical authority and were supposed to have supplied almost exclusively the religious food of millions of believers. Of course we should be perfectly justified in saying that whoever

wants to know Brahmanism must study the Vedas, and whoever wants to know Buddhism must study the Tripiṭaka, just as we expect a student of the Jewish religion to gain his information from the Old Testament, and a student of Christianity from the New Testament. We know how difficult it is to gain a knowledge of the real religion of the Greeks and Romans, of Babylonians and Egyptians, of the ancient Teutonic and Celtic nations, for the very reason that we possess no authoritative Sacred Books by which to know or to judge them.

But one must not overlook the fact that for ancient religions, even when there existed Sacred Books, the number of people who could use them and be influenced by them was extremely small, certainly not millions, nor even thousands nor hundreds. The number of those who in ancient times could read and study books, whether sacred or profane, must always have been very small. When we speak of Sacred Books, we have to remember that for a long time they were not books at all, in the ordinary sense of the word.

Whatever has been said to the contrary, no tangible evidence has yet been produced proving the existence of real books, in our sense of the word, much before 600 B.C. In saying this I use book in its recognised sense, as a literary composition, nay, as a work of art, meant to be read and enjoyed by the public at large. The name *book* is clearly not applicable to Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, or Indian inscriptions, however long, nor to Babylonian cylinders, nor even to Egyptian papyri such as form the so-called Book of the Dead. It might possibly be claimed for an

ancient Chinese text, but in ordinary parlance a book implies alphabetic writing, and something intended to be read by an educated public. When I said that we know of no books much before 600 B.C., I was not likely to have forgotten the dates assigned to the Veda, to Egyptian and Babylonian inscriptions, nor the almost prehistoric dates claimed by the Chinese for their earliest literature. The Greeks were practically the first who invented written books, and they are quite aware of their comparatively recent date. Plato seems still to remember the time when literature was oral only, and he does not consider the introduction of a written literature as an unmixed blessing. Clement of Alexandria also (Strom. i. 16) is quite familiar with the idea that written books came into use not very long before the time of Pericles, for he states that the first Greek who published a written book was Anaxagoras.

There can be no longer any doubt that all the Sacred Books of the ancient world were composed at first and handed down for centuries by oral tradition only. It answers no purpose to say that such a thing was impossible, for though we ourselves have no idea of the almost miraculous powers of the human memory before the invention of writing, we can even now convince ourselves, if we like, by ocular or auricular demonstration, that in Finland as well as in India, where writing and even printing have long been known, an enormous amount of poetry and even prose was composed, and is handed down by oral tradition only.

As long therefore as the ancient Sacred Books existed in oral tradition only, it was open to their

possessors, either to keep them for themselves and to a small number of pupils, or to preach them to anybody from the house-tops. And here it is a curious psychological fact that in many religions the Sacred Books soon became secret books, and were kept from the knowledge of the people for whose benefit they were intended. It is an often repeated mistake that the Brâhmans kept the Vedas from all but their own caste. This was not so. They kept the privilege of *teaching* the Vedas to their own caste, but in ancient times they actually made it incumbent on the second and third castes as well as on the first to learn the Vedas by heart. The fourth class only, the Śûdras, were excluded, because their intellectual and social qualities did not fit them for such a task.

Another important point that has to be considered is that in several cases the language of the Sacred Books became obsolete, and after a time, unintelligible. As a natural consequence, the number of those who acquired a knowledge of the ancient sacred language and literature became more and more limited. On that account it is quite true to say that the Vedas exercised a very indirect influence only on the great masses of the population of India, and that the people knew no more of their ancient religion than what the Brâhmans chose to tell them. It is equally true that religious customs and opinions grew up among the people quite independent of the religion of the Vedas. Still, after making all these allowances, it remains a fact that the historian who wants to study the ancient religion of India has nothing but the Vedas to fall back on. Of the religion of the people at large we have no record and never shall have. But what

is true to-day was probably true in Vedic times also. I quote the testimony of a perfectly unprejudiced traveller, Mr. Moncure Conway. 'On my book-shelves,' he writes, 'you will find copies of all the Sacred Books of the East, over which I have pored and exulted for years. The noble aspirations of those ancient writers, the glowing poetry of the Vedas, the sublime imagery of their seers, have become part of my life. But when I went to the great cities of India, the pilgrim sites, to which throng every year millions of those who profess to follow the faith of the men who wrote these books, alas! the contrast between the real and the ideal was heart-breaking. . . . Not one glimmer of the great thoughts of their poets and sages brightened their darkened temples. Of religion in a spiritual sense there is none. If you wish for religion, you will not find it in Brahmanism.' (*Review of Churches*, October, 1893, p. 28.) The same might probably have been said in Vedic times. There was then, as there is now, a popular religion as different from that of the seers of the Upanishads as at the present moment the religion of the worshippers of Durgâ is from the worship of such men as Rammohun Roy or Keshub Chunder Sen. The present generation possesses the Vedas actually printed, and it solemnly acknowledges them as the highest authority on all religious questions. But the proportion of people in India who can read at all is very small, while the scholars who can read and understand the Vedas can probably be counted on the fingers. The same limitation has to be put on all the Sacred Books of the East. The Gâthas of the Avesta had become unintelligible by the time they were written down,

as we are told now, whether in the third or in the first century A. D. The Old Testament had to be translated into Greek, about 300 B. C., not for the sake of the Greeks only, but of the Jews themselves, who in the different countries where they had taken refuge could no longer understand the ancient Hebrew. In China no one but a scholar can read and understand the canonical books of Confucius. Buddhism forms on this point, as on others, a favourable exception. Its sacred writings were composed in what was then the vulgar tongue, and when that language had in turn become obsolete, translations were made into all the languages of the people who had embraced the doctrines of Buddha. It was so at first with the New Testament also. Being written in Greek, it had to be translated into Latin for the benefit of the Western world, into Gothic for the benefit of the earliest Teutonic converts. In the East we find Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopic, Armenian, Georgian, and Slavonic versions, all proving the zeal of the early Church to enable all its members, both clergy and laity, to read the Gospel in their own language. A change, however, took place when Gregory VII ordained that Latin and Latin only should be the universal ecclesiastical language (1080 A. D.). The Slavonic inhabitants of Bohemia were then prohibited from using their spoken language in their church services, and had to listen to the lessons being read in Latin, which of course they could not understand. The same prohibition was issued later (by Innocent III) against the Waldenses and the Wicliffites who were in possession of vernacular translations of portions of the Bible, but were not allowed to use them;

and to the present day it has been the policy of the Roman Catholic Church to discourage the reading of the Scriptures by the laity, except under clerical guidance. If therefore we are told that we must not use the ancient sacred books of India or Persia for studying the religions prevalent in those countries, the same would apply, and in a certain degree does apply, to Christian countries also, where, as we know, there are thousands as yet unable to read and study the New Testament. To hold Christianity and the New Testament responsible for the superstitions and idolatries of Neapolitan peasants would be as reasonable as to hold the Vedas responsible for the burning of widows, and for the cruel worship of Śiva and Durgâ, or for the self-inflicted cruelties of professional ascetics in India. The good elements contained in the Sacred Books of the East, filter through, even though contaminated by the channels through which they have to pass. I was very much struck by this during my stay in Turkey during last summer. Many Turks are still unable to read, and the number of those who are able to read the Qurân is very small indeed. They have to learn Arabic for that, for no Turkish translation of the Qurân is allowed. And yet if we are to know the prophets by their fruits, what prophet can show better fruits of his teaching than Mohammed? You never see a Turkish man or woman drunk in the street. Turkey is what a bold Bishop wished England to be, 'free, yet sober.' There is no impediment to drinking except religion, and in the upper classes drinking is known to be very much on the increase. The people who abstain are the middle and lower classes, the very people who

are unable to read the Qurân. Nor does the Qurân lay very much stress on the prohibition of intoxicating drinks. And yet it would be absurd to ascribe the sobriety of the Turks and other Mohammedan nations to anything but their religion, though climate, law, and tradition may have proved helpful. It is the indirect, if not the direct power of the Qurân which sways millions of those who have never read a single Sûrah.

This, I hope, will make it clear what I mean when I say that the student of historical theology ought never to forget the limitations under which alone the sacred books of various religions can claim authority as witnesses to the origin and growth of religions, nay even as perfectly accurate and faithful reflections of the mind of their founders. They are certainly the most important witnesses, they are witnesses that can never be passed by; but religion does not draw its nourishment from books alone, nay religion has existed for centuries without books, or only indirectly influenced by books. Nor do these books ever lead us into the immediate presence of the founders of religion. There is always a mind between us and the mind of the founder—a fact that may be regretted by certain theologians, but which to me seems to be a real blessing, the best safeguard of the freedom of thought and the best warrant for the exercise of private judgment. We can hardly realise what the effect would have been if the founder of a religion had left us a complete outline of his doctrine in his own writing. So far from benefitting a religion by giving it that dogmatic fixity for which so many theologians are striving, it would, I believe, have

prevented the healthy growth of any religion. It would have become a kind of straight jacket, making every free movement of the spirit impossible, nay it would soon have been raised, or rather degraded, to the rank of a fetish, invoked by thousands with prostrate intellects, though understood by none. Christian theologians have hardly appreciated the privilege which they enjoy in that respect, I mean, in possessing a Sacred Book, the good tidings of which do not come direct from the mouth of the Founder of our religion, but have passed at least through one, if not through several human channels, through the minds of those who honestly confess how often they misapprehended the simplest parables of their Lord.

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